

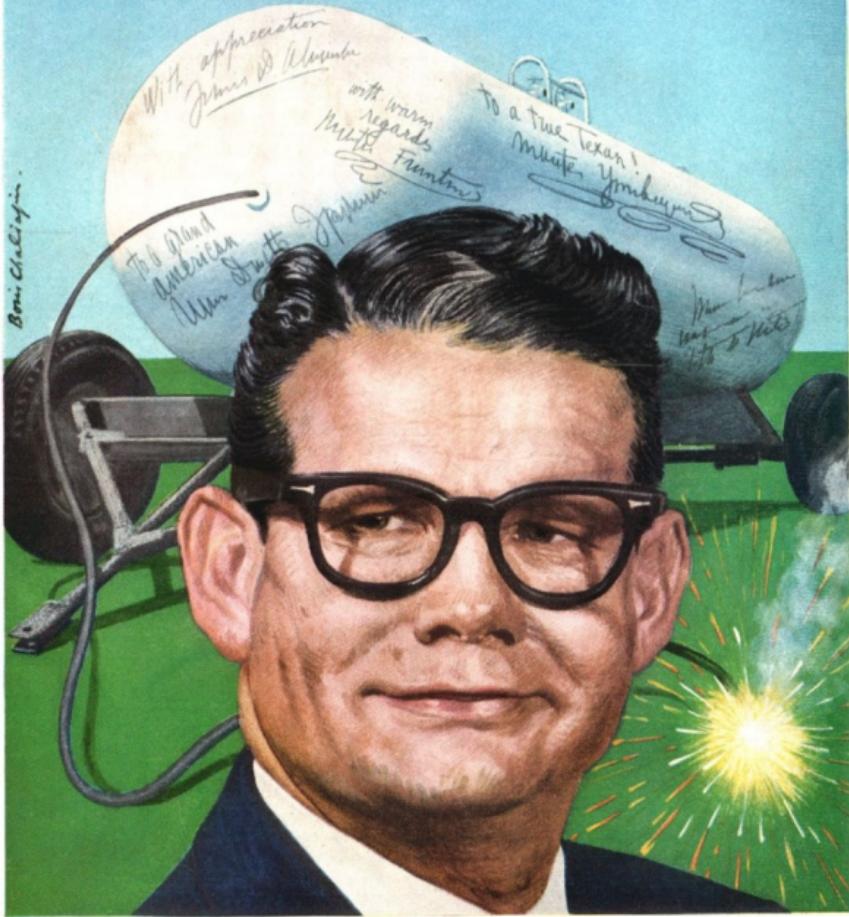
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 25, 1962

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE BILLIE SOL ESTES SCANDAL





The Coupe de Ville • Jeweled "V" and Crest created in sapphires and diamonds by Cartier

Cadillac acclaim

It has been estimated that more than forty million motorists
would rather own a Cadillac than any other car.

If you're considering stocks and bonds

How much should you invest?

Everybody's problem is slightly different, but you don't have to be a financial expert to determine what part of your income might be used for investing.

All you have to do is follow a simple, sensible course of action.

1. Figure your actual income, allowing for taxes and other deductions from your pay check.
2. Decide how much you need for living expenses and emergencies. Be realistic. Bills must be paid. Emergencies do crop up. Both should be accounted for in your planning.
3. Is there a surplus? Is there enough money in a cash reserve? Then you are ready to consider investing in stocks and bonds.
4. If the amount you have is small, that's all right. It's possible to invest systematically with as little as \$40 every three months through the Monthly Investment Plan.

When you know *how much* you can invest, think about how you would like your money to work for you. Is your goal additional income during

the year? You will want to investigate securities which have a favorable history of delivering dividends.

Are you aiming to have the stocks you buy grow in value over the years? Then your choice (and the choice is ultimately up to *you*) might be a stock or perhaps several stocks which appear to you to have a good chance to increase in value. Maybe bonds, which normally offer greater safety of principal, would suit your purposes best.

Consider the risks. They exist and always will exist. A company may not continue to pay dividends on stock or interest on bonds. Prices don't always go up; they also go down. Don't listen to tips and rumors. Nothing takes the place of facts about companies. What is their record of profits? Their history of growth? Also ask yourself, what are their prospects?

When you are planning to invest, consider the importance of choosing the right broker. One good way to go about finding him is to look in the Stock Broker section of the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory under "New York Stock Exchange."

The Registered Representative

there is not infallible, of course, but he has met the Exchange's requirements for knowledge of the securities business. Ask him about some of the great companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. He can't predict the future but he can help you to invest wisely and practically, with long-range goals in mind.

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For offices of Members nearest you, look under "New York Stock Exchange" in the stock broker section of the Yellow Pages.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. a-ME, P. O. Box 1070, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

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In these days of fateful decisions, it is vital that the news in Washington, D.C., be reported accurately and completely

The Washington Post

READ BY 50 PER CENT MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER WASHINGTON NEWSPAPER

Do you still talk baby talk to your computer?

Do you have to break EDP instructions down into primer language before your computer will go to work? This A-B-C kind of programming eats up days and weeks, and it costs like mad. With Honeywell programming aids, not so. Our aids talk an adult language that's short, sweet, and to the point. They can cut in half the time and costs of starting a computer to work. (You may save as much as the price of the system itself. Sound good?) And once your system is in action, Honeywell aids keep it humming away at top efficiency. Customers tell us (and we're forced to agree) that we've put together the most advanced package of programming aids in the EDP business. Ask any company that has ordered Honeywell. Or ask us direct at Wellesley Hills, Mass., and we'll prove it.



Honeywell



Electronic Data Processing

SPECIAL FOR N.Y. DRIVERS

THIS ONE FEATURE SHOULD BE ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU WANT TO BUY LIBERTY MUTUAL'S NEW AUTOMOBILE OWNERS POLICY

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❷ The economy and convenience of packaged, all-in-one insurance. All the coverages most drivers want and need at a price much lower than the same coverages would cost if purchased separately. (In addition, this policy provides a combination of special features that has never before been offered at *any* price.) ❸ You pay for the Automobile Owners Policy quarterly, without carrying charges of any kind. ❹ There's no short-term

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Gentlemen: Please send me information on your new Automobile Owners Policy for New York State drivers.

I own car(s) Male driver under 25 years of age in my family: yes no

I have have not been involved in an accident during the past 5 years.

My car is used miles per day commuting.

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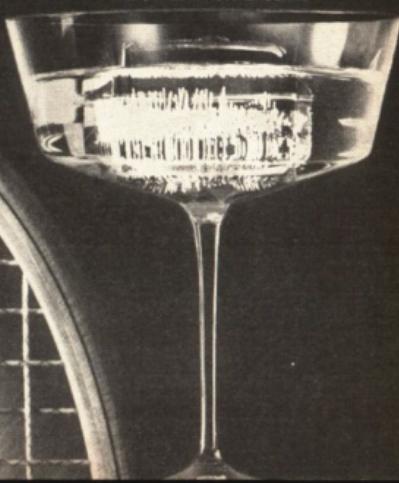




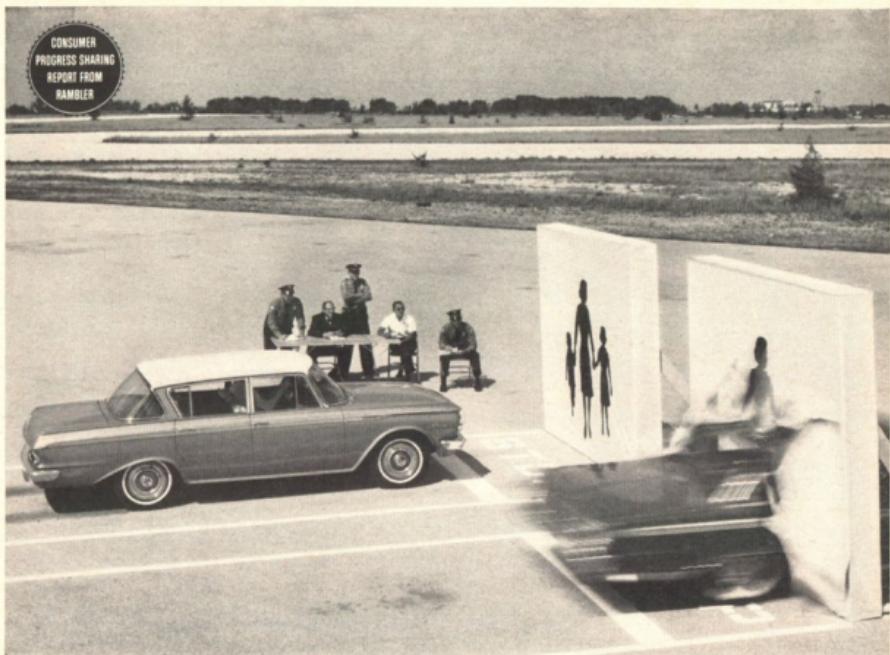
What
a tasteful
trio to put
together in a glass.
**Vodka, Rose's
Lime Juice**
and a cube of ice.
The Gimlet.
Exhilarating,
uncomplicated
and as subtle
as a chop stroke.
It makes
even the loser
leap over the net.

Gin in a Gimlet is also superb.
Recipe: 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka to
1 part Rose's Lime Juice, over ice,
in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND



CONSUMER
PROGRESS SHARING
REPORT FROM
RAMBLER



Why wait for the law to make these new brakes a "must"?



This dramatic test, supervised by the Metropolitan Public Safety Dept., Dade County, Miami, Florida, shows how Rambler's Double-Safety Brakes stop when others fail. (See photos at left.) These standard production-line '62 cars started together, braked together.

The law may require brakes like Rambler's on all cars someday. Today, they're standard equipment on Rambler (and Cadillac, no other U.S. cars). One of 102 improvements that make Rambler an obviously better value in product and price.

All these benefits are made possible because Rambler avoids the useless kind of annual styling changes and concentrates on basic improvements.

This has earned Rambler the best record of owner loyalty in the whole automobile industry.

You get quality in every detail, not just where it shows. As the famous auto expert Tom McCahill of *Mechanix Illustrated* says, "I've never met a Rambler owner who wasn't satisfied—a statement I can't make about any other car."

The free X-Ray Books at your Rambler dealer's prove Rambler gives you an estimated value bonus of up to \$434 over competitors. Join the Trade Parade to Rambler. See why more people are switching from other makes to Rambler than ever before—why sales this model year are the highest in history.

RAMBLER
American Motors Means More for Americans

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MISS WENDY VANDERBILT

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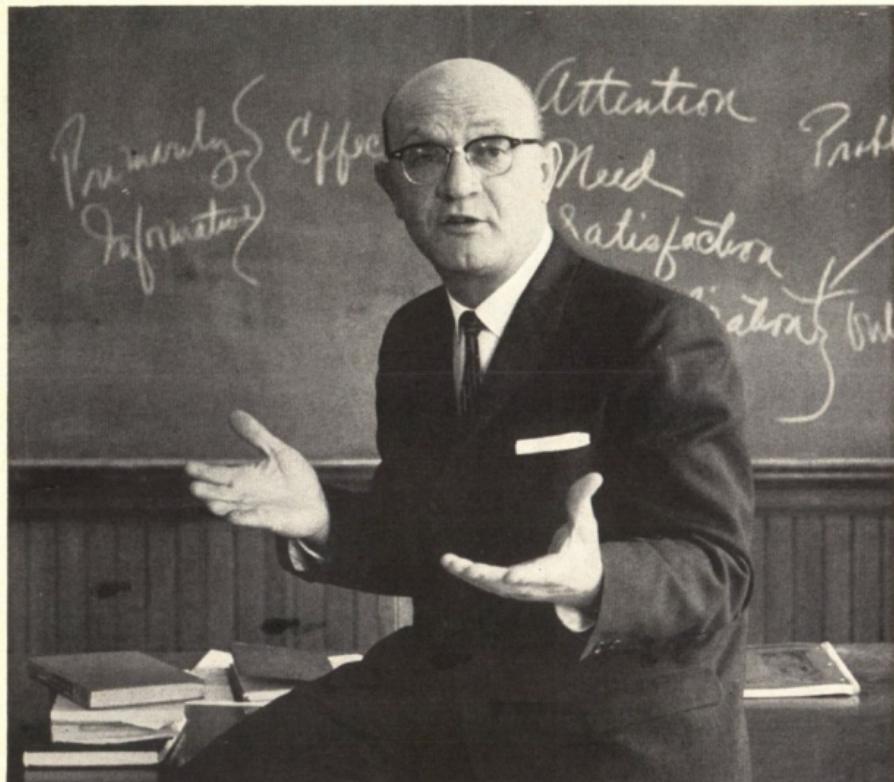
MRS. MANOLO SANTEIRO
MR. CLYDE NEWHOUSE

MRS. CLYDE NEWHOUSE (MAGGI MC'NELLIS) MR. THEODORE S. BASSETT

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Charles Irwin is a professor at Baldwin-Wallace College in Berea, Ohio.

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"That's what I said — until a MONY man showed me I could build cash and protect my 5 children, too!"



Charles Irwin talks it over with Marty Stancik.

"With a growing family to raise on a teacher's salary, I wasn't putting much away. So I told MONY man Marty Stancik insurance could wait!

"But Marty figured out a MONY plan to make my money work harder. Something that would build up cash... and protect my family at the same time!"

"And then after I'd started on this plan, Marty was even more helpful.

"He showed me how I could use my insurance to help solve a lot of prob-

lems. We used it to make the down payment on my house. And later, we used it for emergency medical bills.

"Now I have 5 youngsters, and my insurance will help send them to college. I think MONY insurance is a great thing to own! And Marty's great, too. That's quite a guy you have there!"

MONY men are always ready to work out a plan just for you. For more information about life insurance, mail coupon at right.

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BIRTH DATE _____

OCCUPATION _____



Hard water went out with the iceman



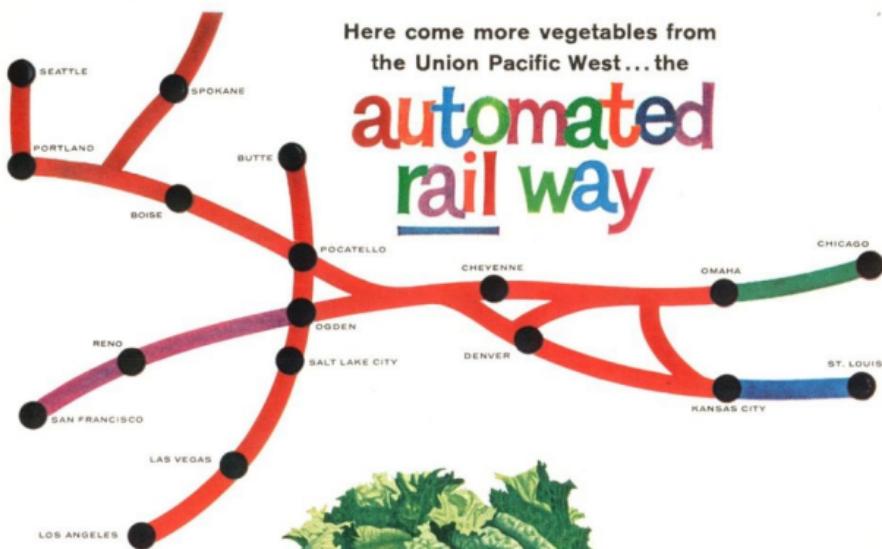
Let's face it. Hard water is old-fashioned. Worse yet, it's as unsubtle as a pair of tongs. It makes hands rough and red. It causes the ring in your bathtub, clogs plumbing, and what not. We help folks get new-fashioned. We simply connect one of our units to your water line. Then all your household water is soft and filtered all the time, automatically. Just call and say Hey Culligan Man. See? It's not hard.



Culligan Fully Automatic Model. You own it.
Culligan Soft Water Service. We own it.

Culligan...SEEN MOST OFTEN WHERE THERE'S WATER TO SOFTEN

Culligan Inc. and franchised dealers in the United States, Canada, Latin America, Europe and Asia - Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois • Franchises available.



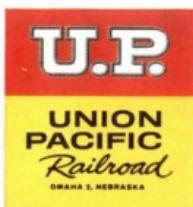
Here come more vegetables from
the Union Pacific West...the

automated rail way



Garden vegetables are picked, processed and packed—fresh, frozen, or canned in minutes. Then, they're rushed to thermostatically controlled refrigerator cars and speeded to your market.

Electronically controlled equipment, communications and data processing, under the supervision of skilled employees, monitor each shipment. Giant turbine and diesel locomotives keep freight rolling dependably on Union Pacific—the automated rail way.



Vacations are more fun when you go leisurely by Domeliner. See the West in living color. Save money with Family Fares—Pullman or Coach.



COUNT THE DOORS

Four doors mean you walk into the rear seat compartment of a Lincoln Continental convertible instead of climbing around the front seat. Please notice, too, how the rear doors open—from the center—to provide you with a wider entrance. This is one of the reasons the Lincoln Continental may be called the only luxury convertible in America.

Interior spaciousness is another reason. On the Lincoln Continental the convertible top disappears beneath the rear deck without stealing a single inch of seating room. This, therefore, is the one convertible that has a rear seat large enough for three large passengers...with seven to ten inches more hip room than comparable convertibles.

For this is the Continental concept: to achieve as perfect a

luxury automobile as possible. But luxury is only one of many qualities you find in this great motorcar—others are: timeless, classic styling, and unsurpassed quality of manufacture. As a matter of fact, 2,000 separate inspections are conducted during construction. And each car must pass 189 exacting tests after it is built. The result is America's finest automobile, the Lincoln Continental for 1962. It is your wisest investment in tomorrow, warranted for twice as long as any other American car (two full years or 24,000 miles).*



LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Product of Motor Company Lincoln-Mercury Division

*Ford Motor Company warrants to its dealers, and its dealers, in turn, warrant to their Lincoln Continental customers as follows: That for 24 months or for 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, free replacement, including related labor, will be made by dealers, of any part with a defect in workmanship or materials. Tires are not covered by the warranty; appropriate adjustments will continue to be made by the tire companies. Owners will remain responsible for normal maintenance service and routine replacement of maintenance items such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points and wiper blades.

LETTERS

Topic K

Sir:

I hope Jack Kennedy didn't call all business s.o.b.s. If he did, he certainly was showing disrespect for one of the cleverest, who made it possible for him to get sunburned tootsies on the Cape while most other youngsters of his age were trying to pick up a stray buck working during the Depression.

HARLAN M. TWIBLE

Michigan City, Ind.

Sir:

President Kennedy's salty language in regarding what his father told him should have drawn a snappy so's YOUR OLD MAN.

R. E. WALTERS

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Your witty, interesting stories sometimes seem more like fiction than fact.

Could you please tell me how a reporter can overhear President Kennedy "whisper" to his wife? "You've got lipstick on your teeth." Now really!

MRS. LAFOREST G. NORWOOD

Machias, Me.

► *We just listened.* —ED.

Sir:

I read down the list of writers that attended the President's party at the White House and noticed that at the bottom it said, "Novelist William Faulkner declined. O God, America still has an artist."

NEAL FAASSEN

Grand Rapids

Sir:

If "culture" could win the cold war, we would be sitting pretty.

HILDANE DOUGLAS

Los Angeles

Sir:

I looked with nostalgia at the photograph of Merrywood [May 11], where "from the time she was 13, Jacqueline Bouvier swam, played tennis and gambled about." From the time I was 10 (seven years before the Bouvier arrival), I also swam, played tennis, etc. there, and it is sad to see the old place go.

Yet I should like to make the point that if its owner wants to sell his property, I cannot see what business it is of anyone. Contrary to the Secretary of the Interior, the Potomac Palisades are not a "great scenic resource"; they are just pretty, and their only uniqueness is the curious richness with which the poison ivy grows.

It is traditional to torture Presidents with

the doings of their relatives; the current President is particularly vulnerable since he is related to almost as many people as there are voters. I think it unfair to give the impression that my onetime stepfather⁶ is committing an act comparable to filling in the Grand Canyon for personal profit.

GORE VIDAL

Barrytown, N.Y.

Professors on the Half Shell

Sir:

Dr. J.V. McConnell's ideas [May 18] are distinctly alarming. When he chops up educated worms and feeds them to unshoaled ones, the cannibals learn twice as fast as worms fed an uneducated meal. Hence, muses Dr. McConnell, "why should we waste all the knowledge a distinguished professor has accumulated simply because he's reached retirement age?"

So old professors will not simply fade away; they're to be chopped up and fed to the football team.

WILSON F. PAYNE
Professor of Finance

Babson Institute
Babson Park, Mass.

Sir:

Good grief. Won't professors object to being chopped up and fed to their students?

HELEN ELIZABETH BEATTIE
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Bouquets for Blots

Sir:

Your editorial staff is to be congratulated for the splendid job that it did in reporting our research on the development of the Holtzman Inkblot Technique as it appeared in the Medicine section May 4. Although a number of reports have appeared, yours is by far the most skillful in its presentation and accurate in its details.

WAYNE H. HOLTZMAN

University of Texas
Austin, Texas

A Young Comic

Sir:

In your May 11 Music section you state, "The unexpected comic on the faculty is normally glacial Jascha Heifetz." I am submitting photographic evidence to prove that while Heifetz today may be usually cool, his

* Reader Vidal and Jackie have the same stepfather—Hugh Auchincloss. Playwright Vidal's mother, Nina Gore Vidal, was Hughie's second wife, and Jackie's mother, Janet Lee Bouvier, is his third.



HEIFETZ IN 1917

comic spirit got off to a fairly early start.

A short time after his 1917 American debut, which turned out to be a last night for violinists, a Bain News Service cameraman called at Heifetz' apartment and, to his astonishment, received cooperation beyond the call of publicity. Comic spirit, indeed.

JAY CULVER

New York City

Who Gets Into College

Sir:

TIME's article on college admissions [May 11] rightly looked at some important problems, including the danger of overly narrowing admissions criteria.

Its reference to Williams College's forthcoming 10% experiment might be confusing. The program is not designed as a haven for "poor grades." It aims rather at increasing the opportunity to search for individuals with exceptional strength in a given area or with outstanding broader potentials of contribution and leadership.

Meanwhile, in the standard admission procedures, superior academic performance must continue to play a primary role.

JOHN E. SAWYER

President

Williams College,
Williamstown, Mass.

Sir:

Your piece on next year's bright freshmen was strong and clear. My thanks to you for the careful reporting that posed the generalists' fear of "skipping" and their approval of the Advanced Placement Program, an important distinction.

The program, described by Dr. Conant as "one of the most encouraging signs of real improvement in our educational system," is still small—13,831 candidates last year. There are still some colleges that seem to say to our best schools, "Keep your credit-picking hands off me," but there are other colleges—some our very best—that not only cheer aspiration and achievement but recognize and reward them. This, too, is an important distinction.

JACK N. ARBOLINO

Director of Advanced Placement Program
College Entrance Examination Board
New York City

T.F., Not F.W.

Sir:

I would like to be able to claim authorship of the succinct and thoughtful quotation attributed to me in the May 4 issue of TIME.

However, I am sure that the statement re-

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New "wetter-than-water" action melts beard's toughness—in seconds

Remarkable new "wetter-than-water" action gives Old Spice Super Smooth Shave its scientific approximation to the feather-touch feel and the efficiency of barber shop shaves. Super Smooth Shave melts your beard's toughness like hot towels and massage—in seconds.



Now, shaves that are so comfortable you barely feel the blade

A unique combination of anti-evaporation agents makes Super Smooth Shave stay moist and firm. No re-lathering, no dry spots. Richer and creamier... gives you the most satisfying shave... fastest, cleanest—and most comfortable. Regular or Mentholated, 1.00.

Old Spice
SHULTON

Also available in Canada

garding the first atomic explosion was made by Major General Thomas F. Farrell, who worked closely on the development of the atomic bomb as a deputy to Lieut. General Leslie R. Groves.

F. W. FARRELL
Director
New York State Civil Defense
Albany, N. Y.

► TIME confused Lieut. General F. W. with Major General T. F.—Ed.

Mulatto Saints

Sir:
St. Martin de Porres [May 11] was certainly not the first mulatto saint in the Roman church. The great St. Augustine was born in Numidia, and his mother, St. Monica, was almost certainly a Negro.

Three early Popes, Sts. Victor (reigned 189-199), Militiades (311-314) and Gelasius (492-496), were Africans, either Negro or mulatto.

(THE REV.) ROBERT E. CARSON
O. PRAEM

St. Michael's Priory
Green Bay, Wis.

► All the saints Reader Carson mentions were African, but it is not possible to clearly establish their race.—Ed.

As Easy As 3.14159265

Sir:
Your STORY ON ALI NUMBER CALLING [May 11] IS THE FUNNIEST THING I'VE READ IN YEARS. PLEASE RENEW MY SUBSCRIPTION.

DAVID V. SHAW
Peru, Ind.

Sir:
So what is so complicated about long telephone numbers? Self-respecting production planners know at least 400 six-digit numbers by heart, and once the general code is known, the other digits automatically fall into place. As a matter of fact, memorizing numbers is as easy as 3.14159265.

JOHN H. MILSON
Montreal

Sir:
In Andover, N.J., just 45 miles from Manhattan, the combination for getting Manhattan Information is 112-1-212-555-1212. After that, you have to dial 112-1-212 plus the exchange and five digits.

Simple?
MARIA E. ECHEANDIA
Sparta, N.J.

Letterwise

Sir:
Thank you kindly for your attention to my protest against adding *ness* to so many words in the English language [May 11]. TIME truly has feathered its own nest.

DOROTHY N. FOOTE
Associate Professor
San Jose State College
San Jose, Calif.

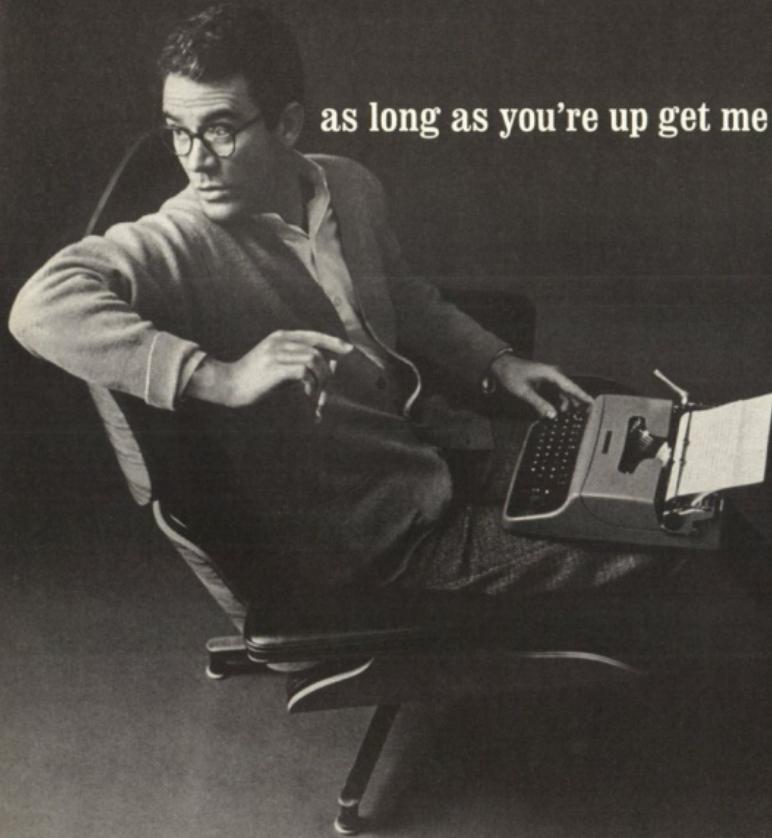
The General's Lady

Sir:
Milestones are milestones, but this is incredible. Confederate General James Longstreet must have been a true cradle robber to leave a widow [May 11] who lived to see the war centennial.

(MRS.) SHERRON O'CONNOR
Charlottesville, Va.

► Longstreet married Helen Dorich in 1897, when he was 76 and she was 34. They met at Brenau College in Gainesville, Ga., where she was a classmate of his daughter's. The Gen-

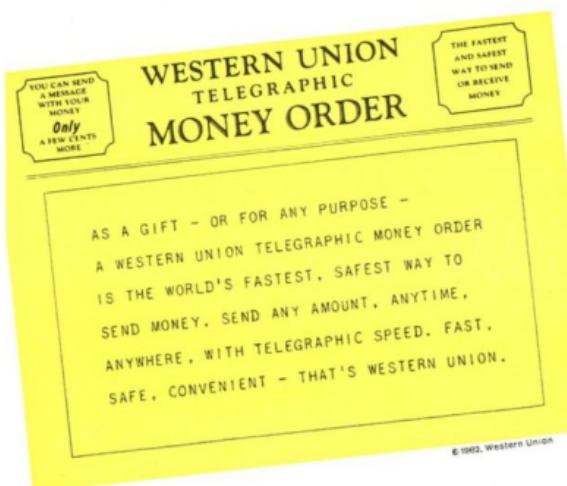
as long as you're up get me a Grant's®



Please. It's the Scotch in that tall, triangular bottle.
Under the Duffy. Why do they call it Grant's 8?
That's the age. Most Scotch is only four years old,
but it really takes 8 years to smooth out a Scotch.
Water? Just a little. Thank you, darling.
The light and legendary 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky.
Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland
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WESTERN UNION—CREATIVE COMMUNICATIONS: RECORD, FACSIMILE, VOICE/DATA



Snails, Schnitzel or Snapping Turtle

Be a gourmet in leading restaurants . . . live in leading hotels, motels, rent a car, hire a secretarial service, send a wire or cable. Just show your Air Travel Card, they'll bill you direct. No fees, no extra charges. World-wide recognition.

(Ask your favorite airline for our Personal Credit Card Directory)

eral died in 1904, and his widow survived him by 58 years.—Ed.

Disappearing Act

Sir:

Your cover on Russian Poet Evgeny Evtushenko [April 13] received some unsolicited readership.

That issue of TIME disappeared from my room in Leningrad's Hotel Europa on a recent tour through the U.S.S.R.

HUGH J. SCOTT

First Lieutenant, U.S.A.

New Ulm, Germany

Old Reliable

Sir:

Re the Science section [May 18]: if your calculation (186,282 m.p.h.) of "that old reliable constant of physics," the speed of light, were correct, it would take the sun's radiant energy 500 hours to reach our lithosphere, instead of the generally accepted figure of a little in excess of eight minutes.

M. A. MILLER

Baltimore

► TIME's old reliable typist slipped a key. The correct figure is 186,282 m.p.s. (miles per second).—Ed.

New Hope

Sir:

My deep appreciation for the magnificent piece on hemiplegia in TIME [May 11]. It is beautifully and sensitively done and should bring new hope and understanding to millions who are suffering from this condition.

HOWARD A. RUSK, M.D.

Director

Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation
New York City

Onward in Science

Sir:

I have read the article on the National Science Foundation [May 4] with great interest. We here at the foundation are pleased because of the accuracy with which the article was written. It is a most excellent summary of activities in the field of science course content improvement in areas where N.S.F. is concerned.

ALAN T. WATERMAN

Director

Washington, D.C.

And Now Here's Jack

SIR:

SHOCKED TO READ YOUR STORY REFERRING TO MY SHADED VULGARITY [May 11]. THIS IS ABSOLUTELY FALSE. MY VULGARITY HAS NEVER BEEN SHADED.

JACK PAAR

NANDI, FIJI

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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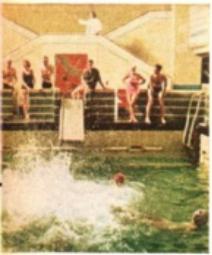
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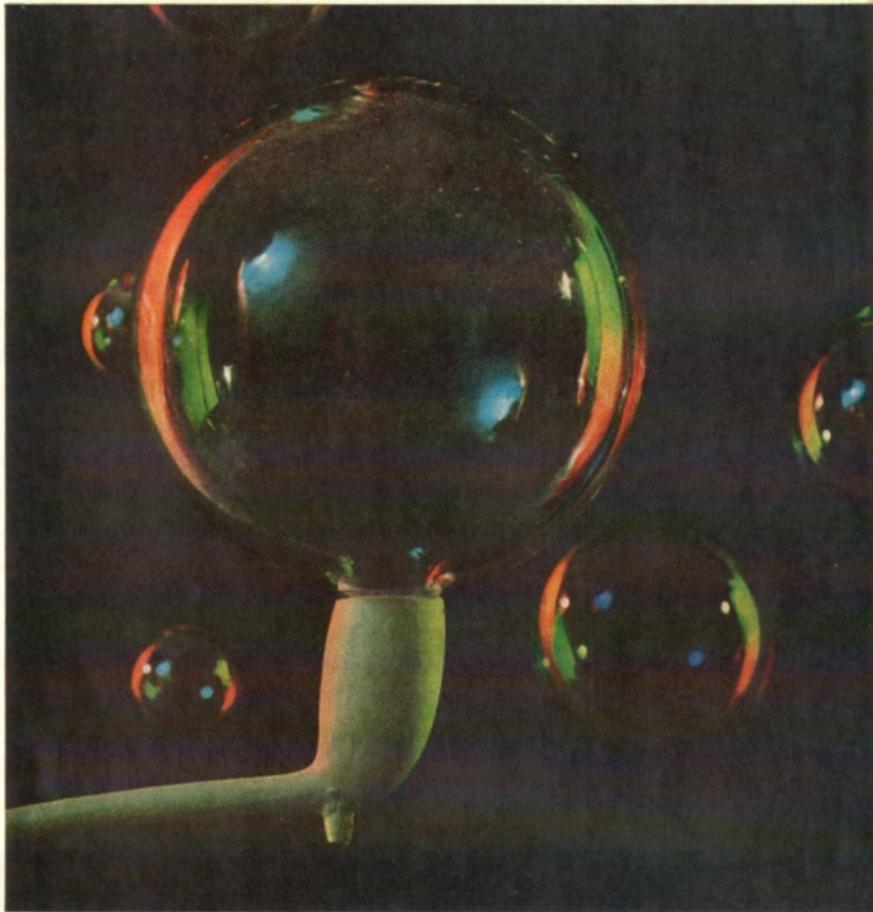
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Hit the long ball!

This remarkable new Wilson Staff ball
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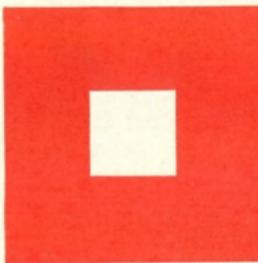
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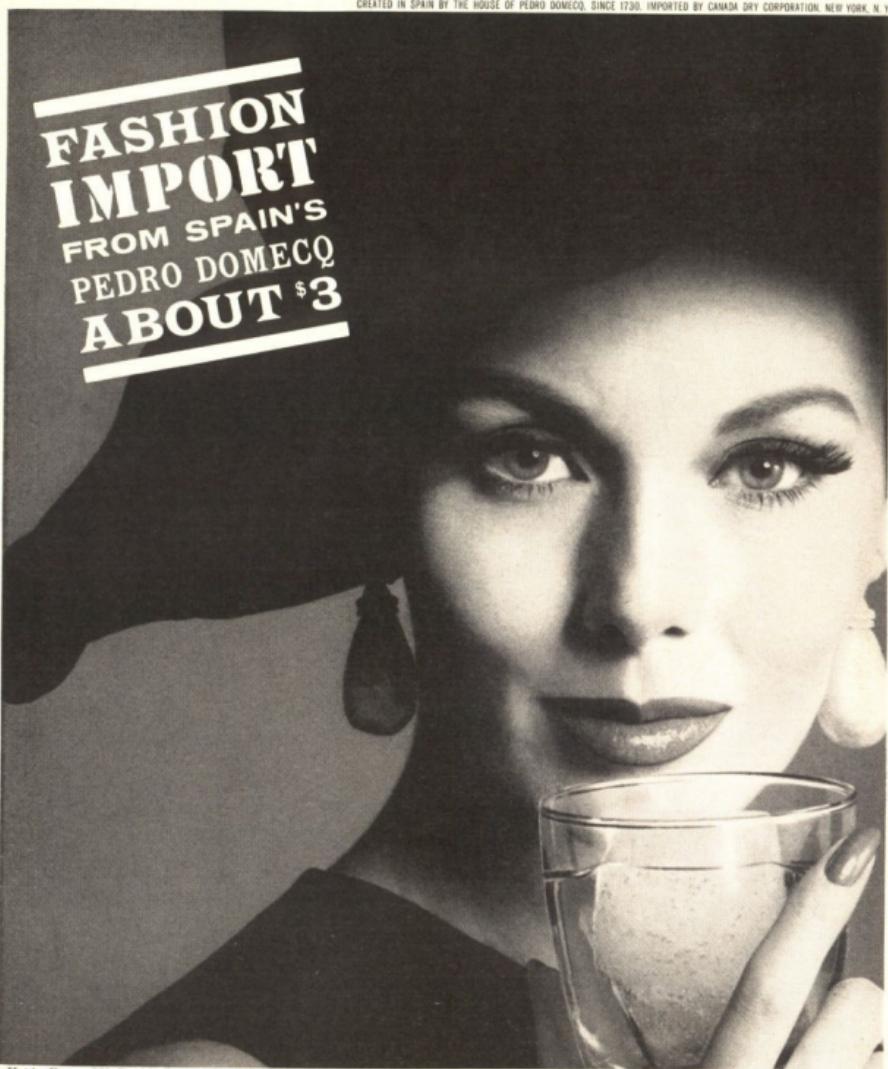


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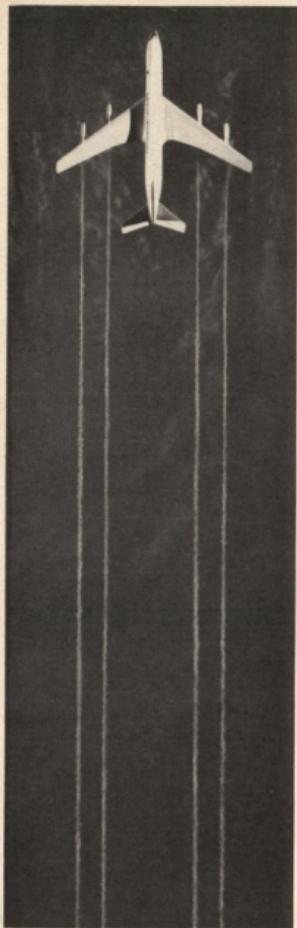
M8

AHHHHHHHH

1962 is our biggest year.
But our *biggest* years are still to come.
So are yours.
Can we prepare for them together?

Woman's Day

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so it has two fully rated
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Come South and feather your nest!

YEAR after year the migration goes on! Industrialists with an eye to pleasant and profitable future expansion are flocking South to find the vigorous "climate of growth" they know will help them grow. And find it here they do—in one of the fastest-growing areas in America today. Here are the figures to prove it.

We didn't dream them up. The data shown in the panel were taken from a report recently released by the U. S. Department of Commerce. This report shows the South in a decade growing faster than the Nation in 25 of 28 lines of business activities. And during the same period, the South achieved a larger share in the Nation's over-all economy in 24 of the 28 categories studied.

Here is growth with a capital "G"—not the "here today, gone tomorrow" kind, but solid and sustained over a decade of economic development and expansion. So, doesn't it make sense to come South now and grow in and with the growing South? We think it does—and so do thousands of industries, large and small, that have done just that in recent years. Let our Industrial Development Department help you...when you "Look Ahead—Look South!"

Harry A. DeBarto
Chairman of the Board

John B. Gosman
President

A recent U. S. Department of Commerce report for the period 1950 to 1960 shows the South leading the country as a whole in rate of growth in 25 of 28 lines of business activities. Here are examples:

	PER CENT INCREASE FOR THE <u>SOUTH</u>	FOR THE <u>U.S.</u>
Dollar-value added by manufacture	120	90
Number of manufacturing establishments	35	24
Manufacturing employment	24	10
Dollar-value of manufacturing payrolls	96	77
New plant and equipment expenditures	65	49
Dollar-value of retail sales	65	53
Dollar-value of wholesale sales	68	50
Dollar-value of payrolls in the trade field	94	89
Number of commercial and industrial establishments	13	1
Dollar-value of life insurance in force	180	130
Number of motor vehicles registered	61	50
Dollar-value of deposits in all operating banks	63	45
Dollar-value of all construction work	105	78
Production of electric energy	189	131
Per capita personal income	55	49
Dollar-value of mineral production	74	63
Cash receipts from farm marketings	22	17
Commercial and industrial employment	29	18

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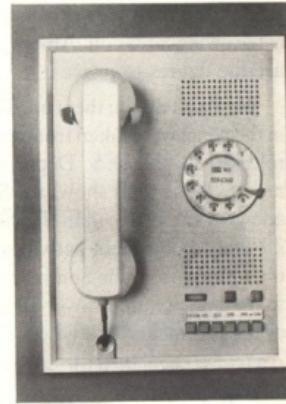
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Here are some of the new telephone instruments in various stages of development. Some are still experimental. Others are undergoing further work or being tested in actual use. Exciting in themselves, they are symbols of other exciting things to come . . . to make your communication services even more attractive, useful and convenient.

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This business has lived and grown successful by giving service.

It has done its best to give the public what it wanted, when it wanted it, with efficiency and courtesy. And then invented better things.

In the future, as in the past, the greatest progress will come through the combination of research, man-

ufacture and operations in one organization, with close teamwork between all three . . . Bell Telephone Laboratories, Western Electric and associated Bell telephone companies.

Wherever the trail may lead, on the earth or beneath the seas, in the air or through space, we will be trying very hard to serve you well.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Owned by more than two million Americans

THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

The Happy Tune

*Whenever I feel afraid
I hold my head erect
And whistle a happy tune,
So no one will suspect
I'm afraid.*

The New Frontier last week sounded like something from *The King and I*. Although the stock market's industrial average had plunged by more than 100 points since December and caused visible consternation among investors and busi-

April total since 1953. Personal income hit a record annual rate of \$438.7 billion. Nonfarm employment rose sharply by 675,000 to an April record of 54.7 million. Detroit sold 621,136 cars, raising the potential annual rate to 7,200,000—which is getting close to 1955's fabulous year.

Beyond such statistical reports, all sorts of blue-sky rumors about future tax cuts were coming out of Washington. The *Kiplinger Washington Letter* said that the slashes would amount to a 25% across-the-board decrease on individual income taxes, plus a reduction in corporation

business abroad (see BUSINESS). Others are holding off business decisions until the future of trade regulations is clear, or until they see the fate of the Administration's depreciation allowance bill. Moreover, there is a suspicion that the Administration tends to penalize bigness. Said Albert L. Nickerson, chairman of Socony Mobil Oil Co., Inc., "It seems to me illogical to 'think big' in terms of such activities as economic competition from Russia, space exploration and the conquest of poverty and disease, and then on the other hand to 'think small' in terms of



WATCHING THE STOCK BOARD AT AN OFFICE OF MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH
It may take more than whistling to turn the tide.

TERENCE MC CARTEN—NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

nessmen, everyone in the Administration, from President Kennedy on down, seemed to be whistling a happy tune.

"Every indication that we have," said Kennedy at his news conference, "indicates that this is going to be a record year in profits, wages, productivity. So we believe that the United States economy should have confidence." Said Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges at a Washington convention of the National Association of Home Builders: "Business generally is good and should improve well into 1963." Said Dr. Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisors: The stock market slump "is not a reflection of current disappointments and downward revision in the near-term economic outlook."

Blue-Sky Rumors. The New Frontiersmen had plenty of indicators for their optimism. In April, industrial production climbed a point to another record. The work week rose six minutes, to push the number of hours worked to the highest

taxes from 52% to 45%. *U.S. News & World Report* had it a little differently. Corporate rates will go down to only 49%. And individual income tax rates, instead of the present range from 20% to 91%, may come down to an 18%-65% range.

In the face of such figures and futures, why is there so much obvious uneasiness in the business community?

Holding Off. The reasons are plentiful. For one thing, there is the lingering uncertainty caused by President Kennedy's treatment of the steel industry, coupled with apprehension that his views of business and businessmen are not of the highest. This has caused businesses to consider whether the Administration would take further steps to interfere with wage-price negotiations and thereby affect corporate profits—which have declined from 9.2% of the national income in 1947 to 5.4% last year.

Many businessmen consider the Administration's plan to collect taxes on profits earned overseas a severe blow to U.S.

the business organizations that are the keystone of our economy."

Without strong business confidence, the U.S. cannot realistically look for an economic boom. Yet it is on the expectation of a boom that Kennedy has based his forecasts for a balanced budget next year. As it happens, the fiscal 1962 budget deficit is expected to hit at least \$7 billion. And estimates of the deficit for the next fiscal year run all the way from nothing (Kennedy's, with several ifs) to \$10 billion. Said Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee: "We are told that the fiscal situation will be all right if we balance the federal budget over a cycle of years, and that this will be taken care of automatically if the Federal Government will only spend enough to raise the gross national product high enough to produce the necessary revenue."

"This is evil fiction. It never has worked. It is not working now, and I can prove it. A prudent government would

balance its budget by stopping nonessential expenditures. This is not being done. The hard fact is that continuing deficits ultimately end in bankruptcy."

Although Byrd is considered old shoe by the New Frontier, he has for almost 30 years kept a discerning eye on the Government's fiscal policies—and knows a bit about such matters. His remarks reflect a general edginess about the Administration's fiscal policies. H. Ladd Plumley, new president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, last week expressed the feeling that the Kennedy Administration was really trying to get along with business. But, he said, "I probably should add that I think much remains to be done."

President Kennedy and his lieutenants are well aware of that feeling. But it may take more than happy whistling for them to turn the tide in that vague but vital field known as "business confidence."



CONRAD—DENVER POST

FOREIGN RELATIONS On the Line

It all seemed pretty terrific. Newspaper headlines bannered the fact that the U.S. was sending 4,000 battle-ready troops into Thailand. New Frontier and Pentagon flacks vied with one another to see who could put out the most stirring statements about U.S. determination to save Southeast Asia from Communism. White House staffers got to complaining that the Pentagon was leaking news about decisions even before those decisions were made.

The whole hullabaloo stemmed from the fact that Communist forces in Laos had broken a cease-fire agreement, sent Laotian government troops scampering, and were now threatening Thailand as well as South Viet Nam (see THE WORLD). This dirty trick seemed to outrage (for good reason) and astonish (for no easily articulated reason) Washington.

Kooky Country. The current crisis in Southeast Asia has been perfectly predictable for many months. When President Kennedy took office, Communist troops in Laos were already on the offensive. Hardly anyone seemed to care. Laos assuredly was a kooky kind of country, economical-

ly, politically and socially. But militarily it was a dagger thrust into Southeast Asia—it flanked South Viet Nam on the west and Thailand on the east.

For Kennedy, the Laos crisis of March 1961 was among the first crises of his Administration. He went on national television to declare that a Communist takeover in Laos would "quite obviously affect the security of the U.S."

The plain implication of that statement was that the U.S. would not stand for any such takeover. But Kennedy was, in fact, trying some scare tactics that did not work. Within a week, the Administration began to downgrade Laos, and the U.S. eventually was forced to accept the compromise of a coalition government that would include Communist leaders.

Down the Drain. From that moment on, Laos was on the way down the Communist drain. And from that moment the military threat to South Viet Nam and Thailand was implicit.

In 1961 Kennedy called in Administration officials, congressional leaders and many other types. He asked them, in effect: "What ought we to do?" In 1962 there was none of this. The President himself decided that troops should be sent to Thailand, and that the action would be more than a mere show of force. Then he told congressional leaders about it.

Whatever further actions the U.S. might feel it necessary to take, U.S. troops are now deployed in Southeast Asia for all the world to see and note. In domestic considerations, there could no longer be any realistic talk about a Southeast Asia crisis inherited from the Eisenhower Administration. The decision, the tactics, the policy—all were John Kennedy's. Laos is still a dagger in the guts of Southeast Asia. But the presumption is that the presence of U.S. troops means that the U.S. intends to hold the line, prevent any further Communist incursions by force if necessary. As to whether or not the Communist tide can be rolled back, that will have to emerge from future decisions.

LABOR

"You Bum!"

Jimmy Hoffa, boss of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, is plenty tough. But last week was enough to test even Jimmy's mettle. In quick succession, he was hit by two court actions—one accusing him and a buddy of taking over \$1,000,000 in payments from a trucking company, the other charging him with beating the daylights out of an enemy.

The man who said Hoffa had slugged him was Samuel Baron, 59, the 5-ft. 6½-in., 152-lb. field director of the Teamsters' warehouse division. Baron told how he and labor's little Napoleon had been feuding for years. During an argument in the union's Washington headquarters, Baron said, Hoffa suddenly began advancing on him with fists clenched and jaw muscles twitching. "I thought," said Baron, "This man is absolutely out of his mind." Before I know it, he swings and catches me in the left eye and knocks me down. I got up—I

wish I had the muscles, but I don't—and all I could do, I banged him—pushed at his shoulders with all my might. I nearly knocked him down. I said, 'You bum, you would use your muscles.'

"I turned and started to walk away. I thought they were holding him, but all of a sudden he grabbed me by the shoulder and spun me around and hit me in the right eye. As I was getting up, he pushed me over a chair."

When Baron decided to bring suit against Hoffa, he asked for protection, was assigned two FBI agents. While Baron talked with newsmen at his apartment in Silver Spring, Md., the phone rang constantly with the pleas of Teamster officials asking Baron to withdraw his charges. In court, Hoffa pleaded not guilty to the charge of assault and was granted a jury trial. If convicted, he could get up to one year in jail and a \$500 fine. But Baron, for one, was not optimistic about the chances of any other Teamster witness testifying against their hard-bitten boss. Said he: "It would be absolute suicide."

The next day Hoffa was accused of conspiring with Commercial Carriers Inc., a Michigan trucking firm, to violate provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act that prohibit payoffs from employer to employee. According to the grand jury indictment, Hoffa and the late Owen Bert Brennan, Teamster vice president, got \$1,008,057 from Commercial Carriers, a company bound by contract to Teamster Local 299 (president: Jimmy Hoffa). Under the scheme, Commercial Carriers set up a company named Test Fleet in Nashville, Tenn., then transferred all of its stock in the firm to the wives of Hoffa and Brennan, taking care to muddle the trail by using their maiden names, Josephine Poszywak (Mrs. Hoffa) and Alice Johnson (Mrs. Brennan). Commercial Carriers then agreed to lease Test Fleet's ten



WALTER BENNETT

HOFFA LEAVING COURT
But would any other Teamster tell?



CHARLES VENDETTI—HARTFORD TIMES

CONNECTICUT REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES* WITH SENATOR BUSH
Ultimately there can only be two.

trucks for an unlimited time. What is more, Commercial Carriers obligingly agreed to pay the bills for all the operations of Test Fleet, which meant that every cent the firm took in was pure profit.

POLITICS

How Now, Nutmeg State?

His drive for re-election was in high gear. "Bush for Senate" stickers studded walls at Republican headquarters. From Hartford's Bond Hotel, his campaign staff passed out buttons and bumper strips, ordered placards for his triumphal re-nomination at the Connecticut G.O.P. convention on June 4-5. But last week Republican Senator Prescott Bush startled everyone by announcing that he would not seek re-election this year.

Pres Bush, 67, said that he simply did not have "the strength and vigor needed to do full justice to the campaign ahead, or to the responsibilities involved in serving another six years in the Senate." He looked tired, wore a hearing aid for the first time in public. That the campaign would be strenuous was obvious—since former Democratic Governor Abe Ribicoff, a great Connecticut vote-getter, is leaving the Kennedy Cabinet to run for the Senate. Bush did beat Ribicoff for the Senate in the Eisenhower landslide of 1952, but private polls by both parties now showed him trailing Ribicoff.

Into the G.O.P. breach stepped John Davis Lodge, 58, brother of 1960 Republican Vice-Presidential Candidate Henry Cabot Lodge. Eager for a political comeback, the former Congressman (1947-51), Governor (1951-55) and Eisenhower Ambassador to Spain (1955-61) announced his Senate candidacy. Lodge hopes to avenge his 3,200-vote loss to Ribicoff for the governorship in 1954. An urbane man who is a florid phrase-maker in four languages and a sometime movie actor (he played Shirley Temple's father in *The Little Colonel*), Lodge had been angling for the gubernatorial nomination until Bush's announcement.

Lodge's decision left no void among Republicans running for Governor. In the wildest G.O.P. melee in a millennium, there are still six candidates trying for a shot at Democratic Governor John Dempsey, 47, who moved up from Lieutenant Governor last year, when Ribicoff hied himself off to Washington. Dempsey in-

herited the big tax problems that Ribicoff's costly highway and education programs made inevitable. Of the six Republicans, two candidates seem to be ahead:

John Alsop, Ivy-clad (Groton and Yale) brother of Writers Stewart and Joseph. Erudite and witty, Alsop—defying the clichés of current political nomenclature—calls himself a "progressive liberal." As a state legislator, he irritated Catholics by introducing a birth control bill, has since made amends by backing Catholic charities. President of Mutual Insurance Company of Hartford, he barely missed the gubernatorial nomination in 1958. To those who suggested that he try for the Senate when Bush bowed out, Alsop replied with a quip: "There are enough Alsops in Washington now."

Edwin H. May Jr., 37, a wavy-haired, hardheaded politician who was state Republican chairman from 1958 until last November. A basketball captain at Wesleyan University and former president of the Connecticut Junior Chamber of Commerce, he was elected to Congress at 32, defeated two years later, and is now an insurance agent. He considers himself an "Eisenhower Republican," recalls with delight an 18-hole golf round he once played with Ike.

The other Republicans in the race are no pushovers either. Connecticut House Speaker Anthony Wallace, 46, is well respected by his fellow legislators. Newman Marsilius, 44, is a conservative former state senator with an impressive knowledge of the state's economy. Peter Mariani, 46, minority leader of the state senate, built up from scratch the largest electrical-parts house in the state. John Mather Lupton, 45, an evangelistic conservative, stirs his audiences with charges that Ribicoff is a "collectivist," claims the John Birch Society is "no more extreme than the A.D.A." He stumped Lodge's home town of Westport, got his own slate of delegates elected (1,237 to 1,206) over a slate then pledged to Lodge for Governor.

The 660 delegates to the state convention must endorse one of these candidates; yet the fratricide may not end there. Anyone who gets 20% of the votes can demand a primary election. And most seem determined to do just that.

* From left: Alsop, Lupton, May, Mariani, Wallace, Marsilius, Bush, Lodge.

Still Living

Philadelphia's Republican Alliance was born of high hopes for reform and low esteem for the city's elderly, indolent regular G.O.P. organization. Last week, after Pennsylvania's primaries, it appeared that the alliance had been born dead.

The alliance, led by Pennsylvania National Committeeman Robert L. Johnson, a former chancellor of Temple University, put on an all-out campaign. Johnson rounded up 1,500 volunteer workers, ran the campaign on a budget of more than \$25,000 a month. Johnson denounced Organization Bosses William Austin Meehan and Wilbur Hamilton for having, over the years, worked under the table with Philadelphia's dominant Democrats. He found one ally in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which declared the alliance to be "the sole hope of the Republican Party's future in this city." He found another in Dwight Eisenhower, who called a primary eve press conference in Philadelphia to proclaim that success for the alliance would beget "victory for the Republican Party in Pennsylvania in November, and a resurgence of G.O.P. strength in the big cities throughout the nation."

And then—kerplunk! The alliance had put up 29 candidates for major party and public offices against the Meehan-Hamilton Philadelphia G.O.P. organization. All 29 alliance candidates lost. Next day Johnson, while retaining his national committeeman's job, resigned from what was left of the Republican alliance.

It did seem a pity. But there was life in Pennsylvania's old Republican Party yet. For Governor, the state's G.O.P. voters overwhelmingly nominated William Scranton, 44, an impressive freshman in the U.S. House of Representatives, who was supported both by Johnson's alliance and by the Meehan-Hamilton people. Statewide, Scranton's vote of 728,369 votes outstripped that of the Democratic nominee, former Philadelphia Mayor Richardson Dilworth, 63, who got 642,165. Even in Philadelphia, Scranton ran only 20,000 behind Dilworth. And under the challenge of the reformist Republican alliance, the old G.O.P. had bestirred itself as it had not in years. If its energy can continue through November, Scranton, who is already being mentioned as a dark horse for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964, may win.



AGRICULTURE'S FREEMAN
He'll never forget the name.

INVESTIGATIONS

Decline & Fall (See Cover)

Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman was on the grill. What were his associations with Billie Sol Estes? Freeman shrugged, hopelessly and helplessly. He had, he told newsmen, met Estes once, briefly, when Estes was paying one of many visits to Agriculture Department headquarters in Washington. Said Freeman: "I might recognize him in pictures." Then he mustered up a bit of bitter humor: "I'm sure I'll never forget the name." The newsmen laughed.

But the Billie Sol Estes case was no laughing matter—to Freeman or anyone else. It was the case of a welfare-state Ponzi. It was a scandal that had already brought about the resignation or dismissal of four Kennedy Administration officials. It had politicians and bureaucrats of all degrees and of both parties shaking in their boots. It had set off investigations galore. It had called into question the whole administration of the mighty U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Last week's official line from the White House was that the worst was already over, that further investigations would not disclose any more facts that might embarrass the Administration. In fact, the worst might be still to come. Important documents in the Estes case were carefully hidden from outside gaze. The hefty Agriculture Department file on Estes was being guarded as if it contained plans for an anti-missile missile. Down in Pecos, Texas, Federal Receiver Harry Moore, presiding over the ruins of the Estes empire, refused to let newsmen even peek at the "financial journal" in which Billie Sol had recorded his receipts and expenditures over the years. Until the full record was open to scrutiny, the Estes scandal was the hottest thing around.

According to President Kennedy, 76

FBI agents were working on the case. Receiver Moore's office in Pecos was jammed with feds poring over Billie Sol's papers. "I have working in this office at the moment," said Moore, "six Senate investigators, five men from the FBI, and four auditors—and twelve more are on the way." In Washington, the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations unanimously voted to hold a full-scale investigation of the Estes case, with public hearings to begin as soon as Chairman John McClellan sees fit, probably in June. In addition, a House Government Operations Subcommittee, newly supplied with a special \$400,000 appropriation voted by the House, was undertaking its own investigation of Estes' involvements in federal farm programs. Under way in Texas were federal and state grand jury investigations, plus an inquiry by State Attorney General Will Wilson.

Arkansas' tough John McClellan promised that the Senate investigation would be "full, thorough and complete." With him in charge, it probably will be. A veteran of many messy investigations, including 1957-58's marathon inquiry into the Teamsters Union, McClellan ominously summed up the Estes case as "the darnedest mess I've ever seen."

Precocious Deals. The man who made the mess is a bundle of contradictions and paradoxes who makes Dr. Jekyll seem almost wholesome. Billie Sol (pronounced "soul" in West Texas) never smoked or drank. He considered dancing immoral, often delivered sermons as a Church of Christ lay preacher. But he ruthlessly ruined business competitors, practiced fraud and deceit on a massive scale, and even victimized Church of Christ schools that he was supposed to be helping as a fund raiser or financial adviser. He pursued money relentlessly but, despite energy, ingenuity, cunning and a dazzling gift of salesmanship, ended up not only broke but hopelessly in the red—by \$12 million

according to his own figures, by \$20 million according to Texas' Attorney General Wilson. "The sad part of it," says a Pecos bank president, "is that he could have been an honest millionaire instead of a broke crook."

Billie Sol grew up in an environment of a sort that is supposed to produce not crooks but plain, solid, honest people—the kind often referred to as the salt of the earth. One of six children, he was raised on a prairie farm near Clyde, Texas. His sturdy, sunburned parents worked hard and went to Church of Christ services every Sunday. "We've never had any trouble in this family," says his father. "Why, I've never even gotten a parking ticket in my whole life." The father still refuses to believe that Billie Sol really did anything wrong: "The Constitution says a man ain't guilty until they prove it, and they ain't proved anything on Billie yet."

The family was so poor that Billie Sol's mother sold home-churned butter from door to door to help meet the mortgage and insurance payments. Billie Sol made up his mind early in life that he was going to be rich. While other West Texas farm boys were thinking about shooting crows or catching fish after the chores were done, Billie Sol was precociously thinking up deals. His father fondly remembers an event that took place when Billie was about twelve: "I was plowing behind a team of horses, and he came out there to talk to me. I remember he was barefoot. He said he'd been thinking about a tractor and said he thought he could get one in a trade for a barn of oats we had. I told him to go ahead and try. He went off and came back with a tractor."

How to Succeed. Billie Sol started out in farming, and he prospered at it. By the time he was 28 he was doing so well as a cotton farmer that the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce named him one of the U.S.'s ten outstanding young men of 1953. Billie Sol traveled to Seattle to re-



ESTES & WIFE AFTER SCANDAL BROKE
It was a case of a welfare state Ponzi.

CBS NEWS

ceive the award at a Jaycee dinner. While in Seattle he uttered some prophetic lines: To be successful, he said, "you have to walk out on a limb to the far end—for that's where the fruit is. If it breaks, you learn how far to go next time."

Another top-ten award winner that year was Tennessee's Frank Clement, then the youngest state Governor in the U.S., later famous in a way for his florid keynote speech ("How long, O how long?") at the 1956 Democratic Convention. With many similarities of temperament and style, Clement and Estes became fast friends. Clement made Estes an honorary "colonel" on his staff ("One of your callers adds distinction to my staff," he wrote to Estes), and Estes cut Clement, his father and his brother-in-law in on some of his deals.

One Estes venture into which Clement and his kinsmen put some money involved buying up surplus barracks at the Air Force base near Blytheville, Ark., having the buildings chain-sawed into sections, and, after a bit of nailing here and there, selling the segments as one-family dwellings. They were mere shacks, small enough to be transported on a truck. But there was a serious housing shortage around the airbase in those days, and people bought Estes' wares for lack of anything else. Today many of the shacks are decrepit and abandoned.

Estes made other friends in Nashville, including the aged president of Nashville Christian Institute, a Negro school sponsored by the Church of Christ and endowed by a Nashville insurance magnate. Estes persuaded the institute's trustees to turn \$100,000 of the endowment funds over to him in exchange for mortgages on his converted-barracks homes.

Like the Murchisons. From cotton and cheap housing, Estes rapidly branched out into many other businesses—selling fertilizer and farm implements, digging wells, lining irrigation ditches, providing other agricultural services. He even founded a funeral parlor, thereby fulfilling a prophecy in the 1943 Clyde High School yearbook that he would become an undertaker. In the Estes manner, it was a grandiose establishment, far too fancy for Pecos, and it lost money.

Estes was frank about telling people what his ambition was: he wanted to get as rich as the Murchisons, the most famous of Texas' big-rich clans. He had some theories about how to get Murchison-rich. One of his basic concepts was that he could profit by handing out presents—a car, a suit of clothes, a thousand dollars in cash—since the recipient would be under an obligation to do him future favors. Another notion was that when a debt gets big enough, the creditor acquires an interest in the survival and prosperity of the debtor. "If you get into anybody far enough," he often said, "you've got yourself a partner."*

Estes got far enough into Commercial

* The Murchisons are also great believers in the virtue of borrowing money to make money. Only half-jokingly, Clint Murchison once laid down a maxim that "a man is worth twice what he owes."

Solvents, a New York chemical manufacturer, which did become a sort of partner. It was this partnership that enabled Estes to get into big-time wheeling and dealing.

In the mid-1950s, Estes had gone into business as a distributor of anhydrous ammonia, a cheap, efficient nitrogen fertilizer widely used in large-scale farming. Indeed, the stuff has become as necessary as water to the farm economy of West Texas. Estes got way behind in his anhydrous ammonia bills from Commercial Solvents, and by 1958 he owed the firm some \$550,000. He went to New York and sold officers of the firm on a complex deal: under the agreement, Commercial

partment pays the storage operator a fee, so much per bushel, for storing the grain. If the operator can keep his facilities filled to a high percentage of capacity, grain storage can be a highly profitable business.

With Commercial Solvents and the U.S. Government as his partners, Estes envisioned a scandalous cycle: he would keep using the proceeds from ammonia sales to buy or build grain-storage facilities; the federal grain-storage fees would keep flowing to Commercial Solvents; Commercial Solvents would keep shipping him anhydrous ammonia. The more ammonia he sold, the more warehouses he could control, and the more grain he



SEATTLE TIMES

JAYCEES' OUTSTANDING YOUNG MEN OF 1953*
"You walk out on a limb . . . if it breaks, you learn how far to go."

Solvents not only deferred payment of the \$550,000 debt but agreed to lend Estes an additional \$350,000—a credit of \$125,000 for future purchases of anhydrous ammonia, plus \$225,000 to enable Estes to get started in the grain-storage business. Estes, now into Commercial Solvents for \$900,000, promised to pay off the debt in installments over a five-year span. As part of the overall deal, Estes agreed to assign to Commercial Solvents 100% of the fees he got for storing grain. And Commercial Solvents in effect agreed to ship him all the anhydrous ammonia he wanted—as long as the grain-storage money kept rolling in.

Picking Up the Pieces. With his entry into grain storage, Estes acquired another partner—the U.S. Government. Grain storage is an appendage of federal price-support programs. A farmer who gets a Government price-support "loan" on a crop of grain deposits the grain in a certified warehouse or silo as collateral. He then has a period of time to decide on one of two alternatives. He can sign the stored grain over to the Government, keep the loan and leave the taxpayers stuck with some more surplus grain. Or, if he finds that he can sell the grain in the open market at a higher price, he can repay the support loan and reclaim his grain. Either way, the Agriculture De-

partment pays the storage operator a fee, and so on in an unending spiral.

One of the flaws in this perpetual-motion machine was that other companies also manufactured anhydrous ammonia, and a lot of distributors were selling the stuff to West Texas farmers in competition with Estes. But Estes had an answer to that difficulty: smash the competitors. Estes used a characteristic gesture to illustrate a point in his business philosophy: he would hold out his left hand, doubled into a loose fist, and slap it sharply with the palm of his right hand. "If you shatter an industry," he would say, "you can pick up all the pieces for yourself."

The wholesale price of anhydrous ammonia was \$90 a ton, and a local distributor had to charge more than \$100 a ton to break even. So it stirred up some commotion when Estes, shortly after setting up his deal with Commercial Solvents, started selling the stuff for \$60 a ton. In some intense price battles, he slashed his price down to \$40 and even \$20. One after another, he drove rival dealers out of business, sometimes picking up the pieces

* Front row: Estes, Frank Clement and Douglas Stringfellow, who became a Utah Congressman but was ruined by revelations that his self-proclaimed war heroics had never occurred.

for himself by buying up the failed or failing firm's assets cheap. In a few years, Estes became the biggest anhydrous ammonia dealer in West Texas, and one of the biggest in the U.S. He lost millions of dollars in the process. But for Estes the losses seemed only a temporary inconvenience on the way to a grand and profitable future.

If Estes failed to make money out of his ammonia dealings, so did Commercial Solvents. In 1959-61 some \$7,000,000 in grain-storage fees flowed from the U.S. Government to Commercial Solvents by way of Estes' bank accounts, but anhydrous ammonia flowed to Estes even faster. By the time of his downfall, Estes was into Commercial Solvents for something like \$5,700,000. Despite the unprofitability of the joint venture, Texas Attorney General Wilson last week brought an antitrust suit against Estes and Commercial Solvents on the ground that they had conspired to monopolize the West Texas market for anhydrous ammonia. "Commercial Solvents is named in the suit," said Wilson, "because in our judgment they made possible the whole thing and knew what they were doing."

Imaginary Tanks. To raise capital to expand his grain-storage domain even faster, Estes dreamed up a scheme for raising money on nonexistent anhydrous ammonia storage tanks. The ammonia is a gas under normal atmospheric conditions; it must be stored in tanks to keep it liquid. Working with Superior Manufacturing Co., a Texas firm that made ammonia tanks, Estes persuaded a lot of West Texas farmers to go through the motions of purchasing tanks from Superior on credit, taking out mortgages on them, and leasing them back to Estes. Estes conveniently made the lease payments equal to the mortgage payments,

so the farmer would not have to pay out any money. Estes explained to the farmers that he needed the tanks for his operations, but was short of working capital and simply wanted to use the farmer's credit to obtain the tanks. In return, he offered the farmer a fee of 10% of the price—in effect, something for nothing.

In this implausible way, Estes collected more than \$30 million in mortgages on imaginary tanks. He used the bogus mortgages as collateral to borrow roughly \$22 million from commercial finance companies in New York, Chicago and other cities. To get the finance companies to accept the mortgages, Estes and his henchmen had to fake a lot of documents relating to the farmers' personal finances. One Estes secretary later admitted to typing five phony documents on five typewriters.

Estes' grain-storage kingdom grew fast—the amount of grain in storage soared from 2,3 million bushels in March 1959 to 54 million in February 1962. But there was an oversupply of grain-storage facilities in West Texas, and Estes could not keep his warehouses full enough to reap really massive profits. After the collapse, amid mounting evidence that Estes had been doing favors for Agriculture Department officials, the department put out these figures as proof of its virtue: early this year Estes' facilities were 43.4% filled with federal grain as against a Texas statewide average of 48.6%; later on, Estes' figure rose to 58.3%, while the state average also went up, to 62.9%. Said a White House staffer: "If Estes was spending a lot of money at Agriculture, he sure wasn't getting much for it."

The Schemer. All the while that Estes' assets were growing, his liabilities were mounting even faster. In 1960 he ventured on another desperate scheme for making big money. Estes had found cotton-farming profitable. The only obstacle to growing more cotton and making more profits was that the U.S. Government, in exchange for its generous price supports on cotton, imposes strict acreage controls. Each cotton farmer has an acreage allotment, which cannot be sold or otherwise transferred; it remains attached to the parcel of land.

But the Government makes a special exception for farmers whose land is taken over under the right of eminent domain—to make way for a new highway, perhaps. In such a case, if the displaced farmer buys another farm within three years, he has the right to transfer his old cotton allotment to his new land.

Schemer Estes saw a way to get hold of allotments so he could increase his cotton plantings and profits. He and his agents persuaded numerous farmers in Texas, Oklahoma, Georgia and Alabama, who had been dispossessed by eminent domain, to buy Texas farm land from him, transfer their allotments to the new land, and lease the land-plus-allotments back to him for \$50 an acre. Each farmer agreed to pay for the land in four equal installments, with the understanding that if he defaulted on the first installment, the land (with the allotment still attached) would revert

to Estes. It was expected that the farmer would default when the first installment came due. When he did, Estes had the land and the allotment; the farmer had the first year's \$50-per-acre lease payments (Estes, as part of the deal, made the lease payments in advance). The net result of this devious and complicated deal was that the farmer had sold his cotton allotment to Estes for \$50 an acre.

These deals, by which Estes obtained more than 3,000 acres of cotton allotments in the course of two years, were legal only if the sale of the land was a bona fide sale, and if the default was a bona fide default. Since Estes' deals with the farmers were set up in the expectation that they would default, the deals were obviously suspect. After long delays, the Agriculture Department finally decided this month that the deals were fake, and fined Estes for growing cotton under the illegally obtained allotments.

Too Garish for Texas. Estes' rickety empire was doomed to collapse sooner or later under the weight of its accumulating deficits. But while it lasted, his rapidly burning candle at least gave off a bit of dazzle. With his wife and five children, Estes lived in the most lavish house in town. Out in the backyard, he had a swimming pool and Texas-sized barbecue facilities. The Amarillo *Daily News* called him "probably the biggest wheeler and dealer in all of West Texas." He conveyed an impression that he wielded a lot of political influence beyond the boundaries of Pecos, and even beyond Texas. He liked to flash a card indicating that he had donated \$100,000 to the Democratic Party during the 1960 campaign. He displayed on the walls of his office photos, some fondly signed, of President Kennedy, Vice President Johnson, Harry Truman, Adlai Stevenson, John McClellan



BILLIE SOL AS YOUNG FARMER
He never smoked or drank or danced . . .



BILLIE SOL AS COTTON-PICKIN' DEALER
. . . but he loved to shatter a market.



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ESTES' OFFICE GALLERY®

The parakeets just would not say "I like Adlai."

and other Democratic political notables. He boasted of his friendships with politicians, including Texas' Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough.

But for all his aura of wealth and power, Billie Sol remained a somewhat ridiculous figure; the inner bumpkin kept showing through. One acquaintance recalls him as "the kind of man whose lapels always seem a little too wide." He sported a diamond stickpin that seemed garish even in Texas. He was constantly bumbling into grotesque situations. Invited to Governor Clement's second inaugural in 1955, he was the only guest to show up in the ornate regalia of a Tennessee colonel. In 1956 he made a fool of himself by trying to persuade the president of a Pecos bank to help finance a wacky scheme to help Adlai Stevenson win the election. Under the Estes plan, large schools of parakeets, trained to say "I like Adlai" in unison, would fly over U.S. cities. When the banker tried to tell Estes that parakeets could not be trained to say "I like Adlai," much less say it in unison, Estes got purple-angry, accused the banker of being anti-Stevenson and stomped out.

Estes was widely feared in Pecos because of his seeming wealth and power. But he was not widely liked. When he ran for a place on the local school board last year, he lost to a write-in candidate. That humiliating defeat led to Estes' downfall. The local paper, the twice-weekly *Independent*, had opposed him for the school board post. To get revenge, Estes set up a rival paper. Upshot: the *Independent* investigated and printed the first exposure of Billie Sol's tank-mortgage fraud. The alarmed finance companies sent in swarms of investigators, and Billie Sol's empire

came crashing down with a thud that reverberated all the way to Washington. On March 29, the FBI arrested Estes on charges of transporting the bogus mortgages across state lines. Estes is now out on bail, but is under both a federal indictment for fraud and a state indictment for theft.

Three Down. Several days after the FBI arrived in Pecos, Texas Attorney General Wilson set off on his own investigation, and his first revelations made the front pages. Employees of Dallas' Neiman-Marcus luxury store testified that Estes had bought—or gone through convincing motions of buying—expensive clothing for three officials of the U.S. Agriculture Department. In September 1961, the testimony ran, Estes went into the men's wear department of Neiman-Marcus with Assistant Secretary (for Agricultural Stabilization) James T. Ralph and Ralph's assistant, William E. Morris; Ralph and Morris selected more than \$1,000 worth of clothing, which was billed to Estes. In October, Estes came in again, this time with Emery E. Jacobs, deputy administrator of the Commodity Stabilization Service. After Jacobs had selected \$1,433.20 worth of clothing, including a \$245 suit and a \$105 sports coat, Estes went into the fitting room with him. When they came out, Jacobs proceeded to pay the entire bill himself—with cash.

One by one, Ralph, Morris and Jacobs have all departed from the Agriculture Department since the Neiman-Marcus

* At left: Kennedy, Truman, Clement. In center (top): Texas Congressman J. T. Rutherford and the late Paul Butler, sometime Democratic national chairman; second deck: Lyndon Johnson and Adlai Stevenson; bottom: Senator John McClellan.

revelations. Morris proved to have other links with Billie Sol. His wife had been on Billie Sol's payroll as "Washington columnist" for the paper in Pecos, and in Estes' files were some very friendly letters that Morris had written to him. When Morris failed to appear for departmental questioning about his relations with Estes, Secretary Freeman fired him outright.

Jacobs denied that Billie Sol bought any clothing for him. The only gifts he ever accepted from Estes, he said, were two rides in Estes' private plane, several meals, a box of cigars and a 5-lb. bag of pecans. Yes, Billie Sol did go into Neiman-Marcus with him, Jacobs admitted, but "I had my own money." Jacobs resigned his post anyway. Maybe he knew it would be hard for people to believe that a \$16,500-a-year Government official would be carrying around \$1,433.20 in cash to spend for clothing.

Ralph was the last to go and the most vehement in his denials. He actually went to Texas to submit to questioning by Wilson. But while he kept insisting that he never received any clothing, he did admit, under hard questioning, that a salesman had come up with a chalk and tape measure and worked on a suit that Ralph was trying on. Since Ralph persisted in denying that he got any clothing, his case remained hanging until last week, when further investigation showed that he had used an Estes credit card to pay for personal telephone calls. Freeman fired him.

"Good Investment." Besides the Agriculture men, one other Administration official has lost his job because of ties to Billie Sol: Assistant Secretary of Labor Jerry Holloman, former president of the Texas A.F.L.-C.I.O., who got to know Estes well in the liberal faction of the Texas Democratic Party. Holloman's name first broke into the Estes scandal when it got out that Holloman had asked Estes and other Texans to ante up for a big dinner party given by Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg last January for Lyndon Johnson. Holloman admitted it, but said that he had not consulted Goldberg in advance. Goldberg offered to produce canceled checks to prove that he had paid the bills himself, and the tremor passed away.

But hardly was it gone when another hunk of Estes debris fell on Holloman: evidence that he had accepted a check for \$1,000 from Billie Sol. Holloman admitted that he took the money—and his explanation was a telling commentary on life in official Washington. Holloman said that he needed the \$1,000 to help meet his "living expenses." His \$20,000-a-year salary, he said, was inadequate to meet the social demands that his position placed upon him. Holloman said the \$1,000 gift was "personal" and had "no connection with any of Mr. Estes' interests," but he resigned anyway. Said he when he got back to Texas: "The only place you eat free in Washington is at an embassy."

On Capitol Hill, one of the men most



ANDERSEN



HOLLEMAN



RALPH



JACOBS



MORRIS



YARBOROUGH

"If you get into anybody far enough, you've got yourself a partner."

seriously tarnished by the Estes case is Minnesota's Republican Congressman H. Carl Andersen. Early this year, William Morris, one of Estes' Neiman-Marcus trio, wrote Estes a letter suggesting that Andersen, a member of the House subcommittee on agricultural appropriations, would be a "good Republican contact" in Congress, and that it might be a "good investment" to help him out of a financial pinch. Shortly afterward, Morris took Andersen down to Pecos to talk to Estes. Then, and again on another occasion in Washington, Estes gave Andersen money—totaling \$4,000 or \$5,000 or \$5,500 according to various versions—for stock in an Andersen-owned coal mine. After this transaction came to light, Andersen insisted that Estes was only making a business investment in the mine. But that seemed unconvincing, since Estes never even bothered to get any stock certificates from Andersen.

Also spattered by the Estes case was Texas' liberal Democratic Senator Yarborough. He admitted that he had received some \$7,500 from Estes as political contributions, including \$1,700 to help defray the cost of broadcasts he had made in Texas. These contributions did not seem extraordinary—but what did seem strange was the evidence that Yarborough had used lots of influence to help Estes out of his difficulties with the Agriculture Department.



MARY JONES

They said she was mentally ill.

In Estes' financial records in Pecos, investigators came across ominous-looking entries totaling \$235,000 for something listed as "Washington Project." But this proved to be a housing venture in the state of Washington rather than payoffs in the District of Columbia. Still not adequately explained are three checks totaling \$145,015.14 that Estes drew on a bank account in Pecos last January and then cashed in Austin just before taking off on a trip to Washington, D.C.

Among the most sinister aspects of the Estes case were the bizarre and mysterious deaths of two Texans. Last summer, when Estes was already in trouble about his cotton allotments, Henry M. Marshall, the Agriculture Department agent in charge of cotton allotments in Texas, was found dead in a lonely pasture. He had been shot in the abdomen five times with his own .22-cal., bolt-action rifle, which lay near by. The local sheriff ruled it a suicide. Apart from the awkwardness of firing the rifle while holding the muzzle against his abdomen, Marshall would have had to pull the bolt back after each shot. Strange, too, was the death of George Krutilek, an accountant who had kept books for the farmers who signed bogus tank mortgages. A few days after the Estes scandal broke, Krutilek was found dead in his car with the windows up and a rubber hose leading from the exhaust to the interior of the car. But an autopsy revealed no trace of carbon monoxide in his lungs, and local authorities ruled that he had died of a heart attack.

"A Lawyers' Quarrel." Secretary Freeman said that the Estes affair had been "ballooned out of all proportion." There was "no evidence," he insisted, that Estes had received special favors from the Agriculture Department.

On the contrary, there was evidence aplenty. Items:

► Grain-storage operators are required to post a bond as a prerequisite to getting federal storage. The amount of the bond is based on the capacity of the storage facilities, and other factors, including the operator's financial status. The better the risk, the lower the bond. Estes' bond was set at \$700,000 back in 1960, and it remained at that level, although both the amount of grain he had in storage and his capital deficit increased enormously. A passing gesture toward tipping

the bond was made after the New Frontier took over the Agriculture Department, but Estes protested, and the bond remained at \$700,000. Freeman explained the department's generosity to Estes by saying that he had filed a financial statement showing a net worth of \$12 million to prove that he was a good risk. But that financial statement was grossly inflated, and could not have passed a reasonably careful scrutiny. Furthermore, a routine check with Internal Revenue would have shown that for 1959, 1960 and 1961 Estes reported no taxable income at all—just a steady stream of losses. ► Freeman confirmed Estes' appointment to the National Cotton Advisory Committee in November 1961, two months after the department had already fined him \$42,000 for planting cotton under illegally obtained acreage allotments. Freeman's explanation: Estes had originally been appointed to the board in July 1961, and in November the department had merely "reconstituted" the old board. Furthermore, said Freeman, the issue of the legality of the allotments was a "lawyers' quarrel." Shortly after Freeman offered this explanation, the department belatedly got around to fining Estes \$54,162 for additional cotton-allotment violations that had been under investigation since mid-1961.

► The pace of the department's handling of Estes' cotton-allotment case was gla-



HENRY MARSHALL

They said he shot himself—five times.

cial even by bureaucratic standards. On Jan. 6, two weeks before Kennedy's inauguration, at a time when it appeared that a decision adverse to Estes might be imminent, Senator Yarborough and J. T. Rutherford, the Democratic Congressmen from Estes' home district, went to the Agriculture Department and interceded for Billie Sol at a meeting with department officials. They succeeded in getting a postponement of the final ruling. "This was more than favoritism," charged South Dakota's Republican Senator Karl E. Mundt last week. "This was complete capitulation to a guy out on the make."

A lower-rung Agriculture Department official named Battle Hales openly charged a few weeks ago that the department had shown "favoritism" toward Estes. Hales also dropped hints that he had been shunted to another job in the department, and denied access to the Estes files, because he knew too much about the case. Hales' transfer led to one of the unseemliest scenes ever enacted in the somber corridors of the Agriculture Department. Miss Mary Jones, a nervous spinner of 51, who had been Hales' secretary for eleven years, was upset about the prospect of being transferred to a new boss. After being out sick for two days, she came back and went to Hales' old office to get her leave record signed. What happened next is obscured by confusion and controversy. But apparently an official ordered her to leave the office. When she refused, he called in a departmental doctor, who decided that the distraught Miss Jones should be taken away for observation. Result: Miss Jones was dragged off to a mental hospital and held for 13 days until a judge ordered her released to the custody of her sister and her own doctor. Says Miss Jones: "It was all a horrible nightmare."

Irrelevant Defense. Republican leaders charged that Freeman and his department had mishandled everything connected with the Estes case, from the grain-storage bond to Miss Mary Jones. At his press conference last week, President Kennedy came to Freeman's defense but on rather odd grounds—not that Freeman had been doing a good job but that he played football in college, made Phi Beta Kappa, "had most of his jaw shot off in Bougainville," and served three terms as Governor of Minnesota. These points are true enough, but irrelevant. All Kennedy said about Freeman as Secretary was that the job had been "challenging."

Having made a weak defense, Kennedy followed up with a weak counterattack. The substance of his argument: it was his Administration that pounced on Estes by arresting and indicting him, so there was nothing to holler about. But the President was claiming undue credit. Estes was first exposed by the *Pecos Independent*. Then the finance-company investigators moved in. Only after that did the FBI—which is under Bobby Kennedy's jurisdiction—put Estes under arrest. Moreover, the revelations about Estes' involvements with the Administration came out not through fed-

eral channels but through the Wilson investigation in Texas.

The Real Villain. On the evidence so far, the Estes case is not yet a Teapot Dome. But it is certainly far more than what the President and his Agriculture Secretary claimed it to be—merely a teapot tempest. The most important villain in the Estes case is the vast tangle of the farm price-support system, with its accompanying systems of production controls and surplus storage. Price-support programs provide scant help for the neediest farmers; the most bountiful benefits flow to prosperous farmers, who could get along with no Government aid at all. Laxly administered, too vast and complex to be effectively policed, the price-support programs provide a constant invitation to dishonesty.

Billie Sol was largely financed by cotton price supports and grain-storage fees paid



JAPAN'S FUJITA IN WORLD WAR II
A fine end for a flop.

for by the taxpayers. If there had been no price-support programs, there would have been no inviting storage business for him to get into, no cotton allotments to obtain by fraud.

In its sheer gaudiness, the Estes mess dramatizes the farm scandal more vividly than ever before. If that dramatization were to result in something really being done about the farm fiasco, who knows but that the U.S. might even vote a vote of thanks to none other than Billie Sol Estes.

OREGON

Raider's Return

Stealthily, the submarine's periscope broke water. Inside the boat an aviation warrant officer gazed through the eyepiece. Through prisms glass, he saw a sandy coastline, a haze-covered mountain range and, dead ahead, the unmistakable shape of Oregon's Cape Blanco lighthouse. The

time was dawn on Sept. 9, 1942, and the sub was the 1,950-ton Japanese I-25, on station 25 days after leaving Yokosuka. With a smile, Chief Warrant Officer Nobuo Fujita surrendered the periscope, while above him, in a watertight compartment on the forecastle deck, waited his Geta float plane. In it, he was about to become the only Japanese flyer to bomb the U.S. mainland in World War II.

This week, 20 years later, Fujita is setting out to visit Oregon again. This time, Fujita, now 50 and a hardware merchant near Tokyo, is coming by invitation. Brookings (pop. 2,632), the nearest town to the Oregon forests that Fujita bombed, has never forgotten its wartime distinction. The town's Junior Chamber of Commerce is raising \$3,000 to bring Fujita, along with his wife Ayako and English-speaking son Yasuyoshi, 25. The Fujitas will participate in a crab feast, an outdoor church service, the annual Azalea Festival parade. They may even fly over the azalea-speckled forests around Mount Emily, where Fujita's bombs fell.

Last Will & Pistol. Fortunately, Fujita could come to the U.S. without casualties on his conscience—for his bombing mission was a complete flop. The idea had been conceived by an imperial general staff still smarting from General Jimmy Doolittle's Tokyo raid. To retaliate, the Japanese hatched a plan to set the Oregon forests afire; they expected that the flames would spread to the cities and panic the entire West Coast. To carry out the dangerous mission, the planners picked Fujita, a seasoned Geta pilot with ten years' naval service and more than 3,000 flying hours behind him.

Fujita pored over charts at Wake Island, spent the Pacific crossing reviewing plans, writing a will, cleaning his service pistol in case the mission failed and he had to kill himself. Off Oregon, the pilot had to wait a week for suitable catapulting weather. When it came, he made one 2½-hr. bombing run by daylight, a second 20 days later in the dark. Three of his bombs were duds; the fourth started a small blaze that was quickly spotted and doused by forest rangers. The raid made headlines in Japan, but Fujita got no promotion, no bonus, no glory.

Closes the Story. Packing for his return trip to Oregon, Fujita, a shy, soft-spoken man, has left the war long behind him. He plans to make movies with his 8-mm. camera for his grandchildren to see ("They must grow up into internationalists"). He hopes, with his hosts, to establish a program of summer visits to each other's country by Japanese and American boys. He is even prepared to apologize for the 1942 raid, and as a token of his regret, he is going to present the Brookings Jaycees with the 400-year-old samurai sword he carried strapped to the seat of his airplane during his raids. "This is the finest possible way of closing the story," says Fujita. "It's in the finest of samurai traditions to pledge peace and friendship by submitting the sword to a former enemy."

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

The Situation Is Good

When Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev slowly emerged from his TU-104 turbojet in Bulgaria last week, he seemed to lack his usual bounce. He had lost weight, his skin on his neck and face was slack, his eyes lacked sparkle. It took him a full day to recover anything like his old roadshow form. Then, in the Black Sea city of Varna (formerly called Stalin), he planted two small trees, after which he handed the shovel to startled Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. "I have helped build Communism," joked Nikita. "Now you've got to work. This isn't like writing notes."

Khrushchev was visiting Moscow's earliest, most slavish European satellite because of economic and political troubles. After dispensing advice on how failing collectives could pull themselves together and "become a Bulgarian Iowa," he lectured some local Communists for their opposition to destalinization. Then Khrushchev remembered that Western correspondents were in the audience; in the middle of a table-thumping denunciation of Stalin, he cut himself short. "But enough," he said. "The world is listening."

The world was indeed listening, mostly for his reaction to the war in Southeast Asia. Khrushchev sounded rather mild—for Khrushchev. He condemned the dispatch of U.S. troops to Thailand as "unwise" and predicted that the move would lead to a Korea-style war. American soldiers, he said, "did not come to play golf. They will shoot, and those they shoot at will shoot back." The U.S., Khrushchev charged, was spilling blood in Southeast Asia. But he seemed almost detached when he added: "The Americans may fight 15 years there, but it will not help."

Although he warned the U.S. against nuclear competition with Russia, and incidentally announced that he would resume testing, on the whole the Soviet Premier thought that the international situation was good: "The Americans

frighten us with war, and we frighten them back a bit. They threaten us with nuclear arms, and we tell them: 'We have them too.' This is the situation, and this is why we think the situation is good."

"Stalin Still Lives"

The prisoner's voice, nervous at first, rose in a piercing accusation that stunned Belgrade's District Court. Shouted Milovan Djilas: "This trial is all propaganda. The accusation is based on fabrication. I am not guilty, only intellectually disobedient." But Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito takes a harsh view of intellectual disobedience; his onetime heir apparent was sentenced to nearly nine years in prison.

Ever since Djilas broke with the regime in 1954, he has spent more time in jail than out of it. COURAGEOUSLY he had provoked reprisal by denouncing Communism in his book, *The New Class*. What landed him back in prison at the age of 51 was a new book, *Conversations with Stalin*, suppressed in Yugoslavia but published this week in the U.S. by Harcourt Brace. In addition to re-airing Tito's bitter 1948 break with Moscow—at a time when Soviet-Yugoslav relations are steadily growing cozier—Djilas provides some choice examples of Stalin's political realism.

► Stalin on the unique significance of World War II: "This war is not as in the past; whoever occupies a territory also imposes his own social system. Everyone imposes his own system as far as his army can reach. It cannot be otherwise."

► On the Red-supported Greek civil war: "The uprising has to fold up. What do you think, that Great Britain and the United States—the most powerful state in the world—will permit you to break their line of communication in the Mediterranean Sea? Nonsense. And we have no navy."

Djilas' personal impressions of Stalin confirm the cruel portrait drawn previously by others. No man was obscure enough to escape Stalin's barbs; once, recalls Djilas, it was a waiter whom Stalin forced to share a toast at a diplomatic reception as a "grotesque expression of Stalin's regard for the common people." Most surprising to Djilas were the Soviet rulers' big appetites, appeared at drunken, all-night banquets. Before one such repast, at Stalin's villa outside Moscow, Djilas met Molotov in the basement toilet. Explained the Foreign Minister: "We call this unloading before loading."

The book's big point is not that Stalin was a revolting tyrant, but that the Communist system permitted and encouraged him to be one. Even "destalinization," suggests Djilas, has not changed the nature of Communism. He writes: "The essence of the problem is not whether this group is better than that, but that they should exist at all—and whether the ideological and political monopoly of a single group in the Soviet Union shall be ended. Despite the curses against his name, Stalin still lives in the social and spiritual foundations of Soviet society."

THREE STRONG MEN Europe's Destiny Is Shaped by Their Debate

THE Western alliance today is seriously strained by the ever-widening political rift between President John Kennedy and President Charles de Gaulle. At stake are the future leadership of Europe and the shape of the Continent's fast-emerging political union. The conflict reached a climax last week when De Gaulle used his first press conference in six months to decry Europe's Atlantic partnership, offering instead a grandiose, 18th century vision of an independent continent dominated by France. De Gaulle's rhetoric prompted the resignations of five French Cabinet ministers, drew worried disavowals from De Gaulle's frequent partner-in-criticism, West Germany's Konrad Adenauer, and stung Kennedy to the strongest public rebuff he has yet aimed at an Allied head of state. The issues and arguments:

NATO

DE GAULLE contends that NATO—which in private he often dismisses as "the American command"—might no longer use its U.S.-controlled nuclear weapons to defend the Continent now that Russia can retaliate directly against the U.S. France must have its own "modest" nuclear deterrent, he argues, in order to "have, whatever happens, our own share in our own destiny." Thus, as he once put it, France could at least "tear an arm off an aggressor." He announced also that NATO will not get back the two NATO-committed French divisions that were diverted to Algeria. Explained De Gaulle: "It is absolutely necessary to have our army more closely knit into the nation."

ADENAUER, though anxious at almost any price to preserve Franco-German amity, is mistrustful of De Gaulle's nuclear ambitions and resents his carpings at U.S. leadership in this area. Reason: Bonn's overriding foreign policy aims are to strengthen NATO, which sorely needs De Gaulle's ground troops, and to keep a powerful U.S. force in Europe. Said he: "Without the U.S., we are lost."

KENNEDY, pointing out that France still relies totally on NATO for its own security, said succinctly last week: "A coherent policy cannot call for both our presence and our absence." The U.S. argues that even a "modest" nuclear deterrent will prove prohibitively expensive for France with the rapid sophistication of delivery systems and will not in fact deter a major power. If such a modest striking force were ever deployed against Russia, it would have little strategic effect, but would almost certainly prompt devastating retaliation. In short, even if France were able to tear off an aggressor's



KHRUSHCHEV PLANTING BULGARIAN TREE
And so let's make it like Iowa.



AP

ROBERT COHEN—AP/W

HEINZ ENZEL

arm (more likely, in the foreseeable future, its nuclear force would be able to manage only a few fingers), this would not be enough; the U.S. would still have to move in and finish the job.

Europe

DE GAULLE dismissed proposals for a federation of European nations under a single, supranational parliament, and derided Europe's leading federalists—notably Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak and France's Jean Monnet—as "Aladdins" who "dream of magic lamps that one only has to rub to soar above reality." De Gaulle's somewhat inconsistent objection: individual nations would never "submit to laws voted by strangers," would be dominated by "someone from outside"—another dig at the U.S. Pressing his case for a loose, exclusive alliance of sovereign states, De Gaulle declared: "Dante, Goethe and Chateaubriand[®] belong to Europe in just the same degree to which they remained respectively and outstandingly Italian, German and French. They would not have contributed much to Europe if they had thought and written in some Esperanto or integrated Volapük [a 19th century, German-devised forerunner of Esperanto]." De Gaulle ignored Britain's application for Common Market membership save for his accurate observation that Britain's champions are illogical; the very people who want Britain in also want a tight, supranational federation—which Britain could never accept. He also resurrected his unpopular 1960 suggestion that the power to make economic decisions for Europe should not rest exclusively, as it now does, with the Common Market executive but with the heads of government, who would meet twice yearly to set common policies for the community.

ADENAUER on the whole favors Common Market membership for Britain and its NATO partners Denmark and Norway, shares the U.S. view that neutrals and non-European nations should be excluded. But while once an ardent federalist, he now argues that a broader version of De Gaulle's Europe of Fatherlands is the only practical form of union for the immediate

future, suggests it could lead "very gradually" to closer integration.

KENNEDY, who has adamantly pressed for British membership in the European community, feels that De Gaulle's narrow, nationalistic approach to political unity is anachronistic. "Atlantic unity represents the true course of history," he said, and added pointedly: "We look forward to the strengthening of world peace that would result from a European community in which no member could either dominate or endanger the others. Surely, each member would find in the fabric of European unity and Atlantic partnership an opportunity for achievement, for grandeur and for a voice in its own destiny."

Berlin

DE GAULLE is opposed to negotiations over Berlin and deeply suspicious of U.S.-Soviet talks ("these conversations which are euphemistically called 'soundings'"). He insists on the status quo, calls any attempt to settle the impasse "trying to square the circle." Aware that he cannot stop the talks, De Gaulle said dismally that France would not be bound by what the U.S. "did on its own account."

ADENAUER agrees with De Gaulle that the status quo can only be impaired by negotiations, which he calls "running after Khrushchev." While he has reluctantly acquiesced in U.S.-Soviet talks, he has objected loudly to proposed East German membership in an international agency controlling access to Berlin, and to other possible Berlin concessions that he considers unnecessary and possibly disastrous to West Germany, since each new proposal seems to suggest some added recognition for the hated East German regime.

KENNEDY, though resolved to keep U.S. forces in West Berlin, still believes that it is better to try for a Berlin settlement—without substantial concessions to the Reds—than to live in constant crisis. While he has only limited hopes that such a settlement is possible, he maintains that the U.S. has earned the right to try. The U.S.'s European Allies, he warns, should not take the American role "for granted." While Britain, France and West Germany virtually ignored U.S. pleas for reinforcements during last summer's Berlin crisis, Kennedy recalled, the U.S. called up 160,000 men and boosted its defense budget

by \$6 billion to hold the city against Soviet threats. His blunt notice to De Gaulle: "As long as the U.S. is staking its own national security on the defense of Europe, we will continue to participate in the great decisions affecting war and peace in that area."

Politics

How serious is the U.S.-French rift? Washington can always take comfort from the thought that a strong authority in France, even if it disagrees with the U.S., is better than the long postwar political vacuum. Furthermore, there is more to De Gaulle's oratory than meets the U.S. ear, and his oracular vision of Gallic destiny is tempered by a highly practical sense of politics and popular psychology. Thus the underlying purpose of his nuclear strike force is not only to win France a privileged position in Western strategic councils, closer to that of nuclear-armed Britain, but also to restore a sense of mission to the young, technically oriented officer cadres that alone can rebuild France's hopelessly demoralized army. His aloofness to the U.S. is at least partly dictated by his desire to fatten France's ego, which has been badly battered by its retreat from empire.

Domestic politics may also force De Gaulle to tone down his views on Europe and the Atlantic alliance. The five ministers who resigned, led by the Fourth Republic's last Premier, Pierre Pflimlin (who was ousted by the army coup that brought De Gaulle to power), are all members of France's Catholic, Europe-minded Popular Republican Movement (MRP), which angrily condemned his outright rejection of European federal union. As a result, De Gaulle now faces a parliamentary majority in opposition to his foreign policy. On a tour of France's remote south-central Limousin region at week's end, *le grand Charles* still maintained with regal aplomb: "We ourselves [meaning De Gaulle] make the policy of France." But he may well have to moderate those policies. Ultimately, Washington still hopes De Gaulle will be enough of a realist to know that European greatness will only be accelerated by Britain's joining the Common Market and can only be secured for the next few years by NATO's shield.

* London's *New Statesman* pointedly noted his omission of Shakespeare.

WAR IN ASIA

Guarding the River

Bangkok was barely awake when the marines landed. Wearing canvas-covered helmets and fatigues, burdened with rifles and full field packs, men of the 3rd Battalion, 9th U.S. Marines, walked ashore from two U.S. transports. There were no crowds, no bands, no girls with flowers. It was all business. Asked what he thought of his assignment, Battalion Commander Lieut. Colonel Harold Adams answered curtly: "When the President tells us to go some place, we go."

The marines were in Thailand not only by presidential order but at the invitation of the government of Premier Sarit Thanarat—the first time in 600 years that the Thais have asked foreigners in to help them defend their soil. Said a Thai Cabinet minister: "Persons with old-fashioned ideas may not like having foreign troops in Thailand, but in these times a country has to depend on collective security."

Piling into Thai army trucks, the marines sped through streets where saffron-robed Buddhist monks wandered with begging bowls, and past *klongs* (canals) filled with naked children swimming happily among pink and white lotuses. At Don Muang airport on the city's outskirts, the morning temperature had already reached 95°. U.S. transport planes, flown in from Japan, swiftly airlifted the marines to Udon in northeastern Thailand, only 40 miles from the Mekong River and Vientiane, capital of Laos.

Laos: Strange Calm. Across the river, Vientiane seemed under siege. Rockets hissed skyward above the muddy water. A throng of young men in black and red war paint danced drunkenly through the explosions and drifting smoke. But for all the smell of gunpowder and the rockets' red glare, Vientiane was not being stormed by the Communist Pathet Lao. Its cheerful citizens were simply celebrating the annual Bang Fai festival, com-

memorating the birth, death and spiritual enlightenment of Buddha.

The Marine detachments had been rushed to Thailand to help protect the vital left bank of the Mekong River from the Communist menace. Yet the Reds, since their overwhelming victory at Nam That two weeks ago, have been strangely quiet. The Laotian river town of Houei Sai, evacuated in panic after the fall of Nam That, was reoccupied by 300 skittish Royal Laotian Army troops. If anything, the Pathet Lao had retreated, not advanced. With Soviet Russia giving at least verbal agreement to the U.S. policy of creating a neutral Laos, it was apparently time once again to bring together the three idiosyncratic princes who lead the different Laotian factions.

Red Prince Souphanouvong agreed to a new conference. Prince Boun Oum, leader of the anti-Communist forces, was back in Vientiane, but as usual left the talking to his tough Defense Minister, Phoumi Nosavan. In Paris, Neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma packed his bags to return home after receiving a message in which the Vientiane government declared its willingness to settle "the national drama by the rapid formation of a coalition government." Negotiations have been stalled for months because of Phoumi Nosavan's reluctance to surrender the vital ministries of Defense and Interior to the Communists. He was now willing to "discuss" giving those portfolios to Souvanna, in return for a promise that all major Cabinet decisions be unanimous.

Thailand: Going Concern. Meanwhile, the U.S. continued its watchful buildup across the border in Thailand. Two squadrons of jet fighters touched down at Thai airbases; 1,000 reinforcements are en route from Hawaii to join with a battle group of the 27th Infantry ("Wolfhound") Regiment stationed 40 miles west of Korat.

The U.S. is mainly relying on Thailand as its firmest ally in Southeast Asia; unlike most other countries in the area,



Thailand is a going concern. Under Premier Sarit, the government has built up gold and foreign exchange reserves totaling \$451 million, has a hard currency based on the *baht* (worth about 5¢), a steadily rising export trade. More than \$700 million in U.S. aid has gone into roads, bridges and hydroelectric power. Sarit sensibly spends as much on education as on defense, but his 100,000-man army is well regarded by U.S. military men, and Thai troops fought competently during the Korean war. Thailand has relatively few home-grown Communists, and most have been jailed or executed.

A nationalist, patriot and public puritan (he has banned the twist in Thailand), Sarit long opposed Washington's



"TWO-HAT" HARKINS



MARINES ARRIVING IN BANGKOK
In time for Bang Fai—and in time to make a stand.

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



THUNDERBIRD LANDAU

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Here, clocks tick unheard. Measure your moments with Thunderbird not in time, but in timelessness. In the Landau's classic lines. In the sophistication of its leather-grained vinyl top, its S-bar. In its effortless, endless flight from the humdrum. Come share the luxury of its Swing-Away steering wheel and contour seats, the touch of its power steering and brakes (all standard equipment). Feel the thrust of its high-spirited engine. Visit a Ford Dealer.

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What idiot changed the Chivas Regal bottle?

When the Chivas Regal people changed their bottle recently, they were ready for some protests.

Not a storm of outrage.

At first, it does seem outrageous.

Why change a classic bottle?

A magnificent dark green bottle. And an antique shield that seemed to come out of Sir Walter Scott.

"It's a wonder they kept the shape," muttered one Chivas Regal fan.

True, the shape is the same.

Still squat. Still jaunty.

Most important, the Scotch inside is still the same Chivas Regal.

Not a day younger than 12 years. "Goode olde whiskie is a



Old.

heavenly spirit."

Then why change the bottle to clear flint glass? Why lighten the antique shield?

Because we live in an age of confusions.

One minor confusion is "light" Scotch.

People think of "light" Scotch



New.

as light in color. Color has nothing to do with "lightness."

People think of "light" Scotch as "weakened" whisky. Not so. Almost all Scotch is the same 86 proof.

True lightness is actually the "smoothness" of Scotch.

A light Scotch will go down as easily as water. Or honey.

No "back bite." No gasp. No wince. No shudder.

Many people consider Chivas Regal the smoothest (or lightest) Scotch in the world.

Why?

Since 1786, Chivas Regal has been made with the "soft" Highland Scotch of Glenlivet. (This

is prize Scotch whisky.)

Extravagant sherry casks are still brought from Spain for ripening it. (Each costs over £35.)

Chivas Regal is still the same clear gold color it has always been.

This color is what warrants changing the bottle.

Many people have never tasted Chivas Regal, because its clear golden color never showed.

Handsome though it was, the old dark green bottle made Chivas Regal look dark.

Some people translated this as "heavy."

Many people never saw Chivas Regal in a restaurant or bar.

The old dark bottle and label almost hid it.



Same great Scotch inside.

No longer.

The new clear bottle offers an uninterrupted view of Chivas Regal.

And a warm welcome.

Think of it that way, and it's not so idiotic, is it?

It's kind of brilliant.

efforts to create a Laotian coalition government. As first cousin of Laos' General Phoumi Nosavan, Sarit is naturally sympathetic to his relative's arguments that a coalition means a Red takeover. When SEATO, of which Thailand is a member, refused in 1960 to take a firm stand against the Communist advance in Southeast Asia, Sarit began talking about becoming neutral himself and accepting aid from Russia. But Sarit was reassured last March when the U.S. pledged it would come to the defense of Thailand in the event of Communist aggression.

FUTURE: IT DEPENDS. At week's end, General Paul Harkins, U.S. military chief in South Viet Nam, flew in to don his second hat as head of U.S. forces in Thailand. "I've just become a commuter between Saigon and Bangkok," said Harkins. The purpose of the U.S. buildup, he went on, is purely defensive, but future action "depends on those people up there on the other side of the border." The U.S. is still determined not to move into chaotic Laos, even if there are further Communist advances. But should the Pathet Lao mount a drive for either the administrative capital of Vientiane or the important Mekong River towns in the south, the picture would be far different, and so might the U.S. response.

COMMON MARKET

The Halfway Mark

While Europe's statesmen bickered over conflicting plans for political union, the Common Market last week passed the halfway mark in its drive for European economic unity. Racing $\frac{1}{2}$ years ahead of its original program, which calls for reduction of internal customs barriers in three easy stages until they are abolished entirely by 1970, the Common Market's Council of Ministers voted unanimously in Brussels to start its second round of tariff cutting next July 1 instead of waiting until 1965. According to the accelerated schedule, which had been tentatively agreed upon in May 1960, customs duties between the six member nations will now be pared 10% on industrial goods and 5% on a variety of agricultural products, bringing these tariffs down to 50% of their 1957 levels.

At the same time, also 30 months ahead of schedule, the Council of Ministers decided to speed up adoption of uniform customs duties on goods from the rest of the world—indicating that the common tariff barrier, which will change present duties on most industrial and farm imports from the U.S., will be in place by early 1967. Though it is one of the Kennedy Administration's top-priority goals to negotiate bilateral tariff cuts by that date, the recent U.S. decision to raise duties on imported woven carpets and window glass prompted the Common Market to take a step in the opposite direction. Warned the council: unless there is "modification or satisfactory arrangement" of the U.S. tariff boosts, it will slap retaliatory taxes on goods it now buys from the U.S.

FRANCE Silence in the Dock

In the ornate and heavily guarded Palais de Justice, ex-General Raoul Salan, 62, was on trial for his life, charged with treason. Wearing a well-cut grey suit and elegant Cardin silk tie, Salan looked more like a prosperous businessman than the head of the terrorist Secret Army Organization. It was hard to imagine, as *Le Monde* put it, "that such a man wielded such frightening power."

Forty-one defense witnesses were prepared to testify to Salan's moral worth, his sensitive nature, his loyalty as a soldier and a friend. Many were right-wing Deputies and Senators, retired generals or



DEFENDANT SALAN
"Dead, and he knows it."

European sympathizers from Algeria. But there was also left-wing Senator François Mitterrand, the widow of famed Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, and two officers still on active service who saluted Salan.

UGLY FAMILIARITY. The prosecution offered only three witnesses, but they were enough to spread the record before the court. During the time that Salan was head of the S.A.O., his gunmen in France and Algeria exploded 7,000 plastic bombs, made 2,000 assassination attempts, caused 415 deaths and wounded 1,145 persons. The details were familiar and ugly. A French officer blown up in his bed. Gendarmes shot through the skull from behind. Men, women and children indiscriminately murdered by machine guns fired from speeding autos. A Moslem author killed by mistake—because someone had spelled a name wrong.

General Charles Ailleret, former commander of the French forces in Algeria, was contemptuous of S.A.O. courage. "Those who carried out this terrorism and fell into our hands turned out to be professional killers paid for their work." He added witheringly that he did not know

of "a single case"—including Salan's—where an S.A.O. member "resisted arrest" when the police closed in. Ex-Premier Michel Debré was ordered to appear as a witness, but in two hours of close cross-examination, Salan's lawyers were unable to extract much that was helpful to their client. And Salan's case was damaged when a defense witness spoke feelingly of the "humanity" of the present S.A.O. chief, ex-Colonel Yves Godard; the prosecutor dryly announced that he and the entire court had received letters signed by Godard threatening them with death if Salan was found guilty.

BETRAYED DUPE. In his defense, Salan delivered a 45-minute statement in which he once again traced his military record ("I made the name of France glow at the ends of the earth"). As he saw it, his career in the French Army was beset by "treason" and "betrayal" back home; he would have won gloriously in Indo-China and Algeria. He admitted being the leader of the S.A.O. and declared: "My responsibility is entire. I accept it." The S.A.O. had used terror, he insisted, only to retaliate against violence started by Algeria's Moslems themselves.

What most clearly emerged from Salan's long, often halting speech, was his consuming hatred of Charles de Gaulle. Obviously Salan believes that he more than anyone else was responsible for bringing De Gaulle back to power in 1958. But he had been "duped" by De Gaulle, who, together with the Algerian Moslems, was now demanding his death. He concluded by stating that "from now on, I shall remain silent."

He refused to answer questions from prosecutor or court. After hearing the roll call of S.A.O. bombings and murders, Court President Charles Bornet said: "Before so many detailed and serious accusations, explanation is difficult. Silence may after all be the best defense." Raoul Salan merely pursed his lips and let his pale blue, expressionless eyes wander incuriously about the courtroom.

Anticipating the court's verdict this week, Françoise Giroud wrote in *L'Express*: "He is really absent from this trial, which is theoretically his own, because he is dead, and because he knows it."

GREAT BRITAIN The Pause That Depresses

In a valiant attempt to improve Britain's competitive position in world markets, the Conservative government last July declared its intention of keeping pay raises in line with the nation's 2.5% increase in productivity. The Pay Pause, as it was christened, saved British industry the equivalent of one year's round of wage boosts, giving Britain an immediate edge over leading European competitors such as West Germany, which has been hit with a heavy increase in labor costs over the past year.

From the start, however, labor unions and the Labor Party have bitterly opposed the Pay Pause as an "inequitable" policy that made no attempt to apply

similar restraints, such as a capital gains tax, to employers. Labor unrest mounted so sharply that strikes cost British industry more man-hours (more than 4,000,000) in the first quarter of 1962 than in all of 1961 or 1960. Biggest test for the government came last month, when dock workers at Britain's 25 ports demanded a considerably fattened pay package. The dockers are members of the country's biggest and most militant union, the Transport and General Workers, whose battling, left-wing General Secretary Frank Cousins proclaimed that the Pay Pause was a case of "capitalism showing its teeth against us."

Last week, threatened with the first major, nationwide dock strike in 36 years, Labor Minister John Hare backed down and approved a settlement that, with fringe benefits, amounted to a thumping 9% increase for some 105,000 workers. The government, which was still defying public opinion by resisting a 2.5% pay raise for the nation's nurses (many earn only \$20 weekly), was lambasted on all sides. Cried the *Sunday Telegraph*: "This is weakness that will not be readily forgotten or forgiven."

By week's end, openly rebellious Conservative backbenchers were charging that pay inequities were directly responsible for the Tories' sweeping electoral setbacks over the past six months. Smarting from their defeats, many demanded that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan fire Party Chairman Iain Macleod—even though it was he who mapped the strategy that swept the Conservatives back into office in 1959 with the slogan: "You Never Had It So Good." For Harold Macmillan, it had seldom looked so bad.

SPAIN

The Succession

After the last toasts were gulped and the last *paso dobles* played in Athens, Prince Juan Carlos of Spain and his new wife, the former Princess Sophie of Greece, went aboard the yacht *Eros*, put at their service by Shipping Tycoon Stavros Niarchos, and sailed away on a long honeymoon. But when the honeymoon is over, what will the prince do? More than any event in years, the royal wedding revived speculation about the future of the Spanish monarchy—and about the man who will succeed Francisco Franco.

On the grounds of age alone, Dictator Franco, 69, could hardly delay his decision much longer; moreover, with workers restive enough to defy his sternest no-strike decrees, it was time that Spain's 30 million people were given some inkling of what lies ahead when the Franco era ends. The monarchy seemed certain to return—at least for a while—but would Franco bring back from exile the Pretender Don Juan, 48, or would he give the nod to Don Juan's son, Juan Carlos?

Don Juan has rarely been in Franco's good graces since their first bitter quarrel in 1936. But the continued estrangement is largely Don Juan's own fault; he has passed up many opportunities to heal old

wounds. He even irked Franco over Juan Carlos' engagement. Instead of consulting the touchy dictator in advance, he merely telephoned the Caudillo a few hours before the public announcement. Franco took the call aboard his yacht *Azor*, laid down the receiver after hearing the news, paced the deck, then returned to bicker idly over details, finally hung up without offering a word of congratulations.

Don Juan is tougher and more intelligent than his amiable son, who does not seem eager for the throne, but Juan Carlos might be chosen simply because he is not controversial. Last week some saw significance in Franco's gift to Juan Carlos and his bride of the glittering little palace of Zarzuela, near Franco's own *Pardo* palace, for their Madrid residence. But even if Juan Carlos actually chooses to



JUAN CARLOS & BRIDE
The honeymoon must end.

live there, he will not necessarily have a role in Spain's affairs. His studies are finished; he could not very well hobnob with Franco's family, say the Monarchs, nor with dignity occupy his time by attending the capital's glittering socialite parties.

Meanwhile, to future kings and present commoners alike, Spain's troublesome strikes were a clear sign of change. By last week the disorders in the Asturias coal fields had pretty well run themselves out, but not before the regime was forced to offer 50% wage increases that were welcome to the miners, although less than they had asked. Elsewhere, the strike was still spreading. It was clear that the ferment had made a deep impression on Franco and his top aides; when even Spain's leading Roman Catholic magazine came out in favor of the strikers, the government hinted that it might legalize non-political strikes, a major break in the 24-year prohibition on labor protests.

SOUTH AFRICA

Road to Tyranny

With increasingly totalitarian methods, the white leaders of South Africa are building a southern redoubt for a last-ditch stand against black nationalism on their bottom tip of the continent. Last week the government of Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd proposed new legislation that will snuff out basic freedoms of all South Africans, black and white.

Prime motive of the bill is to prevent the spread of such incidents as the wave of arson and bombings that broke out last December. In the future, announced Justice Minister Johannes Vorster, death can be the punishment for cases of proven "sabotage." And what is sabotage? It can be a strike by workers in the fuel, food, power or sanitary fields; the painting of political slogans on walls; possession of a firearm or explosives without a license; simple trespass; a speech. Apart from sabotage, the law will give Vorster power to prohibit anyone from "performing any act" whatever, ban gatherings of any type at his own discretion, place any person under perpetual house arrest, and prohibit newspapers from reporting their protests. Gone will be such traditional legal safeguards as the pretrial examination to establish charges or the onus on the state to prove guilt.

Said Author Alan Paton (*Cry, the Beloved Country*), a vociferous critic of the regime: "What will be next? To make lists of disapproved persons? To confiscate their property and make them wear a yellow star? Why not? It's a logical next step."

IVORY COAST

A Friend in Town

In the U.S. this week, for the regulation Washington round of banquets and Manhattan ticker-tape parade, is Ivory Coast's debonair President Félix Houphouët-Boigny, 56, an African nationalist whose credo is refreshingly different from the views of many other black African leaders. Colonialism, he believes, did much good in Africa, and the white man, as well as democracy, is essential to the continent's future. Said he as he got off the boat: "I am filled with emotion to arrive in this most solid democracy in the world."

What makes Houphouët-Boigny's beliefs important is his position as undisputed boss of the strongest, fastest growing and most influential of all the nations in Africa's former French Community, a fragmented empire that dominates the continent's huge western shoulder.

Skyscrapers in the Sun. He presides over one of the hottest (average temperature: 90°) lands on earth, a steaming, lush thicket the size of New Mexico. Although much of Ivory Coast (pop. 3,500,000) consists of juju and squall villages, it is moving ahead at a breathtaking pace. Its harbor at Abidjan, the capital, handles the world's third largest coffee crop, the fourth biggest cocoa output. Behind the docks is a booming city

of 200,000, which for European charm and modern creature comforts matches anything in Africa. Superb restaurants offer French food (at outlandish prices), and towering construction cranes cut the skyline as sleek little skyscrapers of reinforced concrete and glass—all air-conditioned—rise story by story in the tropical sun.

Abidjan's prosperity, and Houphouet-Boigny's success, were largely made in France. The sprawling Renault auto assembly plant on Abidjan's outskirts is one reminder of the large amount of private French capital flooding into Ivory Coast; the heavily laden coffee craft steaming out of Abidjan's harbor symbolize the preferential trade agreements that Paris renewes year after year. France hands out \$50 million in annual subsidies and other aid to help keep the little republic solvent—and pro-French. But Houphouet-Boigny needs little wooing, for he has been in love with France for years. He and his chic, Dior-dressed wife, Marie-Thérèse, 31, still keep a Paris apartment for holidays.

Red Flirtation. Ivory Coast's leader got his start as a country doctor in the backwoods. His contact with village chiefs and the unhappy masses gave Houphouet (he later added Boigny, which means "battering ram" in his native Baoulé tongue) an itch for politics; in the 1940s he formed Ivory Coast's first political party, later organized nationalist politicians in all French West Africa territories into one large political group, the *Rassemblement Démocratique Africain*. For a time, Houphouet-Boigny's RDA was allied with the French Communists, but eventually he dropped his Red friends; by then, he was a Deputy in the French National Assembly, later held seats (Minister of State, Minister of Public Health and Population) in the French Cabinet.

Throughout the fiery '50s, when nationalism swept West Africa, Houphouet never abandoned his effort to bring about unity among the emerging black states under French guidance. When at last Charles de Gaulle's African Community crumbled, Houphouet was eloquently distressed: "I found myself waiting in front of the cathedral with the wilted flowers of the federation in my arms." Today he remains a friend of De Gaulle's; sometimes, referring to his hero's country home, he will call his own modest house in the village of Yamoussoukro "Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises."

Houphouet-Boigny's sentiments have hardly endeared him to the hotheads of Africa—the Nkrumahs, the Tourés and the Nasses—whose political existence is largely based on cursing yesterday's colonialism and extolling today's "positive neutralism." This foggy ideology, says Houphouet, is "merely a veneer behind which lies the Communist world." To Ghana's high-flying President Kwame Nkrumah, Houphouet years ago snarped, "You go your way. I'll go mine with the old colonialists," as you put it. In ten years we shall see who has done the most for his country."

INDONESIA

Attempt No. 5

Like Gilbert & Sullivan's John Wellington (*The Sorcerer*) Wells, Indonesia's President Sukarno is a believer

*In magic and spells,
In blessings and curses
And ever-filled purses,
In prophecies, witches, and knells.*

At a Djakarta diplomatic reception last year, Bung Kurni (meaning Brother Karo) showed up in a beautifully tailored white uniform—barefoot. As he padded around the terraces and lawns, Sukarno explained that an electric storm was brewing and "I want to build up my energy. I absorb electric impulses from the ground."

Some time ago, Bung was told by his *dukun* (medicine man and soothsayer)



that his life would be in no danger so long as he avoided contact with steel. Sukarno thus decided against the kidney surgery advised by his medical specialists, instead relied for a cure on a team of Chinese herbalists and acupuncturists (practitioners who pierce the bodies of their patients with long silver needles, to relieve pain).

Last week the *dukun*'s stock as a prophet rose even higher with Sukarno. At a prayer meeting in the presidential palace grounds, a Moslem fanatic suddenly rose from the assembled crowd, shouted "Allah is great!", and produced a pistol (steel, of course). He blazed away at the kneeling Sukarno, missed him, but wounded five persons around him. The Indonesians tried to implicate the Dutch in this fifth attempt on Sukarno's life in five years by declaring that the assassin's pistol was "Dutch made." But the ploy was as transparent as the halfhearted invasion of Netherlands New Guinea last week, in

which 40 Indonesian paratroopers dropped into the Dutch colony and were routed by the defenders. Only purpose of the "invasion" seemed to be to keep the Indonesians' minds inflamed against the Dutch—and off their economic troubles at home.

As for the murder attempt, it was organized by the fanatically anti-Sukarno Darul Islam sect, which promised that Bung would need all the good luck his magicians could bring him to avoid assassination in the future. Said one Darul Islam spokesman: "He is a stumbling block to progress, a symbol of failure."

THE PHILIPPINES

Debt of Honor

The Fourth of July has been celebrated as Independence Day in the Philippines since the U.S. in 1946 chose that date to give the islands their freedom. But last week the Philippines changed its independence day to June 12 (the day the islands declared their independence from Spain in 1898). The change came at a time when the Philippines were so piqued by the U.S. that Philippine President Diosdado Macapagal canceled his scheduled June goodwill visit to the U.S.

Reason for the Filipinos' anger at the U.S. was the unexpected defeat in the House of Representatives of the Philippines war damages bill. In 1946 the U.S. had agreed to pay off claims for war damages caused by U.S. troops when they returned to the islands and drove the Japanese invaders out during World War II. But the \$400 million originally allotted by Congress was inadequate; an additional \$73 million was needed to cover remaining claims.

For more than a decade, for good and bad reasons, Congress dragged its feet. Fortnight ago, however, the \$73 million appropriation was finally brought to the floor of the House. "It is a debt of honor," said one Congressman. But it was also a debt on which many Congressmen thought that the U.S. could safely renege—and they were aided by the bungling of the House leadership. So confident were Speaker John McCormack and his whips that the bill would pass that they failed to make sure of their votes. Unaware that the Administration attached much importance to the bill, many Congressmen decided to strike a money-saving pose. Said one Representative: "It was an economy vote. There aren't any Philippine votes in our districts."

But there are plenty of votes in the Philippines. Immediately after the bill's defeat, tough, corruption-fighting President Macapagal canceled his trip to the U.S., silencing foes who have criticized him for being too pro-American. Chagrined by the setback, President Kennedy promised Macapagal that he would give his "wholehearted support" to get the bill reintroduced and passed. If the measure goes through, Macapagal hinted that he might be willing to change his mind once more about coming to the U.S. Said he: "I would be inclined to consider this a restoration of good will."



REFUGEES IN HONG KONG
But no room in freedom.

HONG KONG Chinese Wall

The wall rose quickly. Along the 22-mile border between Red China and Hong Kong, trucks dropped huge coils of barbed wire, which were strung into a maze 10 ft. high and 20 ft. wide. But unlike Walter Ulbricht's hated Berlin Wall, the new barrier was not built by the Communists; it was erected by the British last week to keep hungry refugees from the Red Chinese mainland out of the dangerously overcrowded Crown colony of Hong Kong.

With its population already a bloated 3,250,000, Hong Kong can no longer absorb the steady flow of mainlanders who pour into the city daily. As Red China's hunger worsened, the flow became a flood. This month so far, some 40,000 Chinese have tried to slip into the city—and a Hong Kong newspaper reported that 700,000 more are on the way.

The Communists have made little effort to stop the escapes; the exodus eases their food problem and at the same time serves as a safety valve against protest uprisings. Communist border guards even point the way to refugees clambering down the well-worn escape routes on precipitous Wu Tung Mountain outside Hong Kong.

British border patrols round up the "illegal immigrants" by the hundreds, but 20% of the border crossers slip through the dragnet, aided by relatives in Hong Kong and by *say-tau* (literally, snake heads). The *say-tau* sneak into the hills across the frontier and, for a price, supply the refugees with city clothing to replace their conspicuous peasant garb and with information about the safest routes into the city. Captured refugees are herded into a processing camp, questioned, fed, and then sent back across the frontier to the mainland. This month, more than 30,000 have been sent back to Red China. Most, however, camp out in the hills just across the border, waiting to make the try again. "I've been over the border five times," said a young farmer about to be returned to the mainland last week. "If you deport me today, I'll be back again tomorrow."

British officials fear that either the Red Chinese will start refusing to allow the refugees back on the mainland, thus straining Hong Kong to the breaking point, or the escapees will begin to resist arrest, precipitating riots in the colony. But so far, no nation, however sympathetic, has offered to take in any appreciable number of the refugees from Red China's misery. Thus the British will have to rely on the new barbed-wire wall to keep the refugees out of Hong Kong. "It won't stop them all," said one British army engineer. "But it will cut the number down."

SOUTH KOREA New Life

From Pusan in the south to Panmunjom on the war-famed 38th parallel, fireworks lit up the sky and brass bands blared in the plazas of South Korea. It was the first anniversary of General Park Chung Hee's successful army coup, and it marked his junta's success in honoring the pledge it made when it seized power—to give South Korea "a new life."

Taxis & Dancers. For the first time in that year, South Korea seemed to be enjoying itself. Even tough, stone-faced General Park flashed an occasional smile as he moved among his guests at a cocktail party in the Blue House, Korea's presidential palace. In Seoul, flower-decked streetcars and freshly painted aquamarine Jeep taxis rolled smoothly over newly paved, neon-lighted roads. The city's 1,500 youthful, homeless rappers had been rounded up, dressed in blue fatigue uniforms and drafted into a service corps for rehabilitation.

Two dozen U.S. industrialists, shepherded by retired General James Van Fleet, hero of the Korean war, joined other foreign businessmen inspecting wares on display at a massive industrial fair, scouting investment possibilities. At night there was entertainment—an Asian film festival, folk dancing, classical concerts. Nightclubbing was made easy by 4,000 waitresses, hostesses and taxi dancers (previously outlawed), who had just finished a cram course in English and etiquette (sample instruction: don't order drinks without the customer's O.K.).

A year ago, after decades of war and misrule, the nation had been in desperate shape. The "pernicious national heritage," declared Park then, was "indolence, profiteering, idleness, fatalism, egotism and opportunism." Park's revolution sought nothing less than to replace that heritage with a "human reformation"—and to a degree that has gratified his friends and surprised his critics, he is succeeding.

Profits & Problems. Corruption, nepotism, inefficiency have been largely eliminated by ruthless methods, and U.S. officials, who channel \$250 million in annual aid, give Park's military administrators high marks. Although unemployment is still high—2,500,000 are out of work or underemployed—prices are fairly steady and the currency has been stabilized. U.S. PX sales, once the chief source of black-

marketing, have been cut by 20% within the year under a system that requires a purchaser to fill out forms in triplicate for even a package of razor blades.

Domestic industries such as tobacco are flourishing since the regime banned the import of foreign cigarettes, and nine state-run companies that turn out such basic needs as iron, coal and heavy machinery are making a profit for the first time. Private foreign investment capital is badly needed; West Germany has granted a \$27 million loan, and talks are under way with Italy and Norway.

South Korea's basic economic problem is agriculture: more than 60% of its 25 million population eke a living from land that is only 20% arable. Aggravating such poverty was a system of usurious interest rates for seed and equipment that ranged up to 60%, kept farmers in perpetual debt. The Park regime has cut interest rates to 20%, this spring distributed \$77 million in farm credits.

Balloons & Blossoms. Partly on U.S. advice, Park has eased up on some of his strong-arm methods, last week pardoned 13,000 prisoners. But he still keeps the press under tight control, has won the confidence of relatively few intellectuals. For South Korea's pre-revolutionary professional politicians, Park has a general's contempt. More than 4,300 have been purged from political life for at least six years; to re-enter politics, they must be approved by a special screening board.

The junta promises to hold popular elections by next May, but the balloting is frankly not intended to bring about Western-style democracy. That, says Park, will have to be achieved in slow stages. Previous South Korean governments, he told a rally of 40,000 in the Seoul Stadium last week, practiced only make-believe democracy. To build the real thing, "we must improve the foundation by correcting the improper stones. It is going to be a great trial." To expect responsible democratic government to evolve from past "confusion," Park said, "is tantamount to believing that a rose could blossom in a garbage can."



RON CONNERY
GENERAL PARK AT CELEBRATION
But no roses in the garbage can.

IBM EXECUTARY

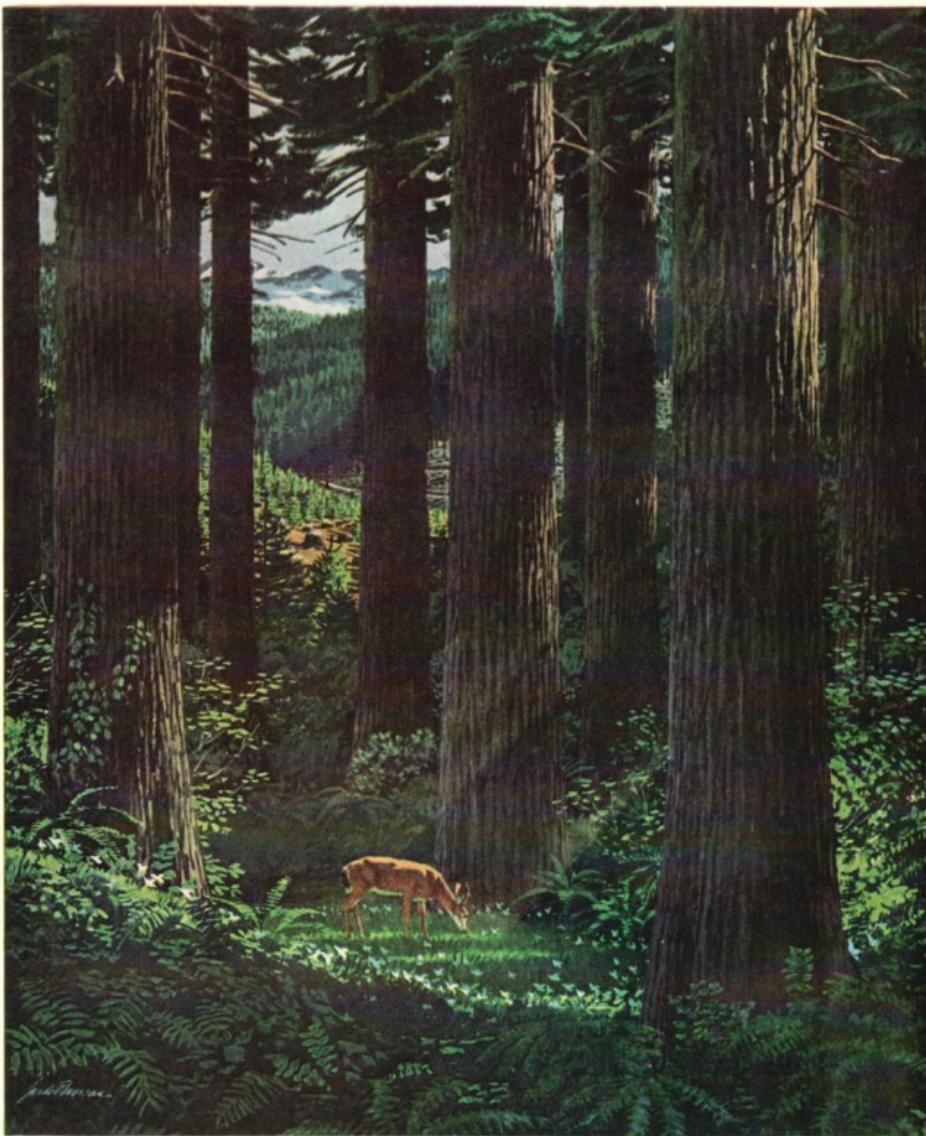


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THE HEMISPHERE

BOLIVIA

Send for the British

In landlocked, miles-high Bolivia, railroads are the main arteries of commerce and communication. Peasants from remote Andean villages carry their produce by train. Almost all of Bolivia's tungsten and tin ore—the nation's most important export commodities—goes by railroad from the mountain mines to the Chilean port of Antofagasta on the Pacific. Without the railroads, Bolivia would find it difficult to exist as a unified nation.

Until 1959, some 800 miles of the country's 1,915 miles of routes were owned and operated by the British companies. Despite government interference and strikes by Bolivian railroad unions, the British managed to keep their trains on time, but never managed to turn a profit. Finally, fed up with labor harassment and the government's refusal to allow higher fares, the British pulled out. The Bolivians set out to run the trains themselves.

Last week, after three years of government operation, the railroads were back under British management. Every month that the government ran the lines cost the treasury an estimated \$100,000 deficit. One shipment was weeks late at the Pacific docks, and emergency shipments of mining machinery and oilrig parts to the interior rusted away for months on some forgotten side spur. Accidents were commonplace as poorly maintained tracks wobbled and fell apart.

Early this year, Bolivia called for help from the reluctant British. Fortnight ago, a two-year contract was signed with the Bolivia Railway Co. to take over the management of the nearly ruined railroads. The government received a \$2,000,000 grant from the U.S. to buy much-needed new equipment. But even the efficient British may find it hard to get things back on the track. Said one British staffer: "Out of 65 locomotives we had three years ago, only 14 are now serviceable."

BRAZIL

Divided Empire

Latin America's greatest press baron, Brazil's Francisco de Assis Chateaubriand Bandeira de Mello—"Chatô" to Brazilians—has fallen on sad times. He was the builder and sole commander of an \$85 million, 58-company empire that included 31 newspapers, twelve television stations, 22 radio stations, four magazines, a news agency, two pharmaceutical laboratories and three coffee-and-cattle ranches. He crusaded to push Brazil into the air age, with a campaign that dotted the nation with aviation clubs. He built child-care centers all over Brazil, bulldozed friends and enemies into filling a \$15 million São Paulo art museum with \$25 million worth of art. In his heyday, he was the ebullient Brazilian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's who left the TV set on in his packed and well-marked Rolls-Royce so

that Londoners would be sure to know that Brazil was in town.

Two years ago, Chatô was struck down by a cerebral thrombosis. The stroke left him almost totally paralyzed, and he spent nine months in Manhattan's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation (where Joseph P. Kennedy is now undergoing treatment). Now 70 and back in São Paulo, Chatô still cannot walk, cannot move his right arm, must struggle to move his left arm, and speaks only in hoarse croaks. Worst of all, as he fights to come back, his empire is being torn apart in a savage battle between his two sons and his top executives.

Parent to Strangers. The battle goes on across a broad chasm that Chatô, in his frantic private life, dug between himself and his children. In 1922 he married the daughter of a French architect living in Brazil; the two separated before his

for work next day at his daily *O Jornal*. Calmon showed up—and began a rapid climb to control of all newspapers, radio and television stations that were not under Monteiro.

Big Giveaway. Chatô himself set the stage for the battle. In 1959, in one of the grandest gestures of his grand career, he gave away 49% of the stock in all his publishing enterprises to a 22-man "condominium" that included his sons and the executives. Said Chatô at the time: "I never considered our papers and stations my personal property. I always planned to turn them over to the people who helped create them." He promised to leave the group the other 51% when he died, and in the meantime kept peace by making all major decisions himself.

Chatô's illness ended the harmony. Son Fernando filed a legal protest against the



CALMON



CHATÔ



FERNANDO

"Don't want money—want a father!"

first son, Gilberto, was born. Three years later, Chatô married the daughter of a Brazilian banker; before they parted, his second son, Fernando, was born. Chatô saw to it that his two sons were well educated and well provided for, but beyond that he had little time for them. After one of his frequent quarrels with his father, Son Gilberto went to Europe, there broke a leg skiing. When Chatô sent him a get-well check for \$500, Gilberto returned it with a bitter cable: DON'T WANT MONEY—WANT A FATHER.

All of Chatô's parental feelings were tied up in his growing press empire and in the men he impulsively picked to manage it. In a fit of rage in the early 1930s, Chatô fired one of his São Paulo managers and replaced him with the first person his eye lit on. The chosen one: Office Boy Edmundo Monteiro, who eventually worked his way to control of all of Chatô's companies in São Paulo, Paraná and Santa Catarina states. A few years later in Rio, Chatô went rowing with a student named João Calmon, who happened to be standing on the dock when the press lord arrived. After a couple of hours afloat, Chatô told the youth to report

arrangement on grounds that it in fact included more than half the family fortune, and was therefore illegal under a Brazilian law designed to protect inheritances. Gilberto made his own complaints. He was unable to see his father, he said, and those who did see him were misinterpreting the instructions Chatô conveyed through a doctor by means of labored lip movements, and were misleading Chatô. In an attempt to block the executives' business plans, Gilberto refused to sign a document certifying to his father's sanity.

End of Power. Last week all of the combatants were arming themselves with legal talent for the endless court battles. As for Chatô, every morning the helpless old man is hauled to the swimming pool of his São Paulo home to exercise his legs to prevent muscle atrophy. Then he is hauled back to his room and propped up in bed, where his left arm is attached to a pulley system. The rest of the day he spends laboring over an electric typewriter, writing slowly, painfully, the signed article that still appears daily in his newspapers all over Brazil. It is his last vestige of power over his divided empire.





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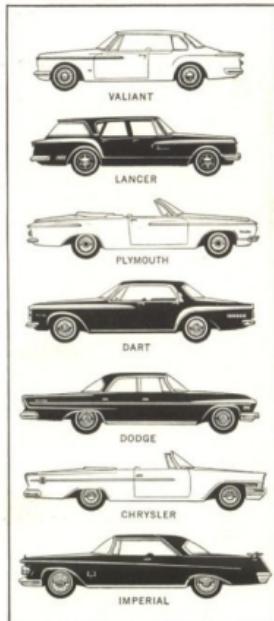
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PEOPLE

The only American prizewinner to turn down President Kennedy's invitation to the recent White House dinner for Nobel laureates finally explained why. "It's 100 miles away," drawled Novelist **William Faulkner**, 64, in Charlottesville, Va., where he lectures part-time at the University of Virginia. "That's a long way to go just to eat."

"There were those who had experienced the strength of his convictions and were a little frightened by him," said Dwight D. Eisenhower to 2,000 guests at services dedicating Princeton's **John Foster Dulles Library of Diplomatic History**, a two-story granite structure where his personal papers and 40,000 microfilmed state documents are stored. But these very convictions bound Ike and his late Secretary of State in "a trust, a common faith that was never for a second broken." Said he: "To his character, insight and courage I owe a terrific debt. This is a better world because of him."

Scowling ferociously, Air Force Chief of Staff **Curtis LeMay**, 55, wanted the Senate Appropriations subcommittee to get one thing straight. "I object to having the term 'bomber man' applied to me," he said, even as he was urging Congress to lay out \$491 million for the long-range RS-70 bomber, \$320 million more than the Administration wanted. "I will use the most effective weapons system that will do the job. If that's kiddie cars, I'll use kiddie cars."

Fun is fun, but there are distractions. Touring Europe together, Hollywood's recently divorced **Natalie Wood**, 23, and Actor Warren Beatty, 25, arrived at the



BEATTY & WOOD
Soloing a melancholy duet.

Cannes Film Festival. But then the girl, who was born Natasha Gurdin to Russian émigré parents, met the Russian delegation to the festival. She joined a Soviet cinematic actress in a duet of melancholy Russian folk songs, later chatted happily in the language she learned as a child.

Summoned back to Government service after a nine-year hiatus was **Mrs. Eugenie Anderson**, 52, quietly elegant Minnesota Democrat who became the first woman ambassador in U.S. history when Harry Truman sent her to Denmark in 1949. Her new post, the first since she returned in 1953 to her 400-acre Red Wing estate on the Mississippi: Minister to Bulgaria.

New York's two G.O.P. Senators share more than a party label, a liberal philosophy and a geographic bond. After taping a TV interview at a Washington sound studio, balding Senior Senator **Jacob Javits**, 58, and white-thickened Junior Senator **Kenneth Keating**, 62, celebrated their common birthday—May 18—by puffing out the candles on a pair of personalized cakes. Thoughtful to a fault, Keating came



KEATING & JAVITS
Puffing a double blow.

up with a special gift for campaign-bound Colleague Javits, up for re-election this fall: two packets of foot balm.

In 32 years of reserve service, Arizona's Republican Senator **Barry M. Goldwater**, 53, had few commands he could relish more. Recently promoted to major general, Goldwater accepted his new two-star flag in a Pentagon ceremony and took over the 990th Air Force Reserve Squadron, a catchall Capitol Hill unit that includes 13 Democrats—three Senators and ten Congressmen.

"Ever since Adam," said the platinum blonde in the sequined sheath, "man has been the leader and woman has followed. Now that the twist is here, everybody's on his own." With a squat of the hips and a throaty gurgle, **Hope Hampton**, a film star of the '30s who found the fountain of youth, accepted a silver loving cup at Manhattan's Camelot Club with the in-



FONDERANTZ—NEW YORK POST

HOPE HAMPTON
Doing the encyclopediad twist.

scription, "Outstanding Twist Personality of 1962"—an ephemeral accolade authenticated by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which, in its 1962 *Book of the Year*, illustrates the twist with a Hopeful view.

Into New York State Supreme Court charged agents of the State Rent Commission to settle a spat involving a long-clawed cat. The cat belongs to Acting U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant**, 53, and occupies an honored place in his well-appointed eleven-room digs on Manhattan's East Side. The man who sublets the place had been charging Thant \$1,200 a month until the commission sued him for rent gouging and demanded \$51,700 triple damages on Thant's behalf. Not at all, protested the landlord. The gouge was on the other side. Thant's cat "tore the damask curtains, ripped up the carpets and upholstery," and left him with \$6,447 in damages. Thant's aides were skeptical. Said one: "I don't think one cat could do all that."

The only reason he was sitting it out at home the night that 168 celebrities were attending the White House blowout for French Cultural Affairs Minister André Malraux, explained Columnist **Leonard Lyons**, 55, was that he had unwittingly written himself right off the guest list. Over cocktails with French Ambassador Hervé Alphand a few weeks earlier, the adroit name-dropper dropped into Alphand's pocket a list of U.S. cultural leaders (among them: Tennessee Williams, Leonard Bernstein, Isaac Stern) who had never been accorded the *Légion d'Honneur*. As White House Aide Arthur

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Schlesinger Jr. later told Lyons: "You were to have been invited, but the French ambassador suddenly brought in a long guest list—and it left no room for you."

At Horizon House, a five-room cottage for the disabled at New York University's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, **Joseph P. Kennedy**, 73, was coming along fine. "We think he has made real improvement," beamed Director Howard A. Rusk, "especially in the last ten days. He is getting a lot of words out." To show how well he was recuperating from his Dec. 19 stroke in Palm Beach, the senior Kennedy took several steps for his son Jack, who was in Manhattan for a Madison Square Garden rally celebrating his 45th birthday. But mostly he just sat with his son in a garden and chatted. Said Joe Kennedy: "I'd rather talk than walk."

Struck for 2½ days by 700 waiters, cooks, bellhops and elevator operators, Manhattan's gilded Waldorf-Astoria bravely carried on. Accountants clapped together tuna-fish sandwiches as substitutes for halibut thermidor. At a \$25-a-plate dinner attended by Vice President Lyndon Johnson, the lobster bisque was omitted for fear that clerks and junior executives would slop it all over the 1,200 guests. Even Bossman **Conrad (Be My Guest) Hilton**, 74, saw emergency service. During a party on the 18th-floor Starlight Roof, the hustling hostler slipped behind the bar to mix a drink for New Mexico Governor Edwin Mechem. But it was not a real test. All Mechem wanted was bourbon and water.

To keep his collection of 35 impressionist and post-impressionist paintings from falling into the hands of Riviera art thieves, Novelist **Somerset Maugham**, 88, put the lot on the block. But no sooner had Sotheby's gavelled them off for \$1,466,864 than Lady John Hope, wife of Britain's Minister of Works and Maugham's only child, protested that nine of the paintings weren't his to begin with. Claiming that assorted works by Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, Monet and Matisse had been deeded to her by her father, she filed suit against Sotheby's for \$648,000. The old storyteller, who plans to give the money to help needy authors, let it be known that he was "very distressed and unhappy."

Faces averted, Italian Industrialist Giovanni Battista Meneghini, 67, and Soprano **Maria Callas**, 38, met for the first time in more than two years to run through an off-key duet before a Milan magistrate. Seeking a ruling that would reduce Maria's slice of an estimated \$1,000,000 in common property by declaring her the "guilty party" in their marital split, Meneghini puffed into court under a load of clippings and photographs chronicling her friendship with Greek Shipowner Aristotle Onassis. The court reserved decision, but not Maria. Trilled she: "Those photographs prove nothing."

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EDUCATION

Salvation by Television

Down came the blinds, darkening the classroom as 25 students raptly watched the bluish TV screen before them. The show was their French teacher, a precise little woman saying "Nous lisons la leçon encore," and for half an hour the youngsters eagerly tried to reproduce her impeccable accent. So last week a topflight white teacher drilled Negro students in a small high school in rural South Carolina. Moreover, white and Negro children were getting the same TV lesson all over segregated South Carolina—the state that has the most complete commitment to classroom TV in the U.S.

Launched four years ago in a converted Columbia supermarket, South Carolina's classroom TV now reaches 65 high schools (20 Negro) in 27 of the state's 46 counties. Another 65 schools (35 Negro) will

\$5,527. As a result, South Carolina is critically short of able teachers.

Broad Goal. The solution is to put the state's best teachers on TV and beam their skills at every classroom. First talked up by a group of businessmen, notably Textile Manufacturer John Cauthen, closed-circuit TV can eventually cover the state at a yearly cost of only \$14 per pupil. The goal is still distant, but the state legislature has yet to turn down a single new TV appropriation. Each year more coaxial cables are run from schools to microwave stations that pick up broadcasts from the South Carolina Educational Television Commission's well-appointed studios in Columbia.

At the Columbia center, a 28-man professional staff is busily taping half-hour lessons in algebra, geometry, physical science, French, and South Carolina history. The actors are fulltime teachers, who



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join up next fall, and the goal in six years is six courses daily throughout the state's 413 high schools, plus other courses in the 1,200 grade schools.

Hollow Schools. South Carolina's TV binge is drastic—as well it might be. Though it has proportionately more school-age children (30.8% of the population) than any other state, South Carolina is one of the slowest learners in the Union. Almost half of all eighth-graders fail to go on and finish high school; 54.4% of all registrants fail the Selective Service mental test, and no other state boasts fewer median years (8.7) of schooling completed by adults. More than 20% of South Carolinians are in fact "functional illiterates," for one out of five has less than five years of schooling.

To catch up, South Carolina is pouring money into its schools: 50% of every tax dollar now goes to education, and 80% of all pupils are in new classrooms. But the schools are "hollow," as one official puts it. Supported by the nation's third lowest per-capita income (\$1,397), they can pay classroom teachers an average of only \$3,760 a year, against the U.S. average of

six to eight hours developing each lesson, often going out to classrooms to review their own performance. Besides salaries, they get fees that can boost their income to \$10,000 a year.

Now South Carolina's non-TV teachers are "doing their damnedest to make sure TV doesn't replace them," says one official. "What they didn't know before TV arrived, they find out in a hurry." Most of them accept the efficacy of TV teaching. The screen rivets students, encourages them to take notes, and makes them worry if they miss a lesson.

Fringe Benefits. Moreover, teachers are used more efficiently. Columbia's A.C. Flora High School, for example, is doing away with separate plane geometry sections, now groups 230 students in one large classroom with half a dozen TV sets suspended from the ceiling. Supervised by one teacher and two assistants, the students typically watch the TV lesson for 30 minutes, then spend 15 minutes discussing it. One result: the bottom two-thirds of this year's students recently tested higher than the median of last year's separate classes. Even more im-

pressive, the statewide median scores of TV algebra students have precisely matched the median at such top prep schools as Andover and Exeter.

TV's fringe benefits already include a show to train local school board members, a recent production of *Macbeth* for English literature classes, a statewide monthly brushup program for doctors, and a projected junior college TV program for evening students all over South Carolina. But the vital change is among schoolchildren, now getting a taste of expert teaching for the first time. For thousands of her classmates, one ninth-grader sums up: "I've learned more this year than I did in the seventh and eighth grades put together."

Marry Early, Learn Later

The U.S. college girl, says Instructor Carolyn G. Heilbrun in the *Columbia University Forum*, "is driven by a force which, compounded of her own instincts and the pressures of society, is irresistible: the desire to find a man." And to Mrs.

LEVITON—ATLANTA

Heilbrun, a Wellesley graduate, a mother of three and a Ph.D., pursuing a bachelor while pursuing a bachelor's degree makes no sense. Her plan: let women go to college in their early 30s—after marriage and motherhood.

Because U.S. colleges were designed for men, says English Teacher Heilbrun, "women are having their education and their children at times which could not be more inconvenient for the development of their own lives, the needs of society or the comfort of the men to whom they are married." Under Mrs. Heilbrun's plan, "the young woman will not have been dropped from the heights of Olympus to the depths of the washing machine. Rather the years of her children's babyhood can be experienced and enjoyed in the knowledge that beyond lie the years of the mother's professional life."

As for how college men might meet and marry girls destined for a deferred education, Mrs. Heilbrun says "these are matters that arrange themselves." She also argues that college does not make girls better mothers of "very young children," who need love, time and attention, gifts

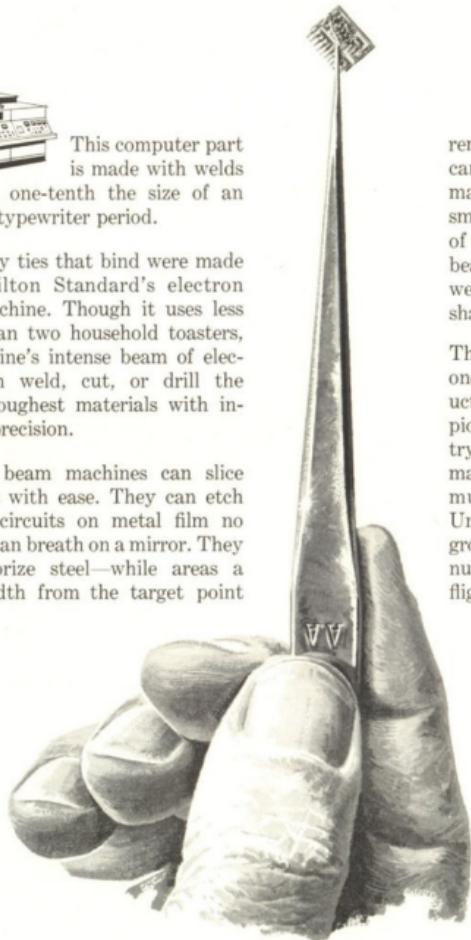
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better given undiluted with resentment." To clinch her argument, Mrs. Heilbrun points at the mature women she teaches at Columbia's School of General Studies. Like the returned G.I.s of World War II, the older women are "extraordinary students." If all this encouraged housewives to feel that college was unimportant, actually producing fewer U.S. college women, Teacher Heilbrun would not worry: "If the woman is without the desire to return, she is without the qualifications—a conclusion that is straightforward, if unsentimental."

Is Pusey Too Busy?

"I think he's been a most effective president," mused White House Aide McGeorge Bundy—referring, for the moment, not to John F. Kennedy but to Harvard's Nathan Marsh Pusey. For to Bundy, the former dean of Harvard's faculty of arts and sciences, even the turmoil in Laos last week could not wholly eclipse the fuss in Cambridge—a fuss sparked by Bundy's own departure from Harvard 16 months ago, and the consequent pressure of work laid on President Pusey.

Contrary to the impression he often gave, dynamic Dean Bundy did not rule Harvard; that job is reserved for the god-king that Harvard expects its president to be. Bundy was simply the king's first minister—a freewheeling manipulator of some 28 departments, 38 faculty committees and 555 faculty members. The trouble now is that since Bundy left, Pusey has taken on the deanship himself, saying that he will surrender it "some time this side of the indefinite future." In Pusey's definite present, the burden is crushing.

A Crimson Snit. This has many professors in a snit, and they recently found a voice in the student-run Harvard *Crimson*. In six scathing editorials, the *Crimson* blamed Pusey for everything from this year's last-minute 10% hike in room rents to silence on such vital issues as whether Harvard College should expand, how it should revamp general education, and why the university has not exploited federal aid like "the rising stars of American education, such as Berkeley and Michigan." In the *Crimson* lens, Pusey emerged as aloof, inarticulate, unable to "make relevant decisions." In its most chilling criticism, the *Crimson* added: "Those who have watched men desert the ranks of the junior faculty are aware that, to some, Harvard seems to have little future."

The harsh words—and overblown charges—called up a shocked reaction. From the pulpit of Memorial Church, the Rev. R. Jerrold Gibson ('51) raked the *Crimson* for "a spirit of bitter denunciation." Psychiatrist Carl Binger fired off an angry letter: "Your six diatribes against Mr. Pusey betray not only bad taste, but also bad faith."

A Saintly Dedication. Only a *Crimson* cub could say that mighty Harvard is founded under Iowa-born Historian Pusey, 55, himself a Harvardman ('28), who was president of Wisconsin's little Lawrence College when he was named Harvard's 24th president in 1953. Pusey

has shown, says one professor, "the dedication to Harvard of a saint to his monastery." Deeply religious, Episcopalian Pusey has revamped Harvard's divinity school. A stout defender of academic freedom, he stood up to Joe McCarthy when the Senator tried to pillory Harvard as a "hotbed of Communists." An able fund raiser, he brought off an \$82.5 million drive for Harvard College.

Cambridge now boasts such additions as the Loeb Drama Center, new student housing, new facilities for East Asian and Middle Eastern studies. Faculty salaries are sharply up. If it is true that Berkeley seems to have a corner on Nobel-prize-winning scientists, Harvard draws scholars in the humanities, such as Theologians Paul Tillich and Christopher Dawson.

A Quiet Helmsman. And yet, Harvard misses Bundy—brisk, brilliant, articulate, available. One famed professor complains: "Pusey is not popular. He believes in God, in undergraduates, in coeducation. He isn't, in that way, an old Harvard type." Says another: "You could call Bundy and say, 'Hey, Mac, you ought to do this.' You can't do that with the president of the university."

By contrast, another professor extols Pusey's deliberation: "I think Kennedy would be well advised if he had a man like Pusey in Washington along with Mac Bundy. Maybe the Cuban affair would not have taken place then."

All this boils down to the fact that Harvard really misses a dean of arts and sciences. Pusey will doubtless soon name one—it was he who picked Dean Bundy. As one letter writer neatly summed up Pusey in the *Crimson*: "His great flaw—and this is what all the criticism reduces to—is that he is neither a politician nor a showman. President Pusey does not dramatize his actions; he is just an honest man trying to steer this university in the right direction."



GARY GLADSTONE
HARVARD'S PUSEY

"Hey, Mac" is not quite appropriate.

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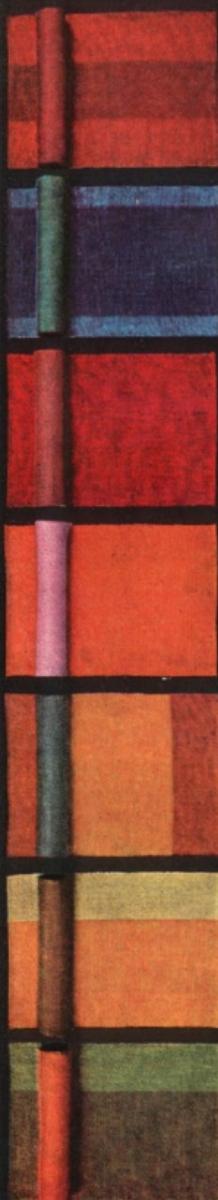
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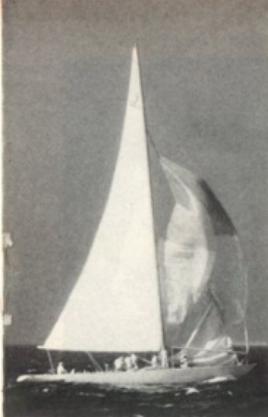
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GEORGE SILK—LIFE
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TOM HUTCHINS

Stories were flying like loose sheets in a gale.

Time for the Twelves

Her 90-ft. aluminum mast unstepped, her Honduras mahogany hull swathed in protective padding, Australia's sleek, 12-meter challenger for the America's Cup was ready last week for her voyage to the U.S.—as deck cargo aboard the freighter *City of Sydney*. For two months, *Gretel* (pronounced *Great-ul*) had been testing herself against her American trial horses, *Vim*, and stories about her speed were flying like loose sheets in a gale. Though the Aussies carefully tut-tutted the report, one story had it that *Gretel* had beaten *Vim* by 16 minutes over a 16-mile course—a fantastic margin. "We don't know what to believe," says veteran U.S. Yachtsman Cornelius Shields, adviser to the *Columbia* crew that easily defeated Britain's *Sceptre* to win the cup in 1958. "But we do know one thing though—this boat is no *Sceptre*. We're very concerned about our competition this year."

Tax-Free Devices. After a 111-year monopoly on the America's Cup, U.S. sailors can tell a good boat when they see one. *Gretel* looks good. By the time Designer Alan Newbury Payne finishes tinkering with her fittings, the tab will approach \$700,000. A good bit of the money was spent on tank tests and endless experiments to find a new formula for speed. *Gretel's* rudder is deliberately placed far forward to cut down the boat's "wetted surface." Her floor boards are hollowed out to reduce weight, and some of the metal parts have been drilled full of holes.

Her mainsail is controlled by a single cable attached to a three-speed gearbox. Her "shear," or deck profile, is "hogged" (i.e., slightly humped) so that her sails can be set higher to take advantage of the steadier breezes that blow well above the water's surface. "A kind of tax-free device, you might call it," says Sir Frank Packer, head of the three-man syndicate that built *Gretel*. Though U.S. yachtsmen have reservations about *Gretel's* design—some thought her "long-ended," said

her fore-and-aft overhang might make her hobbyhorse in a brisk breeze—they conceded that the trim Australian boat might well be the toughest challenger yet. Says Shields: "She is a very well-built boat, and a lot of clever, original thinking has gone into her design."

Whatever U.S. boat defends against *Gretel* off Newport, R.I., this September will have to earn the right. *Columbia*, skippered by Corny's son "Glit," has been in drydock all winter getting a shorter, sharper keel, a new mast, new sails, and new "coffee grinder" winches. Says the senior Shields: "People ask, 'Why change a boat that is obviously very fast?' Well, we figure we need every advantage we can get to lick our competition." Chandler Hoevey's *Easterner*, trounced in 14 straight races in 1958, has undergone major surgery. Her mast has been stepped aft some 18 in.; she has a new keel, new sails, and a new skipper: Olympic Gold Medal Winner George O'Day. Henry Mercer's *Weathery*, sailed by canny Bus Mosbacher, has been stripped for action. Her icebox and other unnecessary appurtenances have been ripped out, her stern has been chopped off, and like *Easterner*, she is going to get a new keel.

Keel v. Hull. Last week, at Marblehead, Mass., a fourth U.S. candidate slid down the ways on the midnight tide. In what was probably the biggest crowd ever to attend a shore-bound yachting function, 1,200 sailors packed into M.I.T.'s Kresge Auditorium to hear about *Nefertiti*, a radical 12-meter yacht designed by self-taught Naval Architect Frederick ("Ted") Hood, a world-renowned Marblehead sailmaker. Built in secrecy at a cost of \$500,000, she is what her builders call a "beamie cutter," shaped like a wine glass and 1½ ft. wider than normal for 12-meter yachts. Like *Gretel* she has a divided cockpit, but the helmsman stands far aft, instead of forward, to be out of the work area. For extra speed she has a long, flat run, a stubby, reverse transom, and at 57,500 lbs., she is fully 500 lbs. lighter than any of her competitors.

"This is a case of maximum keel and minimum hull," says Engineer Stedman Hood, Ted's father. "Every little bit you can save in hull weight can be added to

the keel for extra stability and better sail performance." Radical as she is, nobody is selling *Nefertiti* short. Ted Hood's new boat looks fast, and at the very least, she should have perfect sails.

A Saint with Money

As the chartered DC-6 roared down the runway, bound for St. Louis, the atmosphere inside was glum enough: the staggering Cardinals had just dropped a doubleheader to the Pittsburgh Pirates. It quickly got worse. Just 30 seconds after take-off, a port-side engine conked out, and Cardinal ballplayers stared tensely at the feathered prop. Only Stan Musial seemed unruffled. Grinning from ear to ear, he turned to a teammate: "I can see the headline now. CARDINAL PLANE CRASHES—MUSIAL LONE SURVIVOR."

If Musial's wry jest had come true two seasons back, no Cardinal fan would have been much surprised. At 41 and in his 21st big-league season, "Stan the Man" has survived long past a ballplayer's professional life expectancy. His contemporaries—Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Owen, Jackie Robinson—are fishing, running bowling alleys, and collecting votes for the Hall of Fame. Yet Musial, his reflexes still sharp and his aging muscles still limber, keeps right on playing leftfield for the Cards with a young man's speed. And each time he uncolls from his familiar, knock-kneed batting crouch to hammer a single over second, he rewrites baseball's record book. Even today, says Los Angeles Dodger Coach Leo Durocher, "there is only one way to pitch to Musial—under the plate."

Most of Everything. Seven times National League batting champion (lifetime average: .333), Musial already holds 40 league records, for everything from most games played (2,795) to most years leading all outfielders in fielding (three). He has played in more All-Star games than any other ballplayer (21); he has won the Most Valuable Player award three times, and he has led the Cardinals to three world championships. Last week in San Francisco, he collected his 3,430th base hit. He thus tied—and is sure to break—the National League record set by Honus Wagner 45 years ago in 1917. Nor is

that likely to be the end of it. If Musial can maintain anything like his blazing early-season pace—.322 batting average—he will pass two more baseball milestones by the time the season is out: Babe Ruth's record of 1,356 extra-base hits, set in 1935, and Ty Cobb's mark of 5,863 total bases, set in 1926.

In such swashbuckling company, Stan Musial seems pleasantly out of place—living proof that nice guys do not necessarily finish last. Nobody has ever seen him sulk or throw a tantrum. Unlike Ruth, he has never punched a cop. Unlike Cobb, he has never attacked a crippled heckler in the stands. Unlike Wagner, he has never stuffed a ball into a base runner's teeth. He is, says ex-Teammate Joe Garagiola, "a saint with money." Only once, in 1959, has he openly disputed an umpire's call. The ump's reaction was hilarious—he gaped at Musial, then whirled and thumbed Cardinal Manager Solly Hemus, standing silently to one side, out of the game. In the locker room, a cigar clamped in his caramel-tan face, Musial keeps things relaxed with an endless supply of gentle practical jokes and good-humored cracks. He once told John F. Kennedy: "They tell me I'm too old to play baseball and you're too young to be President. We ought to get together."

Playing for Fun. A onetime pitcher who learned to spin a southpaw curve on the sooty sidewalks of Donora, Pa., Musial could, if he chose, retire with honor and security. He has never haggled over money; when he signed the National League's first \$100,000 contract in 1958, he was frankly embarrassed. "I would have settled for less," he told reporters, "but this is the contract the Cardinals wanted me to have." The Cards still pay Musial \$65,000 a year, and Stan has stashed enough of it away to own shares of a restaurant, a bowling alley, a bank or two or three, and a bulging portfolio of

stocks. His income from all sources approaches \$200,000 a year.

But Musial is more ballplayer than businessman, and the game, after all the years, is still fun. "I know a lot of players dislike the life, the traveling," he says. "But I like everything about it. I just enjoy being a big-league ballplayer."

Any Day Is Arnie's Day

When the greens are soggy with rain, when the sun bakes fairways hard as concrete, when stampeding galleries block the path to the pin, when the cash is on the barrelhead, then the grim men who play big-time golf for a living are apt to mutter: "It's a Palmer day."

So Much Green. This year, any day is Arnie Palmer's day. Not since Bobby Jones won the U.S. and British amateurs, the U.S. and British opens in his "Grand Slam" year of 1930 has one player so dominated the game of golf. With 14 tournaments and six victories behind him, \$59,308 already in his pocket and the golden summer tour still ahead, Palmer (*TIME* Cover, May 2, 1960) is virtually assured of becoming the richest golfer of all time.

No one has ever won so many tournaments so early in the season: the record for victories in a single season is 19, and that was set by Byron Nelson in 1945, when many pros were away in service. No one has ever won so much money so early; when Palmer set the one-year record (\$75,263) in 1960, he had picked up only \$48,000 by the middle of May. In one furious, six-week stretch that culminated with his play-off victory over Johnny Pott last week in the Colonial National Invitational, Palmer won four tournaments. Said Pott: "He's just too tough. They ought to put a 20-lb. weight on him, handicap him like a race horse, to give the rest of us a chance."

At 32, Palmer is a hero out of Runyon—a passionate gambler, an electric showman. His desire to win is so strong that finishing second—even though it makes him rich—is only a little less distasteful than finishing last. "The desire is the thing," he says. "You have to keep yourself under control, to believe in yourself. If you know you can't make a shot, then you shouldn't try it. But when you start getting cautious, you start to lose."

Nobody has ever accused Palmer of caution. On the course, he is a duffer's delight: when his putts hang on the lip and his drives stray, Palmer bangs his clubs against the turf, twists his face into a grimace of pain, mutters angrily: "Stop hitting like a woman!" or "Head down, head down, for God's sake!" It is at the crucial moments, when most golfers get rattled and come unstrung, that Palmer plays his best golf. "When I have a feeling that I might lose, it charges me up," he says. "It gives me added incentive. I just tell myself to try harder. It's a little like bleeding. First you have to stop the blood—then you try to heal the wound."

Perfection. This year Palmer seems to have mended the only noticeable flaw in his game: his tendency to scatter his



TOM MCNAUL—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

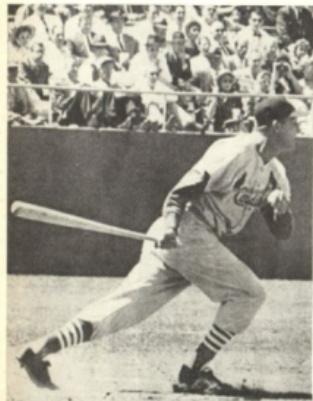
CHAMPION PALMER
"It's a little like bleeding."

booming 300-yd. drives. "There's no such thing as perfection in golf," he says. "I'm playing better, and the main improvement is in my driving accuracy. I'm not hitting the ball any further, but I'm positioning it better. I've changed my swing. I tee the ball higher, and I hit through it instead of down at it. I always wanted to be able to hit my drives to the exact spot I had in mind. Now I'm coming closer."

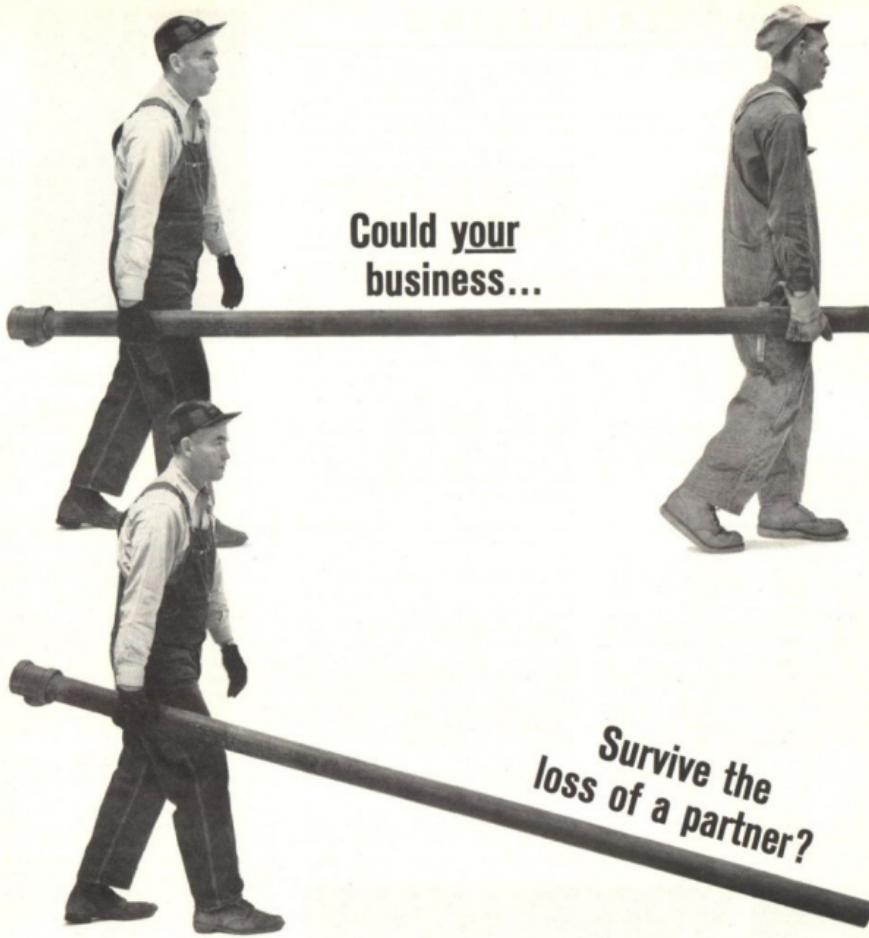
Who Won

► New Zealand's Peter Snell, 23, world's fastest miler (3:54.4), over the U.S.'s best, Oregon's Dyrol Burleson, in a new American record time of 3:56.1; at Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, Burleson clung to the pace for three laps, but on the final go-round Snell turned on his famous kick, sprinted the last 220 yds. in a blinding 24.5 sec., hit the tape more than 10 yds. in front. Also at the Coliseum: a new world's record in the shotput by University of Southern California's Dallas Long; with a throw of 65 ft. 10½ in., a new world's record in the discus by two-time Olympic Champion Al Oerter with a throw of 200 ft. 5½ in., first time the 200-ft. mark has been reached.

► Italy's Davis Cup tennis team, which liquidated the first Russian team to enter the competition, in the second round of the 1962 European Zone playoffs; on clay courts in Florence. The ambitious Russians scored an easy victory over The Netherlands in the first round, but the Italians, who trimmed the U.S. last year before bowing to Australia in the finals, were something else again. In the first three matches, the Reds won only one set. ► Greek Money, a chestnut colt that had not won a major stake in its three years, the 86th running of the Preakness Stakes by a nose over high-rated Ridan; at Pimlico. Odds: 11 to 1 in an eleven-horse field that included Kentucky Derby Winner Decidedly, which placed a dismal eighth.



SURVIVOR MUSIAL
"I enjoy being a ballplayer."



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MODERN LIVING

THE HOME

Video Victory

More U.S. families now have television sets than have telephones, the U.S. Census Bureau reported last week.

LEISURE

The Rise of Mass Culture

In the midst of a seven-day visit to the U.S., France's André Malraux stopped off in Manhattan last week and delivered a remarkable speech in which he eloquently expanded the crucial role of culture in the long fight for the freedom of man. Famed novelist (*Man's Fate*), art critic (*The Voices of Silence*) and now France's first Minister of Cultural Affairs, Malraux sharply challenged those artists and intellectuals who see in the advent of modern mass culture only an artistic blight.

He began with a sweeping declaration: "The word *civilized* is opposed to the word *barbarous*; the word *cultured*, first of all, to the word *ignorant* . . . Knowledge is the study of Rembrandt, Shakespeare or Monteverdi; culture is our emotion on seeing *The Night Watch*, a performance of *Macbeth*.

"Today's radio, records and especially the popular press, films and television—what we call the mass media—are pouring forth the enormous flood of dreams that we now call mass culture, which our intellectual culture seems to oppose. It is true that the mental level of the films based on *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* is incomparably inferior to that of Tolstoy's novels; it is true that the mental level of the cinema, and particularly its emotional level, is quite low. But without the film, the millions who have seen *Anna Karenina* would never have read the novel. Westerns have not replaced Plato or Balzac; they have replaced *The Three Musketeers* and *Treasure Island*.

"This new collectivity has produced a new expression for its feelings, and, more

important, for its fantasies—an expression served by unprecedented means of circulation. Our civilization produces as many dreams in a week as it does machines in a year, thereby instituting a fantasy-life which the world has never before known, and whose presence in the real lives of hundreds of millions of human beings is quite different from the fictional or legendary presences of the past."

Needed: A New Chivalry. "And if, today, states create Ministries of Cultural Affairs, it is because every civilization is threatened by the proliferation of its fantasy-life if this fantasy-life is not oriented by values. For thousands of years, these values have been religious values. The Renaissance substituted a culture of the mind for a culture of the soul. But the fantasy-life of the Renaissance was not a mass dream. The American Revolution, the French Revolution fostered great, stirring dreams—confined to history. To rediscover an imaginative form which includes the real and the unreal, emotions and the phantasmasmagoria, we must look back to our Middle Ages and their noble courts of love. But the fate of Christianity was not decided in the courts of love: it was determined by those who, looking quite objectively at the 10th century mercenaries they saw around them, resolved to bring chivalry into flower from them.

"Now, in the most tumultuous tidal wave of dreams humanity has ever experienced, we vaguely realize that we too must find our own chivalry, our own chivalry. But what values can orient these dreams which seem to ignore all values?"

Wave of Fantasy. Those values, said Malraux, can be found only in the world's masterpieces, each of which embodies "the invincible permanence of what has triumphed over death."

"The wave of fantasy breaking over every city erected by our industrial civilization is coupled with the discovery and appreciation of the past of the entire



Jean Lacoste

MALRAUX
Toward a new knighthood.

earth. Never have painters admired so many forms of so many civilizations. Our civilization has kept Michelangelo and revived the Romanesque churches, the archaic Greeks and the temple sculptures of the East, of China and India; the great powers of the soul . . . Confronting the great shapeless dream surging out of the unconscious of crowds, with its impious demons, its childish angels and cheap heroes, stand the only forces as powerful as they, and which we acknowledge only by their victory over death."

In fact, said Malraux, "culture is the highest form of rivalry humanity knows. It orients [man's] fantasy-life, and orients it 'up,' by obliging it to compete with the greatest of human dreams. Thus [any great artist] tries to compete with [his predecessors] in the quality of the action they exert upon us."

The Atlantic Civilization. "Twenty years ago, I was asked what I thought the chief intellectual consequences of the war would be; I answered: 'The birth of an Atlantic civilization.' The dialogue between a fantasy-life sweeping over half the world and the resurrection of a global past is not a minor characteristic of this civilization. But in such a dialogue it is well to note one characteristic, too little remarked on, of the United States.

"In the course of history, all empires have been created with premeditation, by an effort often sustained over several generations. Every power has been Roman to a degree. The United States is the first nation to become the most powerful in the world without having sought to be so. Its exceptional energy and organization have never been oriented toward conquest.

"The contrary obtains in the Communist states whose hegemony, should it come to pass, would seem the consequence of an obstinate and deliberate combat. Meanwhile, Marxist propaganda attempts to create imaginative forms that rectify the world according to its own law, and substitutes for the vague aspiration of the masses the rigorous pulpitering of the party."

"The United States does not oppose the



CULVER PICTURES
GARBO AS ANNA KARENINA; REMBRANDT'S "ARISTOTLE" AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
As many dreams in a week as machines in a year.



BEN MARTIN



Photographed on Rannoch Moor, Scotland by "21" Brands

What does Scotland's moody climate have to do with Ballantine's sunny-light flavor?

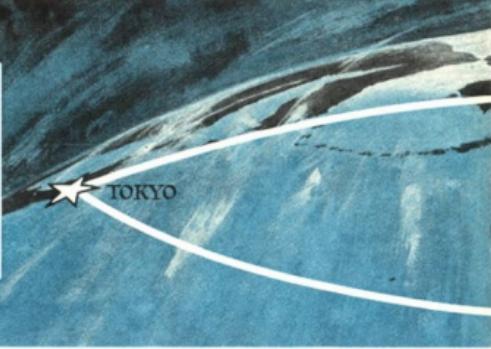
Scotland's climate is an odd combination of weather conditions. There are periods of fine rain and hanging mists. Overnight it clears and a dazzling sun bathes the land. Somehow, this climate has a beneficial effect on Ballantine's sunny-light flavor.

At Dumbarton, oaken barrels of Ballantine's lie racked in the aging sheds. Heavy mists from the nearby River Clyde

mingle with rolling zephyrs from the Highlands, wrapping each barrel in a gentle blanket. Slowly the whisky "breathes" through the barrel, taking something, giving something. The end result is Ballantine's characteristic sunny-light flavor...never heavy or brash, nor so limply light that it merely teases your taste buds. Just a few reasons why: **The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.**

Here's how the record-breaking DC-8 packed 8792 miles into 13 hours 52 minutes on its Tokyo-Miami flight, averaging 634 mph.

FROM	TO	CHECKPOINT	DISTANCE	TIME
Tokyo	Midway		2530 miles	3 hrs. 45 minutes
Midway	Honolulu		1360 miles	1 hr. 55 minutes
Honolulu	Los Angeles		2500 miles	4 hrs. 10 minutes
Los Angeles	El Paso		752 miles	1 hr. 12 minutes
El Paso	Miami		1650 miles	2 hrs. 50 minutes



TOKYO

Newest DC-8 sets non-stop





range and payload records

Douglas Jetliner gives dramatic transpacific proof of advanced performance with new leading-edge wing design and more powerful fan engines

Two new commercial jet records have been established by a standard production-line Series 50 DC-8 Jetliner known as the Pacific Pacer.

The biggest payload ever carried by a commercial jet between Seattle and Tokyo — 41,005 pounds — was whisked 4874 miles in a 10-hour non-stop flight against strong headwinds.

And three days later the same airplane made a spectacular non-stop trip from Tokyo to Miami — 8792 miles — a distance equal to one-third the circumference of the globe and more than 1700 miles farther than the previous non-stop jet record. Average speed for this portion of the trip was 634 mph.

The Pacific Pacer is one of the newest model DC-8s coming from the Long Beach, California, plant of the Douglas Aircraft Division. DC-8s from this production line are in service throughout the world for twenty-one major airlines.

Douglas plans tomorrow's transports while building for today's requirements



Here is the Douglas design for a trisonic airliner, capable of crossing the U.S. in 90 minutes. It could see service in the early 1970's.



This is the Douglas Jet Trader, a combination cargo-passenger concept of the DC-8. First flight of the Jet Trader is scheduled for 1962.

DOUGLAS

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Marxist concept of culture and fantasy-life with another concept of combat. Like the West, the United States opposes the Marxist concept with freedom of interpretation in regard to the past, with freedom of creation in regard to the present—and also with a singular discovery, which is art's power of metamorphosis. However terrible an age, its art transmits only its music. The humanity of dead artists, when it transmits a scourge like the Assyrian horror, for all the torturer-kings of its bas-reliefs, fills our memory with the majesty of the *Wounded Lioness*. And one of the emotions this creature inspires in us is pity. If an art were to be born from the crematory ovens of our age, it would not express the executioners, it would express the martyrs."

Worthy Dreams. "In the battle for the human imagination, a civilization unwilling to impose dreams upon all its members must give each individual his opportunity. In other words, put the greatest number of great works in the service of the greatest number of men. Culture is the free world's most powerful guardian against the demons of its dreams, its most powerful ally in leading humanity to a dream worthy of man—because it is the heritage of the world's nobility.

"For culture, for an Atlantic civilization, for the freedom of the mind I offer a toast to the only nation that has waged war but not worshipped it, that has won the greatest power in the world but not sought it, that has wrought the greatest weapon of death but not wished to wield it; and may it inspire men with dreams worthy of its action."

TRAVEL

Goodbye, Quiet Air

An airline flight has long been a blessing to the harried—a quiet interlude aloft, away from the ringing of the telephone. Goodbye to all that. By early summer, complete air-ground telephone service is expected to be available to airlines on routes east of the Mississippi and north of Virginia; and within three years, pending FCC approval, 72 transmission stations across the nation should make in-flight telephoning commonplace on U.S. flights.

Last week the Bell System began construction of five ground antenna stations in New York, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Massachusetts. Similar stations are already operating on an experimental basis in five cities. Calls from the ground are made by dialing the phone company, asking for the "aviation operator" in the area over which the plane is flying. Passengers in the air simply reverse the process; the nearest base-station aviation operator can put them in touch with any phone in the country.

Tricky and expensive as the process seems, the cost of calls is enticing. A passenger in a plane over Manhattan will be able to call San Francisco for \$4 for the first three minutes, and a Yonkers housewife will be able to speak to her husband thousands of feet above Idlewild for only \$1.50.



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Carrier does all this quietly, dependably and at low operating cost. That is why Carrier equipment air conditions more homes than any other make. Your nearby Carrier dealer offers convenient terms. Phone him. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company

The Reappearing Figure

Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, which was probably the chief critical influence in developing the great outpouring of American abstractionism of the last 15 years, this week puts on a significant show of new U.S. figure painting. The mere fact of the show certainly means that abstraction is going to have to move over and make room for a new kind of U.S. representationalism. Yet much of the excitement of the figure paintings traces back

abstractionists that an attachment to reality is not necessarily a manacle for the mind. As Alfred Barr puts it: "Men have been painting their own image for many thousands of years, but it is probable that never before, within one time and one country, has the human figure been painted with the prodigious variety of forms even this small exhibition suggests."

The painters of the figure talk of their work and its relation to abstraction with emotions that go from gratitude to scorn. Sidney Goodman, 26, the teacher at the

awfully easy"). Painter Ruhtenberg likes to show "figures against space, to get figures against a flat background without making perspective." In *Potiphar's Wife* (see overleaf), the running man balances the seated figure: "The problem was to have a contained picture, yet have movement." In Kirschenbaum's *Sleeping Figures*, the problem was to achieve "the dreamlike qualities of everything becoming different yet clear." The fact that everything in the lush arabesque is not really clear produces a frustrating am-



BEAUCHAMP

BRODERSON

KAMIHIRA

HIRSCH

The human form in prodigious variety.

to abstraction. The paintings come from artists who learned color, brushwork, emotionalism and intuition through abstraction—or, conversely, from artists who stuck to saving faces and figures in bitter resistance to abstractionism's popularity and rich returns.

In many of the 74 paintings, the figures look as if they were refugees from a nightmare; and even when portrayed with all their limbs and features intact, they are often placed in strange and disturbing settings. Whereas the Greeks celebrated the figure for its external beauty, today's U.S. figure painters use it to express internal tension or even combustion.

Work began on the show two years ago when the museum sent thousands of letters to U.S. artists, galleries and art schools asking them to submit photographs of figurative work done since 1958. By the end of March 1961, the museum had received 9,495 photographs from 1,841 painters. A trio of curators winnowed these down, asked 150 artists to send along the actual paintings, from which Director Alfred H. Barr Jr. made the final selection. The whole procedure, while precluding definitiveness, has its diplomatic advantages. When viewers note the absence of their personal favorites, the museum can quote the catalogue: "The selection was determined by the entries received."

Within these limitations, the show covers an astonishing range, which should prove to even the most doctrinaire of

Philadelphia Museum College of Art who painted *Find a Way* (*reproduced opposite*), says gently: "I suppose I do what I want to do, and what I want to do concerns more than just shapes, forms and colors with no relation to a subject." As in many cases with figurative work, he makes vagueness a virtue. There is no definite reason why two figures should be made to float around like Zeppelins while a third remains bound to an ambiguous landscape. Yet all the figures seem to be groping for something, and the viewer finds himself groping too. What at first seemed to be melodramatic whimsy turns out to be genuine mystery.

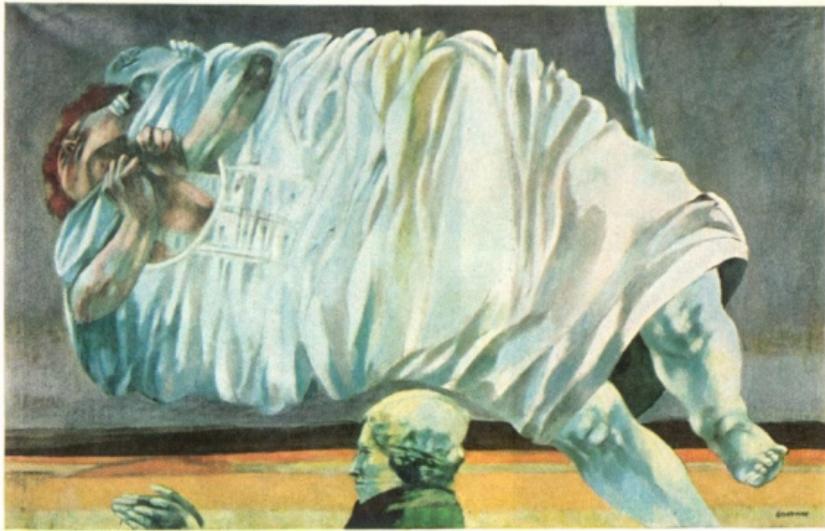
Denver-born Robert Beauchamp, 38, studied under Abstract Expressionist Hans Hofmann, but in 1953 returned to the figure. "It was an emotional thing," he says. "I felt abstract art was too remote from immediate life, that I had to wear blinkers when I walked out onto the street." His use of color goes back to the German expressionists ("I reverted to what had preceded Hofmann"), but the fantasy is all Beauchamp. His creatures crouch or dance in junglelike settings, seem often to be engaged in some sort of orgy. Beauchamp is unable to explain why his fantasy takes the direction it does. Like the abstract expressionists, he lets his paintings have a life of their own.

Jules Kirschenbaum, 32, and his Latvian-born wife, Cornelis Ruhtenberg, had both always painted realistically, though she once tried abstraction ("I seemed

biguity, but the ambiguity is haunting, too, like the ambiguity of dreams.

Opposite Directions. At first glance, it might seem as if Jacob Landau, 44, had come out of the same school as Robert Broderson, 41. In both *Cinna the Poet* (*overleaf*) and *New Myth-Mine Disaster* (*last color page*), the tortured figures look as if they were about to be torn apart. But the two artists take entirely different approaches to their work. Broderson, who learned much from painting abstractions—"surfaces, various ways of using paint and the like"—starts a picture with only the vaguest idea in mind, lets it evolve on the canvas, a characteristic of action painters. Landau's *Cinna* was inspired partly by the Orson Welles production of *Julius Caesar* and partly by the brutality of Nazism in World War II. While many of the new figurative painters tend to use the figure as just another object or form, Landau is brave enough to admit to being concerned with "the condition of man."

Ben Kamihira (*overleaf*), Joseph Hirsch and Ralph Borg (*last page*) do not use distortion to achieve a sense of drama; their paintings rely more on a subtle or unexpected arrangement of the figures and objects. Hirsch's *Coronation* had its origins in certain impressions of World War II—of white doctors treating dark-skinned natives and Negro medics caring for white G.I.s. This compassion between the races has long fascinated Hirsch, and his paintings tend to have a



"THE FIGURE" is theme of new show at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. In Sidney Goodman's *Find a Way*, floating woman suggests "people trying to find themselves."

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP'S untitled painting, which shows descent from German expressionism, is one man's vision of nightmare world inhabited by beings that could be witches.





"POTIPHAR'S WIFE" is brooding study of Joseph's accuser by Cornelis Ruhenberg, whose ghostly figures seem to be lost in fateful fantasy.

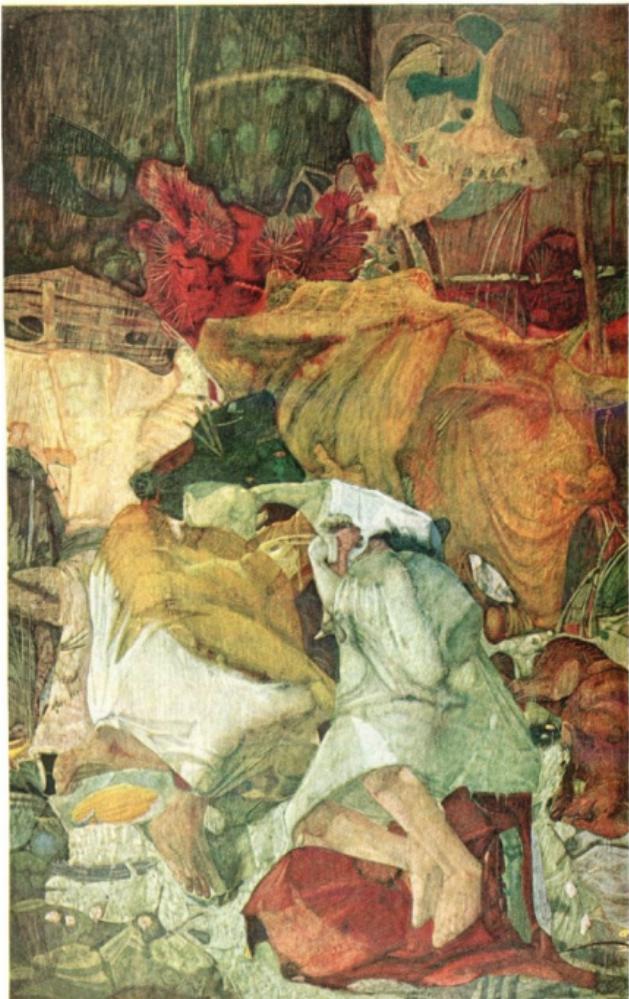


"WEDDING DRESS" is typical silent interior by Japanese-American Ben Kamihira, who often gets inspiration for figure paintings by desire to portray texture of cloth.



"CINNA THE POET," by Jacob Landau, attempts to portray fury of a mob by turning figures into blood-soaked, mindless demons.

"SLEEPING FIGURES," by Jules Kirschenbaum, reveals less of human body than of mind, which is here shown lost in a surrealistic dream about half-hidden monsters.





ROBERT BRODERSON in *New Myth-Mine Disaster* shreds the figure to portray the torture and agony of human beings, helpless in the face of overwhelming tragedy.



JOSEPH HIRSCH, one of the more durable of U.S. realists, masses his figures in *Coronation* so that each directs attention to victorious fighter, the climax of the drama.

RALPH BORGE, WITH METICULOUS REALISM, SHOWS HUMAN FOLLY, ISOLATION AND DECAY





INTERIOR OF TWA TERMINAL AT IDLEWILD: TO FLY FROM THE WINGS OF A BIRD

RONALD BRADLEY

religious overtone. The hand swabbing the boxer's brow is to Hirsch almost as much the focal point of the painting as the boxer himself. Hirsch likens it to a kind of benediction.

Conflicting Emotions. Kamihira's *Wedding Dress* began with a childhood memory of his mother, a Japanese immigrant. This led him to think of European war brides and finally the wedding dress. The flight of association might just as well have started with the dress and gone the other way. Kamihira has an eerie ability to fill his carefully composed interiors with conflicting emotions. The painting evokes such heavy sadness that the white satin becomes not a dress for a bride but a robe for a sacrifice. Few artists use pure stagecraft more effectively.

The same qualities—fascination with texture and a gift for drama—are in Ralph Borg's painting of the Negro male and white female nudes. Borg's chief device is paradox: "The heightened attention to realism casts a spell of logic about the painting which it does not really have." If there is one thing the figurative artists have in common, it is a reverence for mystery, and Borg uses his precise craftsmanship to achieve the exact opposite of precision. What are those two people doing in that field? Why does the mirror cast no reflection? Why is the tombstone turned into a scarecrow? "If I knew the answers," says Borg, "I would be Norman Rockwell. He can leave nothing to the imagination."

Inevitably the exhibition has its share of horrors, and occasionally the figure is scarcely visible at all. In one apparent abstraction, the figure turns out to be a piece of back seen from the shoulder blades to the buttocks. There are times, too, when the artists seem more anxious to shock than produce a work of art. Yet the range is the important thing—from a charming little girl by Jean Seidenberg to a grizzly Mussolini hanging by his heels, from a regally wrinkled *Elsa Maxwell* by René Bouché to a witty, wispy *Miss New Jersey I* by Larry Rivers to a scrofulous *Seated Boxer I* by Leon Golub. At times the human figure is shamelessly exploited, but the net effect of the show is one of exhilaration. Today's figurative painters are not so much concerned with the human body as with saying something about human life.

End of the Glass Box?

For a while it seemed as if modern architecture, led by Chicago's Mies van der Rohe, had found the solution for the modern city: glass skin on steel skeletons combined functionalism and efficiency with esthetic discipline. But at the annual meeting of the American Institute of Architects in Dallas, many members were in open revolt—and two buildings made headlines last week with an eloquence of their own to support the dissenters.

"We're sick of the glass box. For the last 30 years we have abandoned basic architectural precepts, such as light and shadow and depth and beauty," San Francisco's S. Robert Anshen told the architects. "When men lived in caves," said William W. Caudill of Houston, "they poked holes in them to let air in and smoke out. The holes got bigger and bigger. Now the holes have eaten up the box." Others added that the all-window building has created still unsolved problems of glare and temperature control. So what might come next?

Like a Mayan Temple. "I think we are going back to the solid mass," said Harold Spitznagel of Sioux Falls, S.D. "In New York you can see some evidence of this, and the recent Boston City Hall competition proves the point even more sharply. That building looks like a Mayan temple."

The winner (out of 256 entries) in the Boston competition is as exotically daring

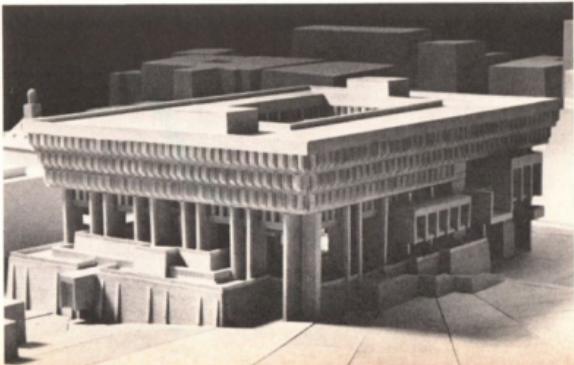
as anything Boston has ever seen. Designed by Gerhard Kallman, Noel McKinnell and Edward F. Knowles, all of Columbia University, it combines traditional Boston brick with reinforced concrete, but the most striking thing about it is its use of ancient secrets to produce modern magic. It does indeed look something like a temple, neatly set within a plaza and punctuated by sloping terraces, sweeping public walks, and an endless play of light and shadow on a facade so deliberately broken up that it ignores floor lines except at the top. "It has a beautiful scheme," said Architect Walter Gropius.

A 5,750-Ton Sculpture. At Idlewild, TWA showed off its even more sculptured new terminal, best of the buildings put up there in the course of remodeling the airport. Basically the design is four huge shells of reinforced concrete, two of them stretching out like the wings of a bird. If the construction had consisted of nothing more than the molding of this 5,750-ton sculpture, the terminal would be a landmark; but the elegant sweep of the design by the late Eero Saarinen is carried all the way through.

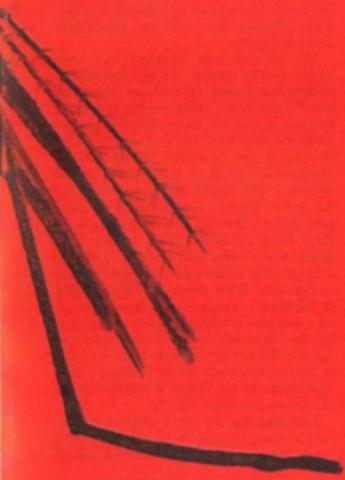
Just as the exterior symbolized to Saarinen "the excitement of the trip," so the interior suggests the constant flow of human traffic. To Saarinen, form did not merely follow function—it was also meant to lift the spirit: "Architecture is not just to fulfill man's need for shelter, but also to fulfill man's belief in the nobility of his existence on earth."

BOSTON CITY HALL PLAN: TO MAKE MAGIC FROM ANCIENT SECRETS

RONALD BRADLEY







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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Many-Splendored Thing

Of the many social scientists concerned with television's lingering pubescence, none has been more dogged than Connecticut's prim Senator Thomas Dodd, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency. Three times in the past year, Senator Dodd has called television's maha-mas to Washington, and three times they have skittered away and gone safely back to New York, leaving the Senator pondering his persistent question: Why does television pander so to sex and violence?

Last week Senator Dodd wanted to know what CBS-TV President James Aubrey had in mind in an interoffice memo asking for more "broads, bosoms and fun" in the vapid *Route 66* series. Aubrey was cool. Outsiders did not understand what the industry meant by sex. "I've heard it used in every connotation from mother-and-child scenes to the way an actress walks." With that in mind, Aubrey said, it would be "quite easy" for people in the business to read "broad" as "wholesome, pretty girl," and "bosoms" as "attractive." NBC's Robert Kintner added that when Senate gunshoes come across the word "sex" in his network's file, they should understand it to mean "romantic interest, boy-meets-girl, attractive girls, love stories—nothing immoral that would be out of place on the home screen."

Oward. But Dodd was unsatisfied with learning that sex is a many-splendored thing. "We have heard such terms as the 'Kintner edict,' the 'Aubrey dictum' and what could be termed the 'Treyz [for Oliver, recently jettisoned ABC president] trend,' a trend, I might add, away from the high moral standards

of practice set by each network," he said darkly. "A look at the history of those three gentlemen may give a clue to the development of their program philosophies. All were high officials of ABC in the embryonic development of ABC's concept of how to entice the viewing audience, a concept which emphasized crime, violence and sex."

But the network presidents insisted that about the only thing wrong in the industry is its sloppy memos. When Dodd questioned CBS President Frank Stanton about his response to complaints about a *Route 66* show in which a juvenile gang leader is chain-whipped, Stanton said: "It is not my responsibility to get each secretary's notes about a telephoned complaint but to watch out for program quality of the network generally." Snapped Dodd: "I had hoped to hear an expression of real determination to eliminate such things from your programs. But if you're going to take the attitude that your head is in the clouds, there isn't any hope for us. In my judgment, the situation is getting worse instead of better."

Outward. Dodd, who has heard his fill of TV talk, could not suppress a gnawing complaint: "You all seem to use the same terminology—to think alike—and to jam this stuff down people's throats." Men of good will who object to all this sex and violence, he added, are promptly sacked by all three networks. This time, it was ABC-TV's boss Thomas W. Moore who spoke the industry's bland philosophy. "They revolve and they go," he said, "through revolving doors."

MOVIES

Never Too Much Music

The tune may be the perfect expression of Holly Golightly's sweet ambiance or a deft summation of a caviar girl recalling the days of grits and gravy. Then again, it may be simply lazy schmalz, dressed



CBS'S AUBREY & NBC'S KINTNER AT SENATE HEARINGS
Sex could be a word for mother.



AUDREY HEPBURN SINGING "MOON RIVER"
Schmolz it may be, but it goes.

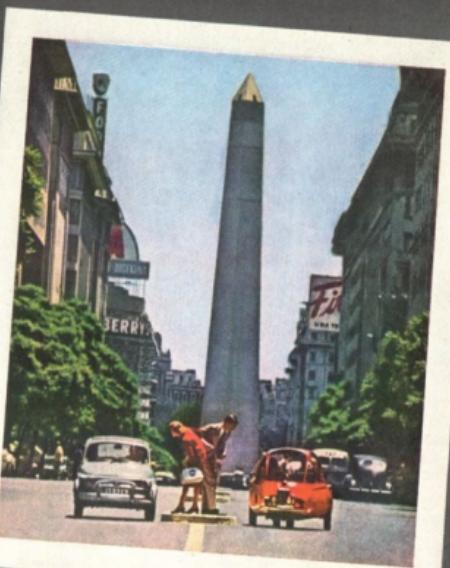
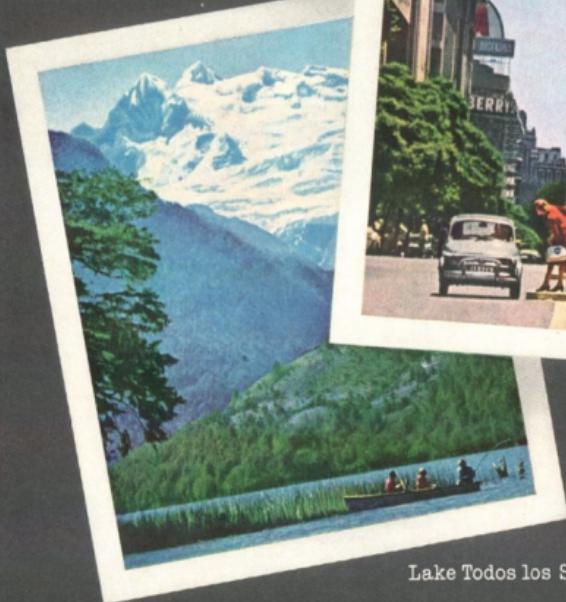
to the airy glamour of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Whatever the secret of its appeal, *Moon River* is the most successful melody to come from a film score since the classic *Picnic* theme six years ago. And its composer, Henry Mancini, has become Hollywood's hottest musician. Says the modest Mancini: "I don't know how it happened, but there it is."

Home in the Movies. Mancini, 38, spent six years as a back-lot scorer and arranger until an impulsive producer invited him to try his hand at writing background music for TV's *Peter Gunn* series. The suave, flippant score was just right for the genteel hipster hero it accompanied, and with its reed melodies and assertive, five-piece, rhythm-section backing, it was distinctive enough to be heard by itself. In fact, an LP record of *Peter Gunn* themes has sold an astonishing 750,000 copies.

But Mancini soon switched from television to the movies. After copping two Oscars last month (for *Moon River* and the *Tiffany* score), Mancini has producers stacked up at his door pleading for his services—and with cause. For they have discovered that Mancini's unorthodox orchestration can give quality to routine episodes, add drama to stock situations. In John Wayne's forthcoming African epic, *Hatari*, Heroine Elsa Martinelli leads three baby elephants, trunk to tail, to a jungle water hole, then back up a hill to a camp. It is a nice scene, but hardly vital to the film. What makes it indispensable is Mancini's music—a calliope, then a bass clarinet noodling a theme suggested by the old boogie-woogie tune, *Down the Road a Piece*. For the current *Experiment in Terror*, Mancini uses an autoharp; each appearance of the villain is marked by its dissonant and eerie chords.

Just Sipping. In the *Breakfast at Tiffany's* score, he sets off his melodies with a walking bass, extends them with choral

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Gay as Paree!



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Beach and bay off Las Croabas, Puerto Rico, a dandy spot for a party pitcher of Daiquiris. John Stewart photograph.

How to build a batch of party Daiquiris with today's light, light Puerto Rican rum

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THE RECIPE: (Serves 16) Into large glass pitcher, empty one 6-oz. can frozen lemon juice, one 6-oz. can frozen limeade concentrate and a "fifth" of white Puerto Rican rum. Add ice cubes. Stir until chilled. Serve in cocktail glasses. (Do not add sugar.)

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and string variations, varies them with the brisk sounds of combo jazz. *Moon River* is sobbed by a plaintive harmonica, repeated by strings, hummed and then sung by the chorus, finally resolved with the harmonica again. Says Mancini: "It took me a long time to figure out what Holly Golightly was all about. One night after midnight I was still trying. I don't drink much, but I was sipping. And it came to me. I wrote the song in half an hour."

HOLLYWOOD

Period of Adjustment

The lights went down at the 20th Century-Fox stockholders' meeting last week as Spyros Skouras—beneficent impresario of a troubled corporation—happily announced a preview showing of scenes from new Fox films. The play failed. Twenty minutes of movies helped no one to forget that Fox lost \$22.5 million on last year's operations, and next year's hopes rest entirely with the \$30 million production of *Cleopatra*. The fact that Liz Taylor's take from *Cleopatra*



HENRY GOODMAN



LEW WASSERMAN

Into the vacuum in a black suit.

will exceed \$1,300,000 brought a bitter joke; a furious stockholder nominated her for the board of directors.

Liz's peccadilloes throw a lurid light on Hollywood's supercolossal, cast-of-thousands inefficiency. Marlon Brando has already taken more than \$1,000,000 in salary from the *Mutiny on the Bounty* production, conducting mutinies of his own that helped drive production costs beyond \$20 million. Films exist at the whim of their stars. Marilyn Monroe's various illnesses have kept her away from Fox's *Something's Got to Give*; says Director Billy Wilder, who knows her from the anguished days of *Some Like It Hot*: "It used to be you'd call her at 9 a.m., she'd show up at noon. Now you call her in May—she shows up in October. We should be able to kick out an actress, have Piper Laurie warming up, and get on with it."

Hollywood has offset the vapirous attacks of its stars by profiting heavily from overseas production, closing down local studios, and cutting back on film schedules. Rome, London and Tokyo now lead Hollywood as film-making centers.

No Memos. In this withering atmosphere of retreat and retrenchment, a brawny upstart is defying the trend. It is

MCA Inc., the sprawling talent agency that controls a majority of Hollywood's biggest stars* and is thus largely responsible for the astronomical salaries they have forced on the older studios. MCA has grandly announced plans to "revitalize the film industry."

Founded by dapper Jules Stein 38 years ago, MCA has long dictated casting to producers with "package deals" in which a buyer takes a mixed bag of stars and shows in order to get a few good ones. In 1949, MCA moved into television to "fill the vacuum" created by Hollywood's lack of interest. It formed the superefficient Revue Studios which now controls 14 hours of network television each week and is the world's biggest single TV producer.

Since 1946, MCA's operating head (and president) has been Lew Wasserman, 49, the austere and fanatically secretive protégé of Founder Stein. Wasserman always dresses in black, and sees that his underlings do too. He is always accompanied by an aide who memorizes conversations so there will be a record of them in the event of Wasserman's death; in the best cloak-and-dagger style, MCA rarely keeps memos on any transaction.

No Nonsense. Now MCA is planning to move into moviemaking as a major producer. Key to its new role is a planned merger with Decca Records (which controls Universal Pictures). In the new combination, MCA will be the senior partner, thus making it overnight into a major Hollywood studio. At the same time, partly as a result of prodding by the Justice Department, MCA will probably divest itself of its talent-agency business, which last year amounted to only \$8,400,000, v. \$72.6 million from television films and studio rentals.

MCA expects to bring to the movie industry the no-nonsense efficiency of Revue. Already, while other studios are selling their properties or simply allowing production lots and sound stages to remain idle, MCA is planning three new 14-story office buildings for the Universal-International lot it bought for \$11 million from Universal Pictures three years ago. Universal's employees (who stay on as MCA tenants in a serene corner of the lot) have a close view of this relentless efficiency. Stars in Revue westerns often just talk about action, eliminating the cost of shooting it. Even the studio commissary is run to make a profit. Says scriptwriter Marion Hargrove, with expansive hyperbole: "The breads and pastries are delivered by a truck which pumps them in through a hose." Says Wasserman: "We think the movie industry has made many mistakes in judgment. It has refused to face up to the need for progress in the entertainment industry. We may fall on our face. But we believe we can afford to invest millions of dollars because Hollywood will remain the home base of the movie industry."

* Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Shirley MacLaine, Gregory Peck, James Stewart, Danny Kaye, and Directors Alfred Hitchcock and Billy Wilder, Playwrights Tennessee Williams and William Inge, among others.



The Pipe Smoker's MISCELLANY



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Trivia on the art
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A cake thickness of 1/16 to 1/8 inch is the usual recommendation—but who's measuring? Depends on how you like it.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

The Uncertain Prophet

"This market has got me bewildered," said University of Chicago Economist Milton Friedman last week. Friedman was in good company. Everywhere in the U.S., economists, brokers and ordinary investors were unhappily asking themselves why the stock market was persistently declining in the face of solid—if not spectacular—growth in the general economy.

Since December, when the Dow-Jones industrial index hit an alltime high of 734.91, it has dropped with a speed that has left many a stomach queasy. Fortnight ago, the index fell even farther than it had in the week following Dwight Eisenhower's 1955 heart attack (*see chart*). Then on Monday, May 14, came what Wall Streeters hopefully called "the selling climax." In one furious hour during the morning, selling reached near-panic proportions. The index went into a 14-point tailspin to a low of 626. The high-speed Teletype tape that reports New York Stock Exchange transactions was so swamped that it fell 34 minutes behind its worst performance in nearly 30 years.

By that time, bargain-hunting professional managers of mutual funds, insurance-company holdings, trust funds, etc., began buying, and when the market closed for the day the beleaguered index had more than recovered its loss. But at week's end, it was still hanging listlessly at a dispiriting 650.

Nothing Negotiable. In attempts to explain the May 14 sell-off, Wall Street analysts fall back on a mélange of conventional reasons: the unsophisticated investor's fears of the Laos crisis, President Kennedy's treatment of the steel industry, and SEC's much-publicized investigation of Wall Street. The most popular verdict was that the market was "testing" its

May 14 low point. If it broke through that low, the analysts solemnly explained, it would go still lower; if it did not, it would probably go higher. "This," glib New York Times Financial Reporter Burton Crane, "is a somewhat complicated way of saying 'I don't know.'"

One analyst who took an unequivocal stand was San Diego's Richard Russell, who reads the market by the mystic light of the complex Dow Theory. He ominously noted that, for the first time since 1942, the Dow-Jones average had dropped more than 50% of the difference between its latest high and its previous low (566.05 in 1960). This, he argued, meant that the bears had finally taken over. "I do not pretend to know what we are now heading into," wrote Russell, "but I am now unwilling to hold negotiable securities of any type."

False Signals. Few students of the market were quite as pessimistic as Russell, but for those who believe that a downturn in stock prices heralds a recession four or five months off, what was happening on Wall Street raised unsettling questions about the economy in general. In fact, the market is, at best, an uncertain economic prophet. Of its eleven significant downturns since World War II, only four have actually been followed by a recession. This time, many economists seem to believe it is wrong again. The most important economic indicators still point toward further gains for the economy, insists Harvard Business School's Professor John V. Lintner: "The market is giving out a lot of false signals in its short-term trends."

To Wall Streeters, however, a five-month decline in the market is more than a short-term trend. A surprising number of well-known analysts are now saying flatly that the great postwar bull market has, after 15 years, finally ended.

STOCK MARKET

N Y - DOW 11 A.M. — WITH THE TAPE NOW TEN MINUTES LATE STOCK PRICES STILL HERE AT THEIR LOWS

STOCK MARKET

N Y - DOW 12 IS 5 P.M. — THE STOCK EXCHANGE TICKER NOW IS 29 MINUTES LATE IN REPORTING FLOOR TRANSACTIONS

THIS IS THE LATEST IT HAS BEEN SINCE MAY 27 1933 WHEN IT TRAILLED BY 34 MINUTES

STOCK MARKET

N Y - DOW 12:54 P.M. — THE STOCK EXCHANGE HIGH-SPEED TICKER NOW IS 34 MINUTES LATE

PUBLIC POLICY

Those Foreign Profits

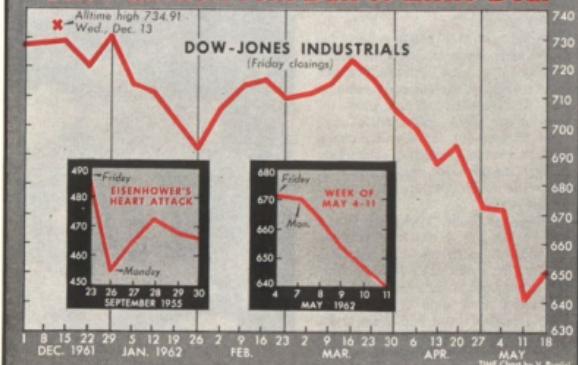
In Washington this week the Senate Finance Committee will begin debating a New Frontier tax proposal with far-reaching consequences in foreign trade. The argument swirls around the manner in which U.S. firms should be taxed on their overseas profits. Of all the Kennedy Administration's economic measures, none has evoked such vehement and unanimous opposition from U.S. business.

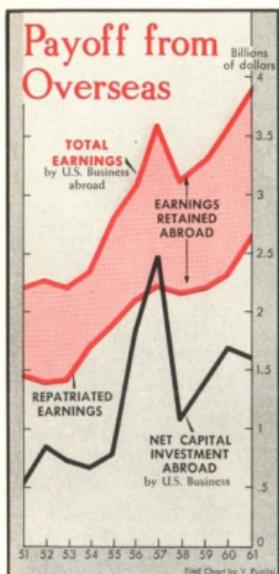
Payment in Full. Already passed by the House, the Administration's proposal would radically change the rules under which U.S. business operates abroad. At present, a firm pays U.S. corporate income tax only on whatever part of its foreign earnings it "repatriates" to the U.S. as dividends. Earnings kept abroad are free of U.S. tax—which encourages U.S. corporations to use a substantial part of their foreign profits to expand their overseas operations.

The Administration wants to make most foreign profits taxable when earned, rather than when repatriated. U.S. subsidiaries operating in such economically advanced foreign nations as Britain and the Common Market countries would pay the full 52% U.S. corporate tax on all earnings—less whatever they paid in local income tax. Payment of U.S. taxes could still be deferred in underdeveloped nations, where the Administration wants to encourage U.S. private investment. The Administration bill has three professed purposes: to clamp down on U.S. firms that channel their overseas earnings into foreign "tax havens," to slow the alleged "export of jobs" created by U.S. investment abroad, and to narrow the gap in the nation's balance of payments by restricting the outflow of U.S. investment capital.

Sacrificing the Market. Few businessmen are prepared to defend publicly the increasingly popular U.S. corporate practice of funneling foreign earnings into semifictional subsidiaries in such low-tax areas as Switzerland, Liberia, Panama, Bermuda or the Bahamas. In the single year of 1960, the undistributed earnings of U.S. subsidiaries in such tax havens increased by 100% to \$122 million. But businessmen argue that passing the new tax bill to get at the tax havens would

The Market: From Bull to Little Bear





labor's thesis that investment abroad generates unemployment at home.

Criticism of the Administration bill has already produced one significant modification of it in the House Ways and Means Committee: the bill now provides that foreign profits of U.S. companies would not be taxed so long as they are reinvested in the same line of business, either in the country where they were earned or in a less developed country. But the critics are still not appeased. The language of the House provision, they contend, is dangerously vague; it does not make clear, for example, whether a drug company could reinvest in a related chemical operation.

Above all, however, businessmen argue that the legislation runs contrary to the Administration's expressed ambition to bind the U.S. and European economies closer together. With new markets and newly mighty competitors rising within the Common Market, many businessmen are convinced that the U.S. must rapidly expand its capital base abroad or face an economic decline similar to Britain's after she was forced to sell off most of her foreign investments in World War II. "The President's tax bill," says International Milling Co. President Atherton Bean, "is nothing other than a new and sophisticated economic isolationism."

CORPORATIONS

Stamping Ahead

Five years ago a breezy Michigander named Elton Forbes MacDonald sold out his one-third interest in a retail trading-stamp company called Top Value Enterprises in the belief that the trading stamp had about run out. Last week, with a broad grin, "Mac" MacDonald, 61, admitted that he had been dead wrong. He could afford to grin, because today his E.F. MacDonald Co. is the nation's fastest growing supplier of trading stamps and stamp premiums.

Secret of MacDonald's success is a single deal—capturing as a customer for his newly created Plaid stamps The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., biggest U.S. grocery chain and long a bitter opponent of trading stamps. With A. & P. in his pocket, Chairman MacDonald expects his company's sales to catapult from 1961's \$55 million to "at least" \$15 million this year. Last week, at the company's annual meeting, MacDonald confirmed plans for a three-for-one stock split and a 20% dividend increase (to 20¢ a year on each new share). On the strength of such giddy gains, MacDonald stock, which was first offered to the public last June at 19, stood at 86½ last week.

A Twinge of Guilt. Though they first appeared in the U.S. in the 1890s, trading stamps did not catch on until the mid-1950s. At that point, the nation's burgeoning supermarkets discovered that they had exhausted their fund of novel merchandising methods and had gone about as far in price competition as solvency allowed (most supermarkets operate on a 3½% profit margin). Looking for a new

competitive edge, grocers found it in trading stamps. "Women feel guilty about spending their husbands' hard-earned dough for 'extras,'" says one stamp-company executive. "But if a woman gets her hair dryer or new chair with stamps, she can convince herself she's a thrifty shopper."

The "extras" most in demand at the redemption centers are relatively modest items that the average family can acquire in only a few months of stamp saving—steam spray irons ($\frac{1}{2}$ books), bathroom scales ($\frac{1}{2}$ books), wall-mounted can openers ($\frac{1}{4}$ books). But for the truly ambitious saver, the premium catalogues offer Chevrolet Corvairs (700 books, which a family spending 20% of a \$12,000 income with stamp-giving retailers could probably amass in 35 years) and even Piper Deluxe Caribbean airplanes (3,000 books, or \$360,000 worth of groceries).

Giving out the stamps that procure these delights inevitably represents an added cost to the retailer—a cost that somebody has to pay. The stamp companies argue that in most cases stamps bring in enough extra sales to allow the merchant to absorb the cost himself without raising his prices to customers. But the nation's biggest stamp distributor, New York's Sperry & Hutchinson Co. (S. & H. Green stamps) admits that a retailer must increase his sales by about 12% to make stamps pay. If he can't, says S. & H., "he would be better off to use some other type of promotion." His customers would doubtless be better off too. But an estimated 75% of U.S. families now save the stamps offered by 225,000 retail outlets.

Re-entry Point. Among the stamp savers is Mrs. E.F. MacDonald, who refuses to stop at a service station that

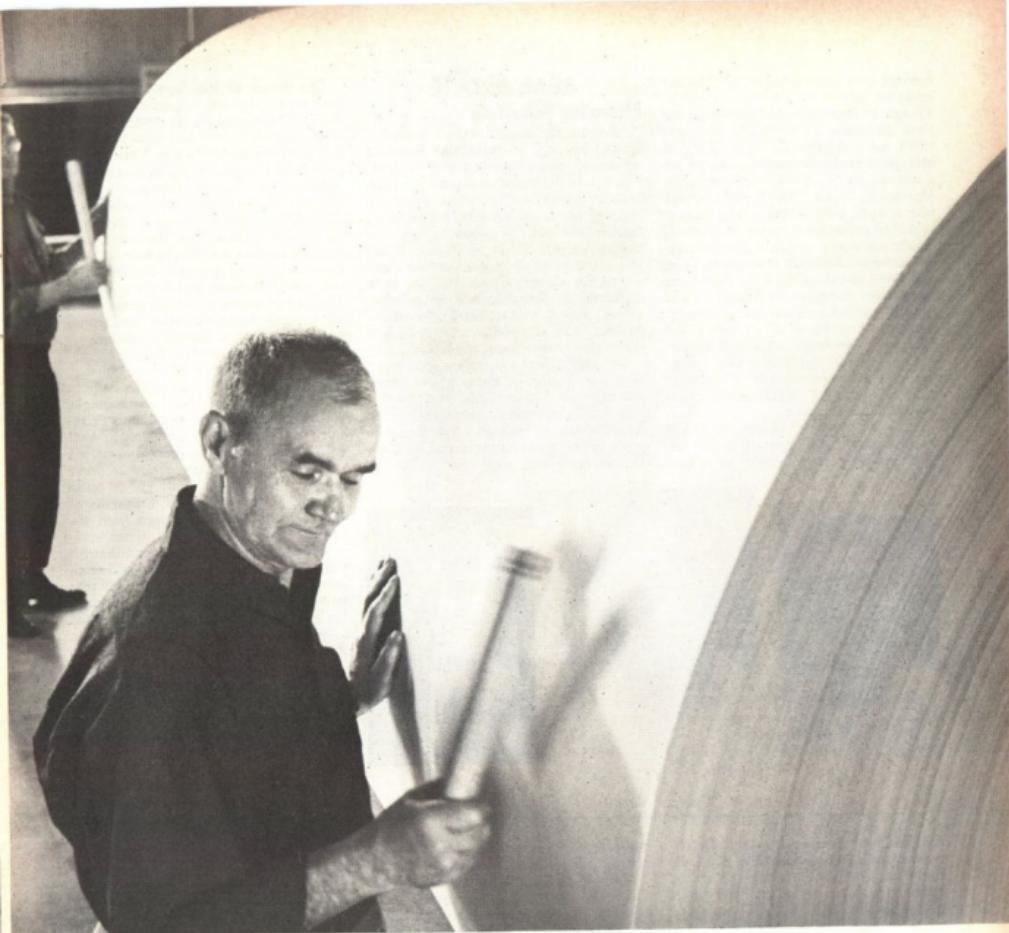


MACDONALD'S MACDONALD
Beyond the green.

amount to rolling out a cannon to kill a mouse. The Government would gain perhaps \$85 million a year in tax revenues, but in doing so, say the businessmen, it would discourage U.S. firms from plowing most of their overseas earnings back into expansion.

Opponents of the Administration bill contend that the vast majority of foreign subsidiaries are set up not to dodge taxes but to develop new markets that cannot be served from U.S. plants because of tariffs, transport costs, higher U.S. production costs—or the simple difficulty of selling at long range. With stiffer tax rules, U.S. businessmen would be faced with a hard choice: either they would have to concede many of these markets to hustling and lower-taxed competitors from Europe and Japan, or they would have to export even more dollars than they now do to keep their foreign plants competitive.

Matching the Newly Mighty. Even the Government recognizes that investment abroad has helped rather than hurt the U.S. balance of payments. Since 1951 U.S. businessmen have sent \$13 billion overseas in capital investment and have brought back \$20.2 billion in earnings. Investment abroad also stimulates U.S. exports of raw materials, machines and spare parts to feed the foreign branches. In 1960, the latest recorded year, the U.S. imported \$475 million worth of products from U.S.-owned foreign companies, while exporting \$2.7 billion worth of U.S. products to them. These figures weaken U.S.



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does not offer stamps, assiduously fills her books to redeem for Christmas presents. Though he himself could bring home the same premiums at wholesale cost, his wife's habit delights the Scots heart of Mac MacDonald, for whom premiums are a way of life. A round, robust optimist, MacDonald started his business career with a small Dayton firm selling luggage as contest prizes for salesmen. By expanding the company's premium line and concentrating on Detroit's automakers (who sometimes spend as much as \$4,000,000 on a sales incentive campaign), MacDonald built sales rapidly and eventually made the firm his own. Branching out ambitiously, he began opening European offices, and by specializing in sales incentive trips and convention travel arrangements also built E.F. MacDonald Co. into a top U.S. travel agency.

Last year, watching the stamp scramble mount, MacDonald began to regret his uncharacteristic 1957 decision to retreat

REAL ESTATE Hawaiian Fairy Tale

"Perhaps the biggest deal of its kind in Hawaii history," marveled the Honolulu *Advertiser*, and all across the island state, where land is scarce and precious, businessmen echoed the *Advertiser's* wonder. Popping up out of nowhere, a mysterious "global combine" proposed to buy five Sheraton Corp. hotels on Waikiki Beach and 5,400 acres of choice land on Oahu owned by shrewd Chinn Ho, 58, most meteoric of Hawaii's new millionaires (*TIME*, May 5, 1961). Total price on the package deal (including a few odd lots from other landholders): \$62 million.

Inevitably, there was endless speculation as to who was behind the combine. Sheraton executives suggested it might be oil-rich Saudi Arabians—perhaps even King Saud himself. Others were certain that it was a group of Swiss financiers. Last week Hawaii discovered with some shock and

The Good of the Service. Deadline date for the big deal was set for May 15. While Ho prepared for his closing in Honolulu, Sheraton's President Ernest Henderson flew from Boston to New York and reserved five suites at Manhattan's posh Sheraton-East for the "principals" in his part of the closing. In both Honolulu and New York, representatives of the combine failed to show. Next day came word that Mrs. Felzer and Amalu were in Seattle—where Amalu had been hustled off to jail almost as soon as his plane landed. The charge: giving a San Francisco attorney a worthless \$30,000 check last December as binder on a Hawaiian ranch.

At that, policemen all the way from Manila to Washington began weighing in with reminiscences of Amalu. His claim to Hawaiian noble blood was vague, but he had attended Punahoa, Honolulu's exclusive private school. Though he said he went on from there to the Sorbonne and Oxford (and cultivated a British accent to prove it), he actually had his only known brush with higher education at the University of Hawaii, was obliged to resign from the army in 1943 "for the good of the service." His most notable accomplishments since: a two-year stretch in the Philippines' New Bilibid Prison and a four-year sentence to Leavenworth—both for passing bad checks. In between, he had acted as genealogy columnist for the Honolulu *Advertiser* under the byline of High Chief Kapikauinamoku.

A master of masquerade who was once entertained by San Francisco society as an Indian maharajah, Amalu, in his latest escapade, had duped all hands by the simple device of promising them big rewards. "In a way," said one Hawaiian, "Sammy's the only innocent guy in the whole deal. All he wanted was publicity."

All Too Fantastic. Most of Sammy's erstwhile business associates found it hard to be so forgiving. While Pro-Regent Carson (who turned out to be a 19-year-old Van Nuys, Calif., printer) lamented the \$2,000-a-month salary he had been promised, Mrs. Felzer fretted over the \$10,000 she had paid Chinn Ho as a binder on the big deal. Said Wheeler-Dealer Ho wonderfully: "It's like a fairy story." Echoed Sheraton's Henderson: "An Arabian Nights tale. I have thought of 20 different explanations for all this, but they are all too fantastic for belief." The only unfazed veteran of the episode was Sammy Amalu, who confidently announced that he planned to 1) raise his \$6,500 bail; 2) beat the bad check rap; and 3) fly on to Switzerland. Said Sammy, smiling: "Getting money anywhere is the easiest thing in the world."



CHINN HO



"PRINCE" AMALU



HENDERSON

"Getting money anywhere is the easiest thing in the world."

from the field. Seeking the most effective re-entry point, he decided that A. & P. could not continue to buck the stamp trend much longer, set up the Plaid stamp plan especially for A. & P. "I went there cold," he says. But MacDonald had one overriding asset: since all the other major trading stamp distributors had already signed up with competing grocery chains, none of them were free to bid for A. & P.'s business.

Dulling the Edge? If the plan proves good for A. & P., it should be better for MacDonald. Plaid stamps already are in use in 2,700 A. & P. stores, and 15,000 other retailers have been signed up in 29 states, although, in deference to A. & P.'s Plaid is taking on no more grocers. Some retailers argue that the fast-spreading use of stamps is destroying their competitive appeal. "They don't give an edge any more," says one grocer. "They just let you keep up with the competition. But it will be years before we can get rid of them, if ever." Benignly, Mac MacDonald agrees. Within two years, he predicts, trading stamps will be a \$2 billion business. And in three years, he says, without so much as a glance at front-running S. & H., Plaid stamps "will be No. 1 in the country."

much irreverent merriment that there was nobody behind the combine at all.

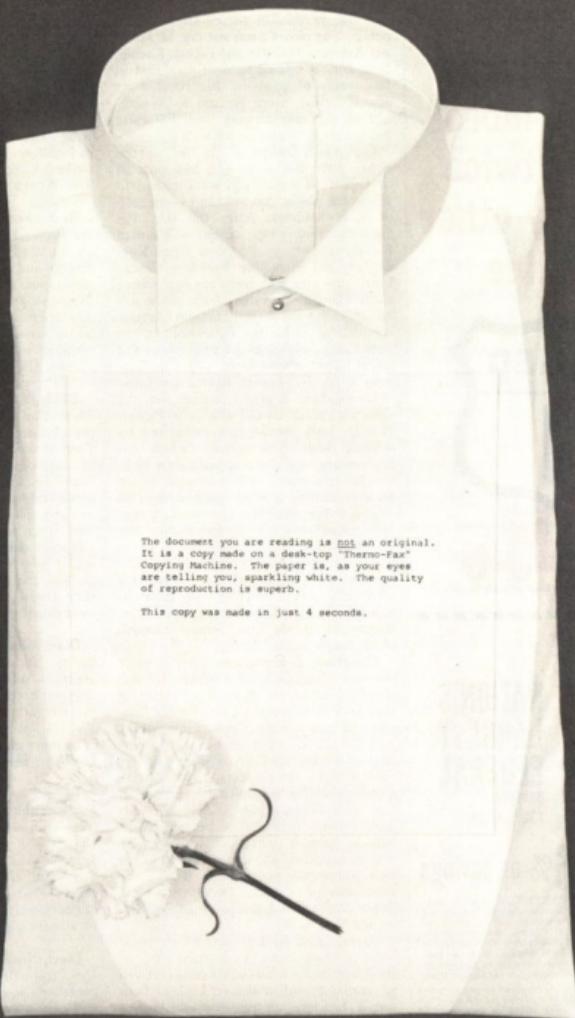
Nothing to Lose. From the start, both Chinn Ho and the cautious Yankee management of the Boston-based Sheraton chain were a bit put off by the elusiveness of the would-be purchasers. Publicly, the combine was represented by tough-talking Honolulu Real Estate Woman Anna Felzer. In the shadows—presumably acting as intermediaries between Mrs. Felzer and the actual buyers—stood one D. Franklin Carson, who called himself a "pro-regent," and "Prince" Samuel Crowningsburg Amalu, 42, who claims descent from the family of Hawaii's famed King Kamehameha the Great.

Odd as all this was, the combine's offer was just too good to reject. For its five Waikiki hotels, Sheraton was to get \$34.5 million—\$10.5 million more than they had cost the chain—and a contract to keep on operating them. Chinn Ho stood to do almost as well: besides \$10.2 million in cash, he was promised contracts to develop the land he was selling. Said Ho: "We had no alternative but to accept—and nothing to lose."

* A deputy for a monarch.

ADVERTISING Marketing Madison Avenue

One of the few big U.S. industries in which the general public has never had a real chance to invest is the \$12 billion-a-year advertising business. Last week aden men from coast to coast were chattering over the news that a Manhattan agency had broken the pattern by asking the



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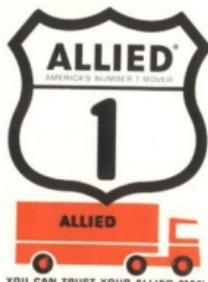
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SEC for permission to sell stock to the public. The pioneer was not one of Madison Avenue's Goliaths but Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc., a fast-rising newcomer that in four years of existence has boosted its annual billings from \$60,000 to \$5,000,000 on accounts ranging from Exquisite Form bras to Wolf Schmidt vodka.

Options & Swaps. If the SEC agrees, eight senior executives who now own all of Papert, Koenig, Lois' stock intend to sell to the public 100,000 shares—or 20% of their holdings. After the sale, the agency's three top officers—Chairman Frederic Papert, 35, President Julian Koenig, 40, and First Vice President George Lois, 30—will still own 105,601 shares each. Though par value of the stock will be only 30¢ a share, Madison Avenue speculation is that the shares sold to the public may be offered for as much as \$10 apiece. That would make paper millionaires of Messrs. Papert, Koenig and Lois.

Establishing a public market for the agency's shares should also help Papert, Koenig, Lois recruit new executives by offering them stock options (which, for tax reasons, are more appealing to high-bracket executives than a straight salary boost). This is a vital consideration on Madison Avenue, where personnel changes are frequent because the only commodity an advertising agency really has to sell is talent. And at least potentially, a public stock offering has other attractions for advertising firms: it could help raise expansion capital and make it easier for an agency to merge into bigness through stock swaps.

Questions & Gyration. Despite these obvious advantages, most admen are still skeptical of public ownership. Their big fear is that it might undermine the confidential relationship between an agency and its clients. "I wouldn't want to be part of an agency that owed its primary obligation to stockholders," says Fairfax Cone, executive committee chairman of Chicago's Foote, Cone & Belding. Adds Ernest Jones, president of Detroit's MacManus, John & Adams: "If there were outside stockholders, they would have the right to ask such questions as 'What is the contemplated Pontiac budget for next year? Well, that happens to be between us and Pontiac.'"

Papert, Koenig, Lois intends to avoid some of these risks by retaining 80% of its shares in the hands of its officers. Even so, argues President Robert Lusk of Benton & Bowles, "an adman would be less inclined to take risks on his clients' behalf if he had to face a stockholders' meeting every year." Still other advertising executives fear that ad-agency shares would be dangerously volatile, gyrating wildly every time an agency won or lost a big account. Apart from Papert, Koenig and Lois, in fact, only one well-known adman took an openly enthusiastic view of public ownership last week. Sighed David Ogilvy, British-reared chairman of Manhattan's Ogilvy, Benson & Mather: "We here at Ogilvy own our stock at book value only. If it were offered to the general public, it could be 15 times book value."

Married. Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 24, son of Spanish Pretender Don Juan; and Princess Sophie of the Hellenes, 23, eldest daughter of Greece's King Paul and Queen Frederika; in consecutive Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox ceremonies; in Athens (*see THE WORLD*).

Redivorced. By Tobacco Magnate Richard Joshua Reynolds, 56: Muriel Marston, 48, his third wife, who appealed an earlier divorce and demanded a \$6,000,000 settlement, but now loses even her previous \$12,500-a-year alimony; on grounds of mental cruelty (he testified that she salted his salt-free food, blew smoke in his face while he was trying to quit smoking); in Darien, Ga.

Died. Franz Josef Kline, 51, a leader in Manhattan's stronghold of abstract expressionism, a rugged, academically adept Pennsylvanian who, after early attempts at barroom-scene realism (\$5 apiece), found his forte in 1950 with the lunging black-and-white calligraphy (as much as \$14,000 apiece) that won him permanent wall space in the U.S.'s great museums and some derision ("Chinese laundry tickets"), who explained his aggressive oils as "not the things I see but the feelings they arouse in me"; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Admiral Arseni Grigorevich Golovko, 55, No. 2 man of the Soviet navy, an ebullient submarine buff whose northern fleet sank 700,000 tons of Nazi shipping in 15 months in the early stages of World War II, last year bragged that the Reds have more missile-armed atomic subs than the U.S.; after a long illness; in Moscow.

Died. Elzey Roberts Sr., 70, former publisher of the folksy, feisty St. Louis *Star-Times*, an aloof office tyro who inherited the *Star* a year after graduating from Princeton in 1915, bought the *Times* in 1932, and, after battling Joseph Pulitzer's bigger *Post-Dispatch* for three decades, unpredictably sold out to Pulitzer in 1951; of a heart ailment; in St. Louis.

Died. Northam Warren Sr., 83, pioneer U.S. cosmetics manufacturer, a Baptist preacher's son who first introduced liquid nail polish to the U.S. in 1916; of a heart ailment; in Stamford, Conn.

Died. Burton Egbert Stevenson, 89, sprightly anthologist and founder of the American Library in Paris, a onetime printer's devil who left nothing to chance in his meticulously compiled *Home Books* of quotations, verse, proverbs and maxims—a lifelong opus of more than 30,000 pages—marked by artful delving into literary sources from Greek preachers ("Abstain from bean—"Pythagoras) to English epigrams ("Tell it to the Maories"—Charles II to Mr. Samuel Pepys); after a long illness; in Chillicothe, Ohio.

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Pathfinding Protestants

Protestant Christianity throughout the world once looked automatically to Germany for the newest direction in theology. Not so any more, for "the science of things divine" is international in scope, ecumenical in spirit. The giants who still dominate Protestant thinking—Karl Barth, Paul Tillich, Rudolf Bultmann—all came to prominence in Germany after World War I, but among the most promising of their successors are a number of men under 45 who have been educated in U.S. divinity schools.

Many of them seem to have a common purpose: to consolidate the best historical and cultural learning of 19th century "liberal" theology with the most relevant doctrinal insights of 20th century "neo-orthodoxy." Says an impartial but interested observer, Jesuit Theologian Gustave Weigel: "The generation of our day is on principle open-minded, and genuinely scholarly by the revived standards of scholarly investigation." Five of U.S. Protestantism's most promising theological pathfinders:

• JAROSLAV JAN PELIKAN JR., 38, Professor of historical theology at the University of Chicago Divinity School. Son and grandson of Lutheran ministers, prolific "Jary" Pelikan has written six books (best known: 1959's *The Riddle of Roman Catholicism*, which sold 42,000 copies), co-authored six others, produced more than 100 scholarly articles. He also serves as one of the religion editors of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. A graduate of the Missouri Synod's Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, he won his doctorate at Chicago at the age of 22, has established himself as an ecumenical-minded expert on church history. Pelikan, who styles himself as an "evangelical catholic" and "critical traditionalist," believes that the success of the ecumenical movement depends upon a proper understanding of the Christian past, and is trying to further understanding by writing a comprehensive history of the development of church dogma. "Tradition," he says, "needs to be critically re-examined for its richness and its depth." He has "grave doubts" about the ability of a divided Christianity—already on the defensive everywhere, he feels—to withstand the stresses of the modern world, but expects the emergence of new forms of inter-Christian relationships "beyond our imagination." Pelikan's "catholicity" can shock; he dumfounded many Protestants last March by chastising his fellow Lutherans for failing to give enough devotion to the Virgin Mary. Next fall, he takes over the Titus Street professorship of ecclesiastical history at Yale.

• ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN, 41, Auburn professor of systematic theology at Union Theological Seminary. Presbyterian Brown, who will transfer to Stanford this fall, sees himself as a "filter through which

the thoughts of the great pass on to the layman, the translator of topflight minds to those who haven't had three years in a seminary." A graduate of Amherst and Union Theological, he served as a Navy chaplain at the end of World War II. One of Brown's first teaching assignments, eleven years ago, took him to Macalester College in Minnesota, where he got to know a young Roman Catholic Democrat named Eugene McCarthy. Brown helped McCarthy, now Minnesota' junior Senator, win re-election to a seat in Congress, and was appalled at the amount of Protestant bigotry that cropped up around election day. Ever since, he has tried to interpret Catholic problems to his fellow Protestants, as well as Protestant problems to Catholics. A talented writer (he has published some first-rate reminiscences in *The New Yorker*), Brown shares with his old teacher Reinhold Niebuhr an interest in trying to make theology relevant to the solution of contemporary social problems. One motive in moving to a secular campus is to help bring theological excitement to the parish and nonseminary world; yet Brown believes that theologians should not take themselves too seriously: "There is something demonic in people who have God under their belt." He also believes that religious thinkers should follow their Christian convictions into action; last July, he spent 24 hours in a Florida jail for taking part in a Freedom Ride.

• ROGER LINCOLN SHINN, 45, Wm. E. Dodge Jr., professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary. Dr. Shinn, a member of the United Church of Christ, is a theological student of atheism, an adept Christian critic of such contemporary ideological trends as existentialism and linguistic analysis. "Let's welcome the modern world," he says. "Let's look for the good in secularism." Son of a clergyman, Shinn studied English literature at Ohio's Heidelberg College, theology at Union. Refusing a ministerial deferment, he entered the Army in 1941, was taken prisoner during the Battle of the Bulge, and ever since has had little patience with theology that is "remote from the affairs of the people." Shinn says: "We hear a lot about dialogue between Catholics and Protestants, I'm more interested in hearing talk between the Protestant and the atheist." He seems to be engaged in that kind of talk himself: one of his works in progress is an analysis of contemporary views of freedom. Shinn has also just finished a book on the problems of Christian education, and is chairman of a committee that is writing a study of race relations for the National Council of Churches. Colleagues, however, predict that his major work will be in the field of Christian ethics.

• SCHUBERT OGDEN, 34, associate professor of philosophical theology at Southern Methodist University. Born in Cincinnati



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and a graduate of S.M.U.'s Perkins School of Theology, Ogden is one of the nation's most persuasive interpreters of Rudolf Bultmann's "demythologized" Christianity (TIME, Sept. 24, 1956). Methodist Ogden was denounced as an "antichrist" by Texas fundamentalists after his Bultmannian study, *Christ Without Myth*, was published last fall. Ogden insists that he is "a Christian only by being a modern man," and being modern to him means explaining religion in terms that are acceptable to contemporary scientific and technical thought. He believes that the purpose of such Christian dogmas as the Crucifixion and the Resurrection is "to help explain to us what it means to exist as a human being in the world." Because the scriptural wording of such truths makes little sense to modern man, theologians must restate them in a new way. Like Bultmann, Ogden believes that the language of philosophical existentialism may be the key to a relevant new expression of the faith. Ogden supplies what one theological friend calls "an Anglo-American horse-sense tint" to demythologizing, and colleagues regard his efforts to rid the Christian faith of clichés as intellectually refreshing and sincere rather than heretical. Says Perkins' Dean Joseph Quillian Jr.: "If I had to name the ten or twelve most devout churchmen I know, Schubert would be among them."

• LANGDON GILKEY, 43, professor of theology at the Vanderbilt University Divinity School. Although his father was a minister, Gilkey came relatively late to a career in theology. He was educated at Harvard and taught English at Yenching University in China before World War II, spent 2½ years as a Japanese prisoner in a mission compound turned prison. Torn between the ministry and the foreign service, he studied international law and theology at the University of Chicago before entering Union in 1946. Raised as a Baptist, he worships at a church of the Disciples of Christ in Nashville, Tenn., Gilkey is a deductive, philosophical theologian, steeped in church history, who attempts to show how "the experienced characteristics of human existence make sense only when life is looked at, and lived" through the Christian faith. Christianity, he argues, is the one belief that can successfully illuminate the fragmentary nature of finite existence. This faith must be expressed in understandable language, and Gilkey is particularly interested in the usefulness of linguistic analysis to theology's understanding of its own words and symbols. His own major work in progress is a study of one of Christianity's oldest concerns—the idea of God as Lord of time and history—in light of questions raised by modern philosophy. Gilkey fears that too much of U.S. religious fervor is theologically uninformed, worries that the gap between the seminaries and the people may prove fatal to the church. "If it is to live," he says, "Christian faith must inform the most intelligent thought and most serious commitment of each of its adult adherents."

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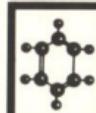
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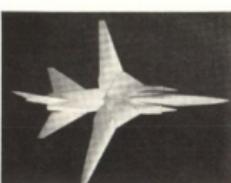
Folded for Speed

Wings spread as it wheels through high, slow arcs, wings tucked back as it plummets in a swift hunting dive, the peregrine falcon is a picture of functional perfection. No airplane has yet come close to copying its easy versatility. But aeronautical engineers have never stopped trying, and the Department of Defense is convinced that government scientists have

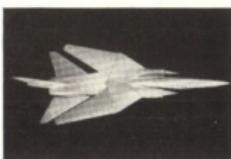


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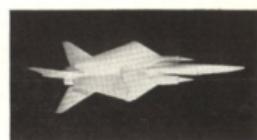
AERODYNAMICIST STACK



WINGS OPEN FOR TAKE-OFF



INTERMEDIATE FOR CRUISE



CLOSED FOR ATTACK

A rare bird descended from the peregrine falcon.

finally turned the trick. Last week leaders of the U.S. aircraft industry were locked in fierce competition for the privilege of building a "variable geometry" fighter that can stretch its wings at low speeds during take-offs and landings, or fold them like the predatory falcon for high-speed flights.

No matter what company wins the contract (which may well be the last really large award in the fading manned-fighter-plane business), the new plane will be based on the brilliant research directed by Aerodynamicist John Stack at the Langley Research Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.* It is a solution to problems that have expanded as planes have improved.

Early airplane designers did not have to worry about changing their wings in flight. The straight, thick wings that got their ships off the ground served equally well in low-speed flight. But as airplanes became faster, their wings had to be thinned down and shortened to cut drag at high speed. And since thinner, shorter wings have less lift, the new fast planes needed longer runs to get them off the ground. When airplane speeds were boosted by jet engines, designers resorted to swept-back wings, which function better up near and above the speed of sound. But this dodge has its disadvantages too: at the speeds of landing and take-off, sweptwing ships are hard to handle. Airmen began to yearn for wings that would be long, thick and straight for take-offs, yet short, thin and swept-back for high-speed flight.

The wingtips are extended, and since they, too, are fairly thick, they give plenty of lift, allowing the plane to take off at slow speeds. As speed increases, the wingtips are slanted farther and farther backward. But the point at which their lift is applied is only slightly shifted. Part of each wingtip swings into its wing root and ceases to produce lift. The part still exposed also loses lift because the airstream, slanting over it diagonally, is less disturbed by its thickness. Only the fixed wing roots do not change. When the airplane reaches top speed, with wings folded far back, the wide wing roots take over much of the lifting job.

Fast Flight? So far, Stack's models have been tested only in wind tunnels, but they already look singularly promising. A plane built in this manner should be able to take off slowly after a short run, then fold its wings to fight at supersonic velocity. In addition, it will be able to loiter for long periods at slow, fuel-saving speed before accelerating into action. It will also be able to fold its wings and fly extremely fast just above the ground, where air resistance is high but where enemy radars cannot find it. If it lives up to its potential, the variable-geometry plane will be that rare bird—a fighter that can serve equally well for all three military services.

The variable-geometry wing may even supply an unexpected bonus. If it enables an airplane to reach high supersonic speeds a few feet above the ground, its shock wave may be sufficiently destructive for use as a military weapon, knocking holes in most structures that the plane flies near. And when a supersonic airliner is finally developed, it may well have variable wings to get it off the ground at reasonable speed and help it climb to high altitude without using too much fuel.

When the giant plane is high enough (about 45,000 ft.) so that its shock wave will not be annoying at ground level, it will be able to furl its wings and cruise at two or three times the speed of sound.

Porpoise Prattle

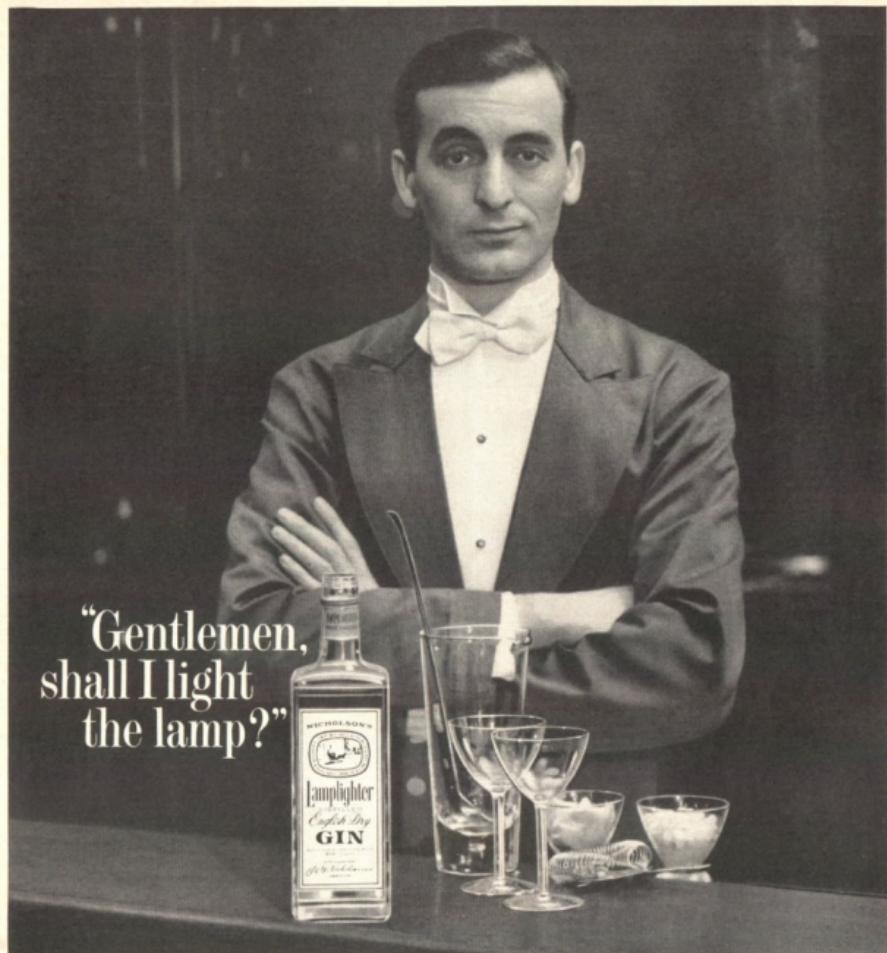
Ever since they first learned how to eavesdrop, scientists have realized that porpoises are gabby creatures. They whistle, they beep, they squeak—they always seem to have something to say. But no one could be sure whether the whales' small cousins actually talk to each other, or whether they merely use their prattle for underwater navigation—a sort of

mammalian sonar. Engineers from the Lockheed Aircraft Corp. have finally decided that they do both.

The Lockheed scientists tuned in on porpoises for a practical purpose: they wanted to study natural noises that might be of importance to antisubmarine warfare. With a string of 15 spar buoys—aluminum tubes weighted at one end so they floated upright with 12 ft. of their length underwater—they blocked the mouth of a Lower California lagoon. The buoys were set 50 ft. apart, making a loose barrier across the channel; on the bottom near by, the scientists spotted two underwater microphones. Their hazard to navigation in place, the scientists retired to their research boat to wait for porpoises to swim through the channel.

Late one afternoon a crewman sighted five *Tursiops gilli* (Pacific bottle-nosed porpoises) 500 yds. away. They moved slowly up the channel, making clicks that were clearly heard through the microphones. Apparently the porpoises located the barrier and did not like it. While still 400 yds. away from it, they moved over into shallow water and gathered in a tight little school. Then one of them separated from the group and cruised along the buoys. When the scout returned, a burst of whistling came through the microphones. Then another porpoise swam out to examine the barrier and returned for a session of whistling. At last the group left shallow water, passed cautiously through the barrier and disappeared up the channel. What the porpoises said to each other, the Lockheed scientists have no way of knowing, but they are satisfied that the underwater travelers first picked out the man-made obstacle with clicking sonar, then talked the situation over with their whistling scouts before proceeding.

* In 1958 the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA) became NASA, and its quiet, effective work on aircraft was obscured by a blaze of space publicity.



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shall I light
the lamp?"



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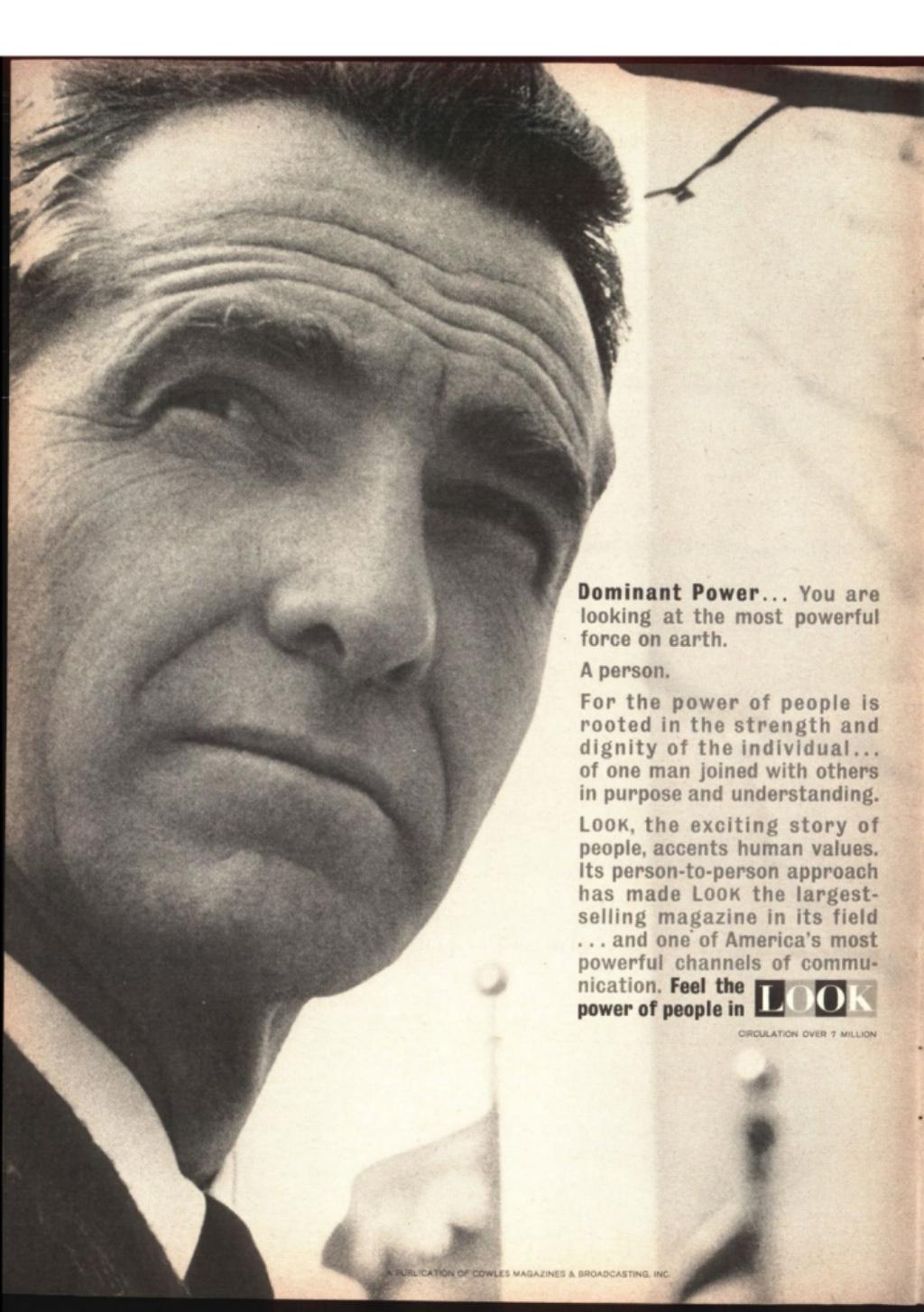
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CIRCULATION OVER 7 MILLION

Performance Piece

The Miracle Worker [Playfilms: United Artists] was, on Broadway, essentially a set piece for two actresses whose dialogue was a matter of touch, since one was playing a deaf, blind, mute child. It was less play than performance, done night after night with emotional brilliance by Patty Duke as the seven-year-old Helen Keller, and Anne Bancroft as her teacher, Annie Sullivan.

Hollywood is seldom impressed with that sort of miracle-working, and the film version might well have starred, say, Doris Day as Helen's teacher and Rock Hudson as her father, with this little handicapped kid running around bumping into things and jerking tears. So Broadway Producer Fred Coe, Director Arthur Penn and Playwright William Gibson kept the movie rights, formed their own production company, rehired Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke and captured for good what is quite possibly the most moving double performance ever recorded on film.

The child is a little animal, rooting, grunting, stringy-haired and grimy, her mind buried alive in the wreckage caused by a disease of infancy. Outdoors, in the front yard of her family's home in Tuscumbia, Ala., her hands grope upward to a sky she will never see. Indoors, she wanders around the dinner table like an overindulged house pet, grubbing for bits of food. The family talks of sending her for the rest of her life to an asylum for mental defectives—but then finds and hires a young teacher from Boston. Half-blind herself, the teacher knows that if she can give the child a sense of the existence of language, she can give her the world.

Whenever the child's hand touches something, the teacher takes the other

hand and spells into it by touch-alphabet the name of the object: doll, water, mother, mug, spoon. The child imitates the hand motions, but does not understand. Yet repetition of touch-spelled words in a framework of discipline is the only way that a spark can ever jump the distance between imitation and imagination, so the teacher is rough and unsentimental. The child kicks and slaps, and the teacher slaps back. The famous ten-minute fight between them is fully as long and exhausting on film.

Along the way, the picture has the same defects the play had. The pure drama at the center is enough to hold fast any audience capable of seeing and hearing, but Writer Gibson nervously includes some fabricated tensions and artificial dramatics. There is much shouting, sneering and threatening by Helen Keller's father (Victor Jory) and stepbrother (Andrew Prine), and much bungling by her mother (Inga Swenson). Teacher Sullivan is given a two-week deadline to produce results. The main story is too strong to require that sort of buttressing.

As a biographical playwright, Gibson might have been tempted to plant the information that the blind, speechless, apparently hopeless little girl would one day be graduated with honors from Radcliffe College, make lecture tours and write nine books. But he wisely refrained. As a silent child unable to hear or see, Patty Duke is not so much Helen Keller in 1887 as language itself in an undiscovered state a hundred centuries ago, and watching her stumbling, vaguely communicative gestures, it is possible to feel the emptiness of a world without words. Then the whole miracle of language and literature comes through in a single word when the child, feeling the familiar cool fluid from the front-yard pump running over her hands, finally comprehends that it is called water.

Life is an Auction

I Like Money (Dimitri de Grunwald: 20th Century-Fox) is the fourth movie version of Marcel Pagnol's supremely cynical play *Topaze*. John Barrymore once did the leading role in a Hollywood version, and Fernandel has done it in French. The story is so amusing that it would be worth seeing even if performed by the Scranton High School Thespian Society. This new film version has been directed by Peter Sellers. The star is Peter Sellers as well. A little slow, but fey and funny, it has his special touch.

In a small town, French and resoundingly provincial, Sellers (M. Topaze) teaches in a boys' school. His suits need cleaning but his heart is pure. He sits in drafty garrets quoting Findar and correcting misspelled words like klock and starz. He believes the aphorisms he daily peddles to the young and pimply minds under his charge: *There is no profit in ill-gotten gains, and Work tires no one—what tires is laziness, the mother of all vices, and Alcohol kills more surely than*



SELLERS & GRAY IN "MONEY"
A treasure in a simple truth.

a pistol shot. He is a dedicated teacher who loves his work.

He also loves the headmaster's daughter. The headmaster—superior comic creation by Leo McKern—is so cheap that he is not above stealing a pencil from a teacher's desk. A man like that is not about to spin off his daughter to a teacher who earns 1,500 francs a year. Sellers gets his chance when a rich baroness comes to the school and savagely asks the headmaster why her grandson has received four zeroes on his report card. All Sellers has to do is re-evaluate the child's true intelligence and the world is his. But he is too naive. He says no, he has checked his records, and the kid is really dumb.

Sellers is fired. His naivete proves negotiable, however. A member of the city council of Paris (Herbert Lom) sets him up as the figurehead of Topaze Ltd., a vast and rapidly diversifying holding company, mainly holding contracts with the Paris city council. He is approached by blackmailers and surrounded by swindlers. He hears new aphorisms from his benefactor's mistress (Nadia Gray). "Life is an auction," she tells him. "Men put up their muscles or their brains, women their bodies. It's all the same."

Sellers finally comprehends. Putting up his brains, trimming his beard, he pursues what he can now clearly see is the good life. He overpowers the crook he works for and spirals upward, swiftly becoming an international financier, running stupendous treasures through his fingers like sand. The camel jumps gracefully through the eye of the needle into the sheer heaven of riches on earth.

Escargots à la Disney

Bon Voyage (Walt Disney: Buena Vista) is one of those travel pictures made "with the generous cooperation of" assorted hotels, railroads and steamship lines that seem to gain in glamour upon



ANNE BANCROFT & PATTY DUKE
A miracle in a single word.



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3) LANCIA, ITALY



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*JOHN R. BOND, PUBLISHER, ROAD & TRADE

†P.D.E., EAST & GULF PORTS/WEST COAST, \$2,333/FOR BROCHURE, WRITE: PEUGEOT, INC., 97-45 QUEENS BLVD., REGO PARK, N.Y.

being transferred to film. This time Fred MacMurray and Jane Wyman, an ever-lovin' couple from Terre Haute, Ind., are off to France with their three typical kids: a sweet plump daughter (Deborah Walley) with steely morals, an engagingly nutty teen-age son (Tommy Kirk), and another boy (Kevin Corcoran), 12, whose freckled wit comes forth in lines like "I know who Napoleon was. He was the guy that had the same trouble with the English that Custer had with the Indians."

The action turns on the amorous experiences of each member of the family except the brat. Father smashes the jaw of a celebrated shoulder kisser who specializes in middle-aged mothers. His daughter falls in love with a miserable



SEWER SCENE IN "BON VOYAGE"
 Jumping not for joy.

young architect who cannot believe in marriage until the young girl's golden example and courageous fortitude in refusing his more immediate advances win him over to a vision of permanent happiness at the end.

For all that, the film does have its moments. The little boy jumps up and down in his desperate need to go to the bathroom during a tour of the Paris sewers. Fred MacMurray is a great pampered hound of a father with a sure comic touch despite the undistinguished script. And each departure and arrival, of course, require establishing shots, providing the outstanding footage in the picture. There is some splendid color photography of the Statue of Liberty, for example, and stunning views of the S.S. *United States*. There are long shots across the bridges of the Seine and *pedalo* views of Cannes. An overhead shot of a biscuit warmer full of *escargots* seems a trifle arty, but the snails, piled high in a veil of heavenly vapor, look utterly royal. It dishonors them to say that the picture as a whole creeps at a snail's pace—but that, in a shell, is what happens.

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THE PRESS

Riding Crime's Crest

On her way to a church dance one night, a 22-year-old San Francisco secretary named April Aaron picked her way through the Panhandle, a densely wooded, dimly lighted strip of parkland on the city's west side. Suddenly a figure leaped from the darkness, snatched April's purse and, when she screamed, slashed her viciously with a knife.

Even in San Francisco, few purse-snatch stories rate much attention from the press. But April's case had Page One quality—young innocence cruelly hurt. The papers made the most of it. The victim was "pretty" (the *Chronicle*), "vivacious" (the *Examiner*), "deeply religious" (the *News-Call Bulletin*). As doctors tried in vain to save April's right eye, news stories frothed at her assailant. He was "fiendish" (the *Examiner*), "sadistic" (the *News-Call Bulletin*), "probably a sexual psychopath" (the *Chronicle*). Swathed in bandages and an eye patch, April posed bravely for photographers and forgave her attacker: "Anyone who is like that—ought to feel sorry for him." But having latched onto surefire excitement, San Francisco's papers were ready neither to forgive nor forget. By last week the city was in the middle of a "crime wave"—courtesy of the press.

From Blotter to Front Page. MOLESTER OF CHILDREN STALKS S.F., headlined the *Examiner*, resurrecting—and inflating—the case of a man who had been following, but not molesting, schoolchildren in the city's Sunset district since Jan. 1. Proclaimed a headline in the *News-Call Bulletin*: OFFENSES RISE SHARPLY. S.F. POLICE LOSING FIGHT WITH CRIME. In one issue, the *News-Call Bulletin* lavished 154 inches on April and subsidiary crime stories, including a map of the city with dots locating the scenes of recent crimes, grim-

ly adorned with the Dracula-like silhouette of a criminal.

Not to be outdone, the *Chronicle* bannered a drugstore robbery in Armageddon-size type: NEW S.F. VIOLENCE, BRUTAL BEATINGS. "The wave of violent crimes on San Francisco streets," wrote the *Chronicle*, basing its conclusion on a single felony in which two men suffered minor injuries, "rolled on last night, and police continued to press their beefed-up counter-campaign." The *Chronicle* started an April Aaron Fund; the *News-Call Bulletin* offered \$500 for her attacker's arrest. The *Examiner*, scrabbling frantically for new crime-wave evidence, picked up a police-bloter report about a purse-snatching sailor and triumphantly blew it onto Page One.

From Meters to Car Boosts. Inevitably, the manufactured crime wave engulfed the police department. Both the *News-Call Bulletin* and the *Chronicle* blasted departmental indifference ("These citizens want action," shrilled the *Chronicle*, "not explanations"). The *Examiner* printed a singularly unjust cartoon of a mugger escaping under the very nose of a motorcycle cop—who was too busy writing a parking ticket to notice. And all three papers printed statistics to prove that since Jan. 1 crime in San Francisco was up 13% over last year.

Crime was indeed up in the city for the first quarter of 1962, but most of the increase could be accounted for by a rash of parking-meter hoists and car boosts (filching from unlocked cars). And as a matter of fact, "street crimes"—which include purse-snatches—actually dropped in April. "Contrary to recent newspaper accounts, San Francisco is not experiencing a crime wave," reported a grand jury flatly, as it took official notice of the whipped-up wave—a circulation-grabbing stunt that is as old as journalism itself. As for San Francisco's papers, they barely took notice of the grand jury. Not at all embarrassed, they went merrily on, riding the crest of a wave that they had created from a single unfortunate incident in Panhandle park.

Politics Is Funny

The pig in *Pogo*, Walt Kelly's pseudosophisticated comic strip, spoke a kind of Pig-Russian and bore an unmistakable resemblance to Nikita Khrushchev. He even talked like Khrushchev. "You forget prominent Russian proverb!" he confided to his companion, a bearded, cigar-smoking goat with a remarkable resemblance to Fidel Castro: "The shortage will be divided among the peasants." The goat broke out lunch—cigars and sugar ("One thing my country go like the dickens! Is sugar! *iy tabacos!*")—and the two settled down to a dialectical argument in dialect.

Some Kelly clients were not amused. Three Canadian newspapers—the Toronto, Ont., *Globe and Mail*, the Kingston,

YOU FORGET PROMINENT PROVERB!
VERY FUNNY IN RUSSIAN: THE
SHORTAGE WILL BE DIVIDED
AMONG THE PEASANTS.



© 1962 WALT KELLY—HALL SYNDICATE

KELLY'S PIG & GOAT

The trespass was familiar.

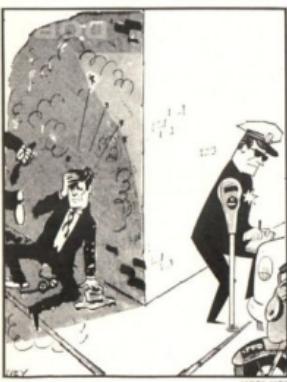
Ont., *Whig-Standard* and the Regina, Sask., *Leader-Post*—dropped the pig-goat sequence. (As a substitute the *Globe and Mail* reprised a Pogo swampland series from the 1940s.) In the U.S., the Toledo *Blade* temporarily killed Kelly. And in Tokyo, the English language *Asahi Evening News*, having run the sequence for 11 days, agreed to drop the rest of it after a protest from the Soviet embassy. The international implications were considered so important that the final decision went all the way to the *Asahi* board of directors.

This was not Comic-Strip Artist Kelly's first trespass on the editorial writer's preserve—nor was it the first time that such excursions have cost him papers. In 1954 he introduced a lupine character named Simple J. Malarkey, who looked so much like the late U.S. Senator from Wisconsin (whom Kelly called "one of the great alltime comedians") that the Orlando, Fla., *Sentinel* threw out Kelly's strip, and several other papers filed complaints. Again in 1958, when the furor over public school integration reached one of its peaks, Kelly set Pogo the possum to talking about "speakeasy" schoolrooms, "congregated," "de-congregated" and "non-un-de-congregated" schools. One Southern paper, by judicious editing, purified the sequence for its readers, and another dropped it entirely.

The current censorship bothers Artist Kelly no more than such treatment bothered him in the past. "There is a lot of fun to be found in politics," says he, "and I always do what I find to be funny at the time." Besides, any man with 612 newspapers on his string can afford to lose a couple now and then—especially since the defectors almost always return to the fold.

The Paper Curtain

In the Charlotte, N.C., *Observer*, the news from Charleston, S.C., 120 miles to the southeast, made a considerable splash last week. "At least seven downtown merchants here," wrote the *Observer* in a two-column story datelined Charleston, "have



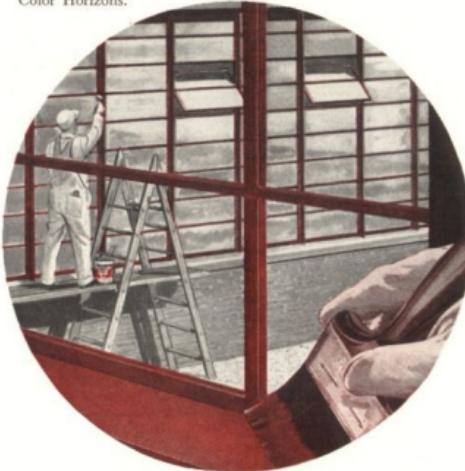
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hired Negroes as clerks or cashiers under pressure of a seven-week buying boycott. It is the biggest breakthrough of Negroes into white-collar jobs in the city, and probably in the state." But in Charleston itself, where the boycott has been in effect since March 17, the story rated nary a line in either the *News & Courier* (circ. 61,500) or the jointly owned evening paper, the *Post* (36,122).

The *News & Courier*'s boycott of the boycott is only expected behavior for one of the South's noisiest advocates of segregation. The paper's editorial policy is one long, high-fidelity rebel yell to hold that color line. It has used the occasion of



RICHARD SURBAGE

EDITOR WARING
Boycott of a boycott.

Lincoln's Birthday to argue that the Great Emancipator never meant to free the slaves ("The black men for whom he felt compassion but not respect have won the victory that Lincoln intended as a safeguard for the white man's civilization"). Big news to the *News & Courier* is any race trouble up North, however slight. Such incidents get prominent play in a deliberate effort by Editor Thomas R. Waring, 54, to pierce what he calls "the paper curtain," a Northern newspaper conspiracy to hide the true South. But thanks to Tom Waring's stubborn silence, even his subscribers were beginning to wonder whether that paper curtain had not been hung by Tom Waring himself.

The race-conscious editor, who helped organize the first White Citizens Councils in the South to fight desegregation, and lectures on the subject "Prejudice Is Not Necessarily Wrong," had no such misgiving to trouble his conscience. By his definition, the boycott just wasn't news. After an earlier story in the Charlotte *Observer*, a moderate paper, Waring did run a rambling editorial expressing "sorrow" over "the picketing of King Street stores in an attempt to force employment of clerks on the basis of race." Then the paper curtain descended once more—and stayed down. Said Waring: "This paper is not interested in promoting boycotts." Said *News & Courier* Assistant Editor Arthur Wilcox: "We don't think it's a story."

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spite an announcement in the program that none would be played. He chose the third movement of Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto*, a piece that he had not rehearsed with the orchestra, but that so moved the audience it responded with another 20-minute ovation.

Limp with exhaustion when he finally withdrew backstage, Janis was congratulated by Prokofiev's widow. Said Tchaikovsky Prizewinner Vladimir Ashkenazy: "I have never heard Prokofiev played so brilliantly." As for the fans waiting for autographs at the stage door, they seemed to be struck by Janis' remarkable resemblance to the young Chopin, and by the fact, as one of them put it, that "one can tell by his face that he suffers while he plays."

At an embassy party next day, Janis improvised a little four-hand piano with President Kennedy's peripatetic press secretary, Pierre Salinger, then departed for Leningrad, where he was as enthusiastically received as he had been in Moscow. One fascinating rumor has it that he will team up with Bandleader Benny Goodman at month's end to give the first Russian performance by U.S. artists of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*.

The Barococo DJ

"You are invited," read the program, "to greet and praise De Koven in the Ladies' Lounge. Please refrain from criticizing the Maestro, for it never does any good and only gives De Koven the colic."

At Manhattan's Town Hall last week, that injunction served to introduce Classical Dish Jockey Seymour De Koven, an evangelist of the baroque, a man dedicated to the proposition that scarcely any music worth listening to was written after 1828, the year Schubert died. After him, practically no composers were able to write decent "barococo" music, and the public had to settle for "nobodies like Berlioz and Brahms." Today, a segment of the public has also settled, quite happily, for De Koven. A self-appointed authority of magnificant self-assurance ("All FM has improved because of my blustering, bullying dogmatism"), he has built a radio following so loyal that it pays for a large slice of his air time out of its own pocket.

A Form of Exhibitionism. Except when he greets his followers in person, as he did at Town Hall, De Koven does his pleading for 17th and 18th century music over a dozen radio stations scattered from coast to coast. Although he is known to his listeners by his last name only ("I hate Seymour"), he corresponds with them incessantly, and has organized a hard core of 500 or so who voluntarily contribute the \$150 it costs each week to broadcast two of his Manhattan shows over Station WRFM (a third show is broadcast over WNYC, a municipally owned and supported station). De Koven has resolutely banished all commercial sponsors, buys all the records he uses. He claims—and so far no one has felt the urge to challenge him—that he plays more baroque and rococo music (hence his coinage—"barococo")

than any other disk jockey in the world.

Vivaldi, Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert—whatever the composer, the music is rarely heard quite as written: De Koven has an unsettling habit of cutting slow passages on the ground that "the fast ones are far more interesting." He is also a confirmed believer that "you don't have to be an intellectual to appreciate music. Who wants music to be profound?" De Koven's prejudices, in fact, are frequently more entertaining than his programs. "I attend no concerts," says he. "I consider them an anachronism like opera. Concerts are primarily mutual exhibitionism on the part of both performer and audience." He hates professional musicians "because professional musicians—professionals, not amateurs—hate music, and composers are even worse; they're a closed corporation." As for musical



ALFRED STIEGLER
DISK JOCKEY DE KOVEN
Praise only, please.

judgment: "I make fun of people who claim they can recognize music. They're phonies. I could play ten records by Kreisler, Heifetz, Elman, and no one could tell them apart."

Humane Chicane. Although he is sometimes billed as a musicologist, De Koven in fact has no degree from any college. Chicago-born, son of a doctor, De Koven was enrolled at the University of Cincinnati as a prodigy of 14, but he took his tuition money and decamped for Germany, where he dabbled in piano and composition and found his "love life crystallized at 15" ("I made Don Juan and Casanova look like amateurs"). When his money ran out, his mother sent him the price of a ticket home. He gave up composition for painting, painting for newspaper work in New Jersey, finally drifted to WNYC, where "they've regretted it ever since. They can't stand me, but they can't fire me. I'm considered the best salesman of classical music on radio. My chicanery is humanitarian."



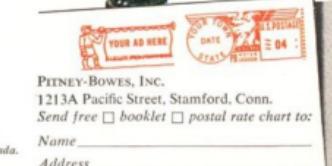
If management had to get out the mail—

"Oh boy—every boss would have a postage meter! I'm no big shot, but I'm no low-pay peon either. A postage meter saves me from wasting time—wetting and sticking dumb little stamps. Playing den mother to a stamp box. And running down to the postoffice when we run out of stamps. Come to think of it, metered mail is another indication of good management."

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BOOKS

The Pocketa, Pocketa School

*Few fingers go like narrow laughs.
An ear won't keep few fishes,
Who is that rose in that blind house?
And all slim, gracious blind planes are
coming,*

*They cry badly along a rose,
To leap is stuffy, to crawl was tender.*

Faced with this poem, any competent modern critic could easily go to work. He might first allude to its use of alliteration ("few fishes," "few fingers"). Clearly the poem deals with the plight of modern man reaching out for love and innocence but mocked by impending death. Love is the rose stifling in the blind house of modern technology. Note the repeated theme of blindness, and the plane that will bring annihilation to the world. Like the world, human love has no future. And little religious comfort. (The fish was an early symbol of Christian faith, now reduced—hence "few fishes.") Mirth, too, has shrunk to "narrow laughs," though the poet, like Western man himself, fondly recalls the lost gentleness of childhood ("to crawl was tender").

The only way to be sure of the accuracy of such perceptions is to interview the poet. In the case of this one, that would be impossible. For the poem, printed in this month's issue of *Horizon*, is the first tentative work of a sophisticated computing machine.

It works for the Librascope Division of General Precision, Inc., in Glendale, Calif. Fed with a vocabulary of 3,500 words and 128 different patterns of simple-sentence syntax, the computer can turn out hundreds of poems. Because these creations are as intelligible as some beat poems, the computer's engineers call it A.B.^o (for Auto-Beatnik).

Not to be confused with such flesh-and-blood poets as H.D. (Hilda Doolittle); AE (George William Russell); or e.e. cummings,

Of course the machine needs help. The words it picks from have to be kept in separate boxes—all nouns together, all verbs, etc. But by drastically cutting down its choice of words—so that the incidence of a subject word reappearing is greatly increased—engineers can make the machine seem to keep to one topic. Example:

*All girls sob like slow snows.
Near a couch, that girl won't weep.
Stumble, moan, go, this girl might sail
on the desk.*

This girl is dumb and soft.

With other machines also turning to the muse, there is the chance of a whole new school of poetry growing up. No one can say just what it will be like. But with even an auto-beat computer costing \$100,000 to build, the output will certainly not be free verse.

Götterdämmerung Revisited

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST [414 pp.]—*Oswald Spengler*—abridged by Helmut Werner—Knopf (\$6.95).

No gloomier metaphor was ever coined to lend a semblance of shape to man's long struggle through history. Cultures, said Oswald Spengler, are limited biological forms of life—like inchworms, like oak trees, like men. Mysteriously born, they inexorably grow old, decay according to discernible pattern and then die. What is more, Spengler insisted, Western culture has already reached the last stages of its allotted life span.

A troll-eyed German high school teacher, Spengler looked at history not as a linear series of events but as the organic flowering and dying of eight major cultures: ancient Egyptian, ancient Semitic, Peruvian, Chinese, Mexican, Middle Eastern, Greco-Roman and Western. All had flourished for the same amount of time (about 1,000 years). All showed the same development. By comparing the dead to the living, the historian could tick off the inevitable signs of decay and predict how death would come again.

Staked Continents. Writing in a shabby Munich apartment just before and during World War I, Spengler gloomily concluded that history was witnessing the decline of the West. As in the "age of the Caesars," art and music had lost all real creative vitality. Power over the affairs of men had centered in a few enormous cities (megapolis). Soon the masses of people, without hope or sense of form, would turn to a "second religiousness," clinging to blind faiths out of desperate need, while a series of world leaders backed by enormous military power would vie with one another over the destruction of civilization. During the final world rivalry, he wrote, "whole continents will be staked." The great powers "will dispose at their pleasure of smaller states, their territory and . . . their men alike."

Partly because this prophecy bears a shadow-image likeness to today's world, the original, repetitious, two-volume book,



HISTORIAN SPENGLER

Other glooms.

skillfully pared to a highly readable single volume, has just been reissued. Often damned but still cited (the very title can turn a whole evening into disputation), it is still a provocative and often dazzling book.

Dark Prophet. *The Decline of the West* first appeared when the last afterglow of 19th century optimism had guttered out. The exhausted postwar world swallowed Spengler's gloomy brew as a confirming, almost a soothing draught. What matter if the drink were hemlock? At least the worst was known. *The Decline of the West*, despite its Germanic prolixities, sold more than 100,000 copies in the first eight years, mostly in Germany. Spengler was the talk of every campus.

He also became the object of one of the hottest historical assaults ever. The body of serious historians angrily excommunicated him for offenses of pride, ignorance, plagiarism and inaccuracy. The humanists could not forgive him for his constant and unalterable pessimism (death of the West is inevitable) and his firm determinism (a culture cannot change its historical destiny).

Shot Down. As they would later with Arnold Toynbee, whose sweeping theory of flowering civilization resembles Spengler's earlier conception, teams of specialists—anthropologists, economists, art critics as well as historians—fell upon the cosmic thinker. Toynbee is an immeasurably more learned and more scrupulous scholar than Oswald Spengler, and his Christianity helped him to see not only the possibility of self-rejuvenation in a dying civilization but the hope as well of a spiritual development for mankind.

Under attack, Toynbee merely revised some of his broader conclusions. Spengler was all but shot down in flames. The experts demonstrated that he knew almost nothing about Chinese culture, nothing at all about Mexican. His Time Chart, marking off the exact number of years



A. B. COMPUTER?
Unfree verse.

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spent by each culture in each Spenglerian phase of its doomed history, was riddled with errors of fact. His parallels between cultures were often forced. All this was true. If the West was declining, it was not doing so according to any rules or laws the book had demonstrated.

But if Spengler's master plan for comparing cultures had no provable validity, it did provide his readers with an exciting excursion through history. Even in this cut-down version (Editor Helmut Werner has scrapped the Time Chart and much of the Teutonic repetition), it remains a kind of cosmic Baedeker of art and idea, of anthropological and architectural insight, of historic and religious parallel.

Inspired Guess. Thus Spengler proposes that the music of Mozart and "the glad fairyland of Moorish columns that seem to melt in air" are contemporary because they express the golden flowering of two comparable cultures (Western and Middle Eastern). In Western culture (which Spengler regards as entirely separate from Greco-Roman), Cecil John Rhodes's campaign to exploit Africa is made equivalent to Caesar's foray into Gaul. Both mark the start of expansionist drives that Spengler sees as the beginning of the culture's final decline.

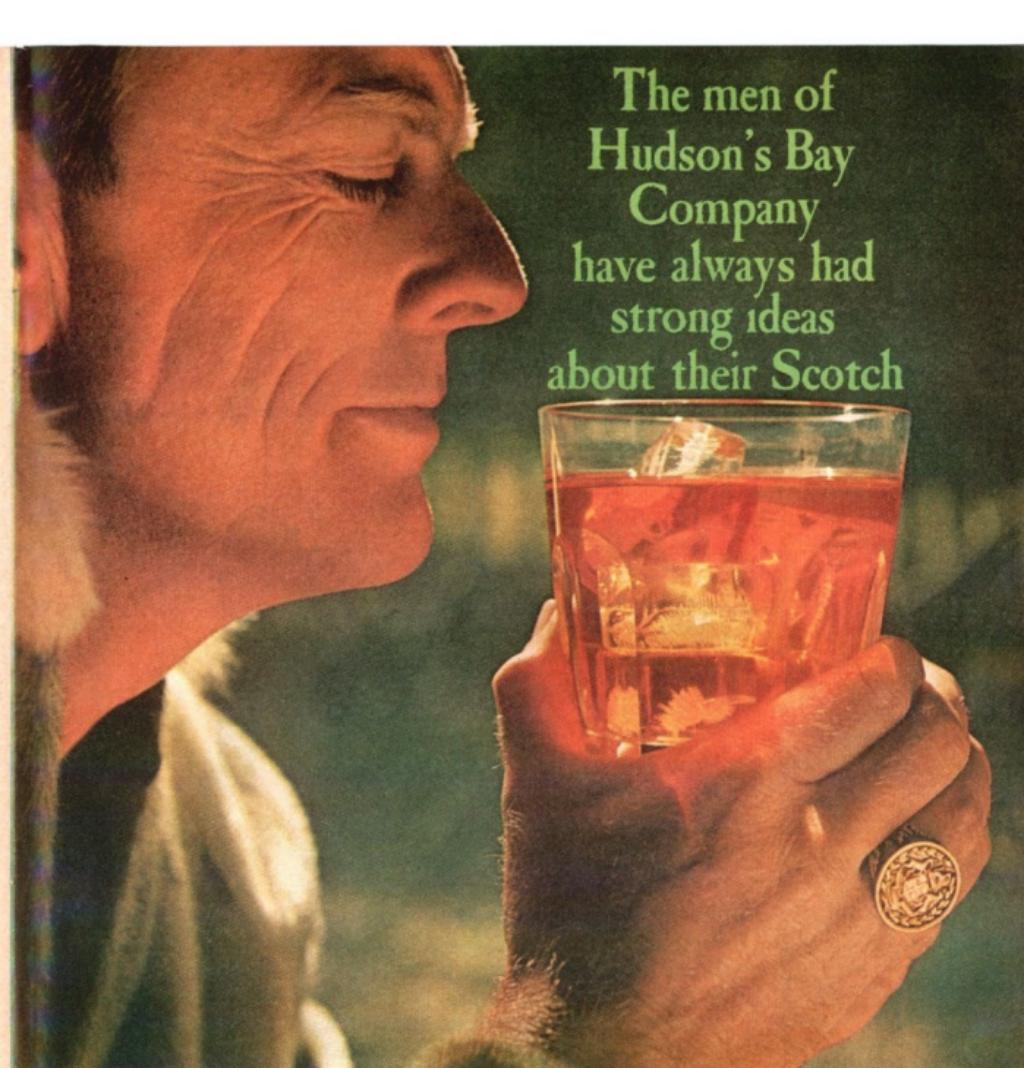
Ever since man emerged into consciousness, he has been trying to descry order in the world around him, often by resorting to provocative guesswork. It was an inspired guess by Dmitri Mendeleev that helped organize the elements into the periodic table. Historical guesswork is harder to prove definitely right or wrong. Spengler, who died in 1936, remains one of the few men of modern times who have attempted to assimilate all knowledge and discern a broad design. Even wrong, Spengler is more stimulating than many another historian who has never guessed at all.

Soap Opera & Sensibility

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE (344 pp.)—*Iris Murdoch*—Viking (\$4.95).

The scenery is familiar: a grand but now slightly shabby English country house; a London flat admirably fitted for infidelity; serene countryside across which one can hear an epigram drop at 50 paces. The plot seems unpromising. Will bumbly Sexagenarian Hugh Perrott find Indian summer satisfactory with his renounced ex-mistress Emma now that his wife is dead? Will his caddish son Randall leave his long-suffering wife? And what of sensible, sixtyish Mildred Finch, who has loved old Hugh from afar for more than 20 years?

Happily, the prestidigitator who presides over all this is Iris Murdoch, a literary magician who can transform a traditional romantic triangle into at least a hexagon at the split of an infinitive. As it turns out, every soul for miles around is both loved and in love—in every combination of age and sex known. But the often unseemly relationships never seem seamy. Manipulating masterfully, Miss Murdoch turns out a deft three-in-one book: a sort



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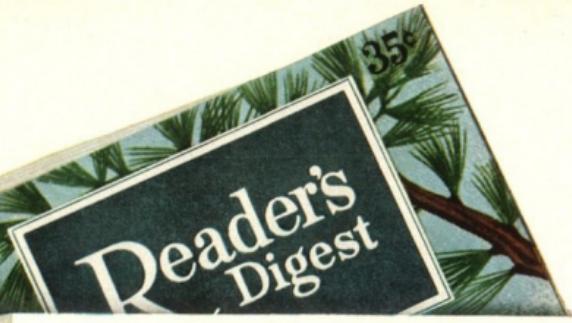
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of combined superior soap opera, tediously British novel of sensibility, and philosophical inquiry into reality.

To-Do over Tintoretto. In so doing, Authoress Murdoch, 42, who in real life is a philosophy professor at Oxford, has denied herself many of the props she resorted to in her earlier novels. Scrapped is the totally grotesque seduction. (Nobody tries to make love in an upturned church bell.) Gone is the really weird character. (In one book, a lady anthropologist expertly brandishes a samurai sword and refers to herself as a severed head.) Except for a knife driven through a doll's heart, one attempted suicide, a to-do over whether old Hugh Peronetti should sell his beloved Tintoretto, assorted partings and love scenes, not much happens in *An Unofficial Rose*.

Creating Connotations. There is nothing straightforward about Iris Murdoch's intentions, however. The mannered maneuverings that bring so little about hold a marvelous suspense as the author reveals a racy richness of motive and confusion. It becomes clear that at the heart of *An Unofficial Rose* lies a far subtler and more complex question than whether each Jack gets his Jill. In love or out of it, does anyone know the real causes of human action?

Two things, however, should be clear. One: Iris Murdoch is one of the most skillful writers around. Two: if she goes on exploring autumnal amorosities as she has, the word sexagenarian is likely to take on new connotations.

Breathing City

MARIA LIGHT (181 pp.)—Lester Goran
—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

Ben Light was a big Irishman who lived in a mining town outside Pittsburgh and sold moonshine during the Depression for 20¢ a full shot no color and 25¢ colored yellow. The law never got him, but he turned from a laughing, joyful man into a bitter man when a malignant tumor grew in his knee. That was not what actually killed him. He was hit by lightning and three men carried him home dead. The bank foreclosed on his widow a few months later, and she had to move to a Government housing project in Pittsburgh.

Lester Goran writes about the widow Light, gossiping as if he were sitting on a sidewalk bench killing time on a summer night. As in his first novel, *The Paratrooper of Mechanic Avenue*, Goran recreates slumside Pittsburgh with superbly detailed tessellations of anecdote. An itchy slit of a woman up on the third floor sings *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree* with her soldier friends and kicks them all out just before her husband gets back from his war-worker job at midnight. Mrs. Bagley from the other side of the garbage court passes the word that Hitler was "a fairy-honest, I hear he's a morphy-dike." Everyone speculates about the war. "Churchill has got plenty of property investments in France, particularly along the coasts—it's a sure thing you're not going to see any armies landing there."

In the end, the reader knows a lot about Maria Light. She works in a bakery shop, then in a pawnshop on Mechanic Avenue run by a 70-year-old sex fiend who tries to buy her body for \$10 and, failing, proposes marriage. She faithfully supports her invalid father-in-law. She longs for a man in bed with her but rejects one after another because they are all beneath her standard.

But for all that, Maria Light remains a faceless and not fully realized heroine in an otherwise excellent novel. She does not breathe the way the city breathes. Already a good novelist, Lester Goran will become an important one when he can draw his major figure as well as he sketches the small ones: "Archie came in

date will take to the ladies' room. The old ladies are all charmingly indomitable; they perk up their spirits by writing letters to Adlai Stevenson, or by shocking the sensibilities of stuffy sons who want them to come and live in Darien. Novelist Stone believes firmly in the outlandishness of the usual. An eagle grounds itself in disgust after colliding with a construction workers' crane, and the locals try to fly the bird on a leash. The "X-er"—the man whose job it is to paint big Xs on the windows of condemned buildings—feels himself the personification of doom, gets so worked up over X-ing out so many Fifth Avenue mansions and pleasant brownstones that he has a nervous breakdown. The most helpless, indomitable,



MURDOCH



GORAN



STONE

Triangles into hexagons, slumside tessellations, last drops from the trash barrels.

the door with his habitual stoop although the door opening was well above his head." he writes of one quickly come-and-gone man in this book. "He had that shy manner that always indicated that what he was going to say was not worth hearing, and where he walked there would soon be a broken vase left in pieces behind him." Pieces like that are worth putting together.

Eagle & X-er

THE BIBLE SALESMAN (257 pp.)—Alma Stone—Doubleday (\$3.95).

Every so often a book appears that celebrates the charm of scruffiness, the gaiety of the seedy, the high-held honor of those who fish about in trash barrels, Saroyan wrote this sort of ragpickers' polka, and so, in a quieter tempo, does Novelist Alma Stone. Her poor are the people of Manhattan's upper Broadway—watery-eyed men propped on their elbows in old, money-losing bars, solitary old ladies who roost on park benches and share their tuna sandwiches with cats.

The author is so ruthlessly imaginative that she does not need pity; she knows, for instance, that the old men in the bars keep themselves happy betting on the number of pregnant women who pass by, or clocking the trips a college girl on a

charming ragamuffin of the lot is Leroy, a young Negro boy who plays tunes on glass bowls, sells Bibles, and talks to God. When he learns of a no-good who spends all his family's relief money on booze, he solves the situation by supplying the man with liquor obtained drop by drop from emetics rescued from a bar's trash barrel.

Novelist Stone's merry misery is touching and frequently funny, but it is also disquieting in a way that the author cannot have intended. The trouble is that, wrongly or not, today's readers are not schooled to accept the gift of charm graciously. Charm seems false, because reality—so runs the sophisticated dictum—is unpleasant. Actually, it is a matter of distance from the subject: from afar the faces of the poor (or of the rich) have no features; at a middle distance, they can be charmingly picaresque; at close quarters their skin is seamed with dirt.

There is some truth to be seen from each vantage, even though the current prejudice is to see only what is visible under the magnifying lens. *The Bible Salesman* hangs uneasily between success and failure because its author, choosing the middle distance, is never quite able to do what a dealer in the picaresque must: make her readers forget momentarily that there are important truths that can be seen only from the other perspectives.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Joan of the Angels? Made in Poland and based loosely on the case of the erotic nuns of Loudun in 17th century France, this picture is a nearly successful work of art, relentlessly ambiguous, ultimately confusing, but strong and moving.

A Taste of Honey. Shelagh Delaney, Britain's angry young ma'm, tells a story of the Lancashire slums with concussive humor, dramatic drive, and a melancholy flair for the poetry of wasted lives.

Jules and Jim. Two young men and a girl love, laugh and write poetry in Paris 50 years ago, in a film that is a clutter of inconsequence transformed by imagination, as a trash heap is transformed by moonlight.

The Counterfeit Traitor. Incessantly exciting story of an Allied agent in Sweden during World War II.

Sweet Bird of Youth. Tennessee Williams' so-sophoric play becomes a fast, smart, squall movie melodrama that offers its customers three of the year's top film performances, by Paul Newman, Geraldine Page and Ed Begley.

Last Year at Marienbad. An experimental enigma of the screen, worked out by French Director Alain Resnais and Novelist-Scenarist Alain Robbe-Grillet, in which past, present and future are refracted endlessly like the image in a child's kaleidoscope.

Five Finger Exercise. A perspicuous and painful study of a family that has risen from rags to wretchedness.

State Fair. Composer Richard Rodgers has added new songs to this remake of the 1945 film, in which the corn is somehow taller and the color louder.

Moon Pilot. A skillful Walt Disney comedy about nervous astronauts and slow-thinking FBI men.

The Horizontal Lieutenant. A dogface farce that may not fracture any funny bones but manages to pile up a bumper crop of nuts on a Pacific island. It stars Paula Prentiss and Jim Hutton, who are surely the most promising romantic comedians around.

Bell' Antonio. An Italian film that seriously and discreetly discusses a case of impotence.

Only Two Can Play. Peter Sellers is perfectly hilarious as a lubricious bookworm, a wan don who thinks he is a Don Juan.

Through a Glass Darkly. Ingmar Bergman's thematic analysis of four lives, as subtle as *Wild Strawberries* but solider in substance.

The Night. A marriage dissected by Director Michelangelo Antonioni, Italy's great pathologist of morals.

Lover Come Back. Rock Hudson and Doris Day as admiral and adwoman in a stock situation comedy worked out as smoothly as a chess problem: opening gambit, queen's sacrifice, knight rooked, mate.

TELEVISION

Wed., May 23

Howard K. Smith: News & Comment (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.) Summary of the

• All times E.D.T.

week's most important items, with analysis.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A melancholy look at the decline of movie theaters.

Thurs., May 24

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). World trade and the pending trade-expansion bill, including interviews with President Kennedy and former President Eisenhower.

Sat., May 26

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). James Mason and Jessica Tandy in *The Desert Fox*, the story of Field Marshal (The Desert Fox) Rommel.

Sun., May 27

Lamp Unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Excerpts from Eugene Ionesco's play, *The Killer*, a study of rational man's impotence in the face of brute force, followed by conversations on the Theater of the Absurd.

Look Up and Live (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). Passover ends with the Jewish festival of Shabuoth, celebrated here with songs and readings by Folk Singer Martha Schlamme.

Accent (CBS, 1-1:30 p.m.), "Eero Saarinen: An Appreciation," a photo tour of Saarinen's monuments. (Repeat).

Directions '62 (ABC, 3-3:30 p.m.). A discourse on theology and verse by five Roman Catholic poets (Ned O'Gorman, Kathleen Raine, Leone Adams, Robert Lax, John Fandel).

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The A.A.U. gymnastic championships broadcast from the Seattle fair.

DuPont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A storm's eye view of Hurricane Carla at work on Galveston, Texas.

Tues., May 29

Special (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Jerry Lewis in a one-man show.

THEATER

On Broadway

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum stars Zero Mostel as a Roman slave in a racy adaptation of the plays of Plautus. Vaudeville and burlesque routines give this musical a high hilarity quotient, and six near-nudettes prance appealingly amid the golden corn.

A Thousand Clowns, by Herb Gardner. To conform or not to conform—that is the showstopper question that this ingratiating comedy answers with fresh and infectious humor. The cast, headed by Jason Robards Jr. and Sandy Dennis, is great fun to be with.

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. This New York Drama Critics Circle prize play carries four desperate people toward self-acceptance and self-transcendence. Margaret Leighton, who acts with the purity of light, has won a Tony Award for her performance.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. A resonant drama of probity about probity. Paul Scofield's playing of wise, witty Sir Thomas More is a theatrical act of grace. Voted best foreign play of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, treats God and man as back-fence neighbors, more humorous than awesome, more colloquial



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEYMOUR II FROM "ADVENTURES IN WILLIAMSBURG"

Who Kneads Dough

The bakers of Williamsburg do. And the pastrycooks. And chefs. With it they bake authentic eighteenth-century bread and ginger cookies. You can watch the bakers at work in the colonial bakery, and savor the creations of the chefs in the inns and taverns, for these things, too, are part of Williamsburg. Here you can see the past, hear it, feel it, and even smell and taste it. It is life itself in Williamsburg. Come soon and see.

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Who watches radio?

Sponsors do. Also, agency and media people. The alert ones keep their eyes on network radio these days—for reasons that Mr. Jack Doran, Director of Marketing for the Mennen Company, makes clear:

"We started using network radio about a year ago in a rather small way and with a 'watch carefully' attitude. The very favorable sales reaction we got within a short period of time prompted us to buy more and more network radio so that we now have sizable schedules on all four networks on a 52-week basis. Network radio is paying off for us."



And it must be paying off for other sponsors as well. At CBS Radio, where Mennen has just renewed its co-sponsorship of 10 weekly Jerry Coleman broadcasts, the SRO sign is up for the entire weekend sports schedule.

CBS Radio's weekend "Dimension"

features and news, and "House Party" with Art Linkletter on weekdays, are also near capacity sponsorship. Recent signers of long-term contracts include Philip Morris, Bristol-Myers, Amana, Warner-Lambert, Standard Brands, Corn Products and, of course, Mennen.

These veteran radio watchers look carefully at costs as well as results. They know that compared to other mass media, network radio is a rare bargain today. Take a fresh look at it. You'll like what you see. In particular, you'll like the program, audience and sales-building values on

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EXPERIENCE IS THE GREAT TEACHER

IN SCOTCH...
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IS THE GREAT EXPERIENCE

The best test of Scotch is how well the flavour holds up when you try it on the rocks, or mixed in a highball. That's why so many experienced people graduate to Teacher's—the Scotch that "stands up to ice." That unmistakable Highland Cream flavour never loses its character.



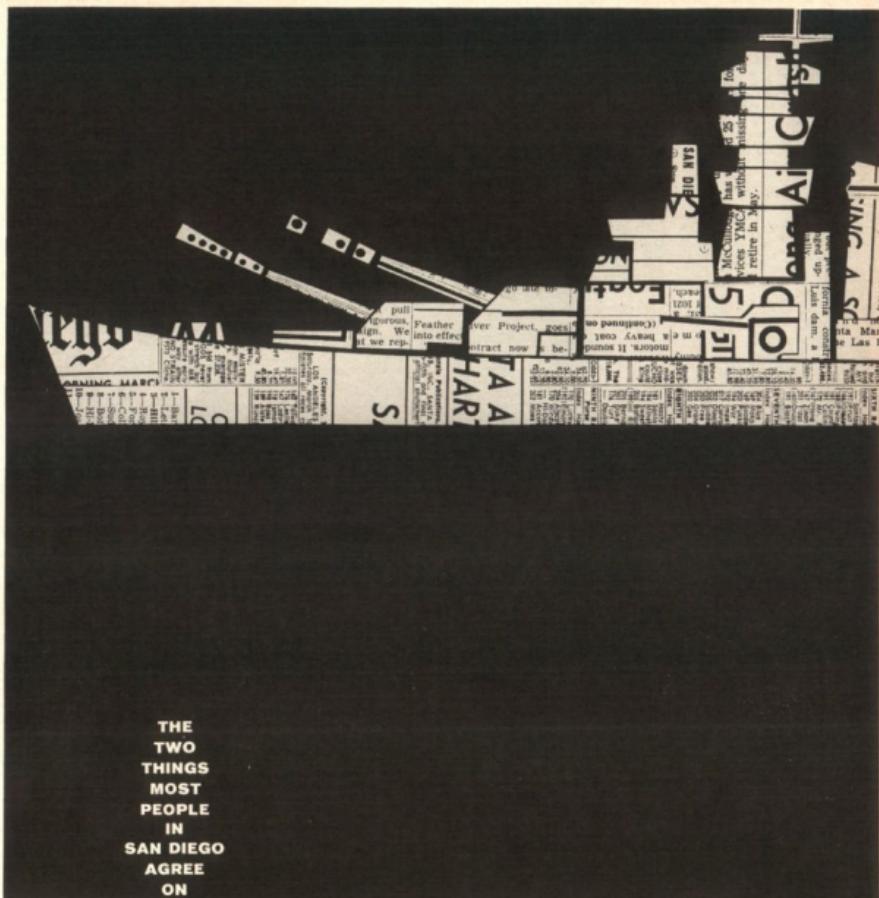
Charles Goren, star of TV's "Championship Bridge" and partner Helen Sobel, outstanding woman bridge player.



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In San Diego you'll find 12 different opinions as to which is the best television set. Even the magazine audience is divided among more than 200 publications. But the great majority

read the same Sunday newspaper and the same Sunday magazine, recognizing the depth and dimension of the news in both.

Through the Sunday edition of the San Diego Union and Parade, advertisers reach nearly 7 homes in every 10 in San Diego County—which is the fastest growing major market in the United States.

As in San Diego, so in many other key markets. Through Sunday newspapers, the big three syndicated Sunday magazines reach most of the

families in counties doing 63% of total U. S. retail sales. (The figure for the three weekday magazines is 8%. The figure for the three women's service magazines is 19%.)

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PARADE

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than eloquent, but there are glints of religious fervor in Chayefsky's firmament.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a delightful spoof of office-manship. Org Man Robert Morse conducts an irresistible, evening-long romance with himself as he scrambles up a corporate hill of bean-brains. Voted best musical of the year by the New York Drama Critics Circle.

Off Broadway

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad, by Arthur Kopit. Mom never had it so bad. Amid the Venus flytraps, Barbara Harris glistens as a hilariously voracious sexling.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Jenny Lind, The Swedish Nightingale, by Gladys Denny Schultz. Though the author oversentimentalizes her heroine, this account of the cold, superbly gifted soprano who became P. T. Barnum's greatest exhibit is absorbing nevertheless.

The Wax Boom, by George Mandel. A tense symbolic war novel explores the near insanity that afflicts men too long exposed to combat.

Shut Up, He Explained, selections from Ring Lardner edited by Babette Rosmond and Henry Morgan. Tidbits likely to whet the appetite for a full-scale revival of America's greatest comic sharpshooter.

Patriotic Gore, by Edmund Wilson. In the hands of erudite Author Wilson, a series of essays on the literature of the Civil War becomes an important and exciting work of history.

The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, edited by Harry T. Moore. Epistolary bars and insights from the pen of a pungent novelist-poet.

Ship of Fools, by Katherine Anne Porter. A brilliant and often savage account of life on a prewar German cruise ship becomes a universal study in human folly.

George, by Emyln Williams. Playwright and Actor Williams shows himself to be a thoroughly readable autobiographer in this wry account of his Welsh boyhood.

Scott Fitzgerald, by Andrew Turnbull. A staid but exhaustive and useful biography of Fitzgerald, from this side of paradise to the far side of crackup.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (3)
3. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (2)
4. **The Bull from the Sea**, Renault (6)
5. **Devil Water**, Seton (4)
6. **The Fox in the Attic**, Hughes (5)
7. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (8)
8. **Captain Newman, M.D.**, Rosten (7)
9. **Hornstein's Boy**, Traver
10. **Chairman of the Bored**, Streeter

NONFICTION

1. **The Rothschilds**, Morton (1)
2. **Calories Don't Count**, Taller (2)
3. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (3)
4. **In the Clearing**, Frost (6)
5. **The Guns of August**, Tuchman (4)
6. **Six Crises**, Nixon (5)
7. **The Last Plastagenteen**, Costain (8)
8. **Scott Fitzgerald**, Turnbull (10)
9. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (7)
10. **CIA: The Inside Story**, Tully (9)



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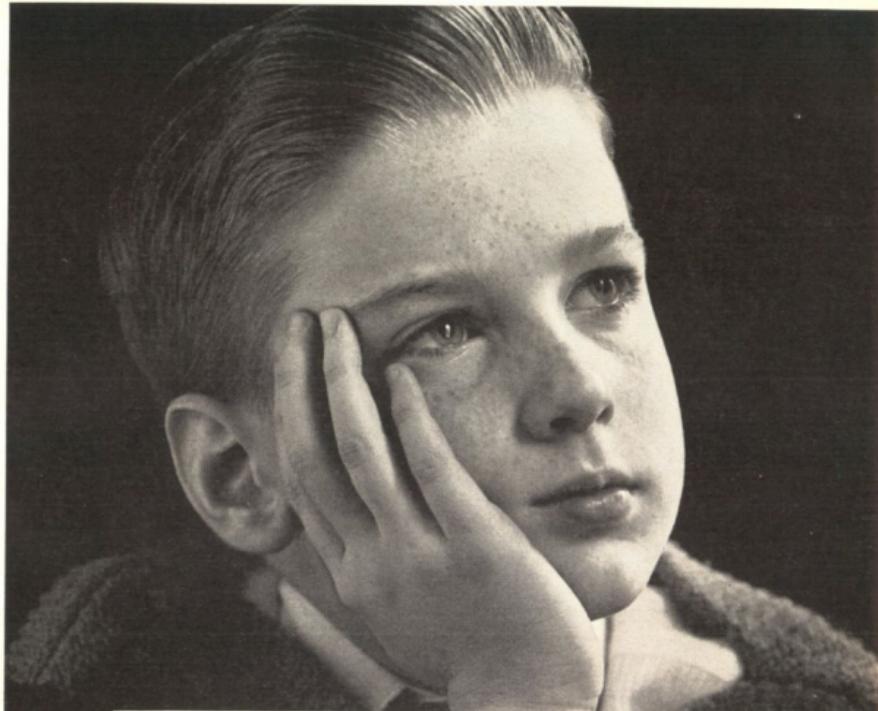
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HE may have what it takes, but if you aren't doing something to help him right now, he may miss out completely!

The sad truth is that many a bright, intelligent youngster who's worked hard and *should* go to college in a few years simply *isn't going to get there.*

Missing out on college can cost him not only a great deal of money (\$151,000 or more in lifetime earnings, according to a U. S. Census Bureau survey), but also that priceless confidence, knowledge and maturity college can give him.



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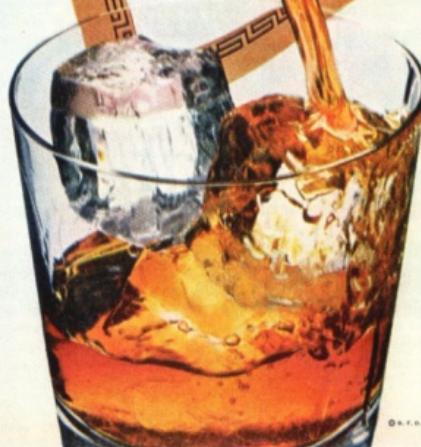
To make sure there will be money for college, set up a Lincoln Life educational plan for your boy or girl now. With such a plan, you can spread college costs over the years and guarantee that the money will be available when needed, even if you should die. Phone or write your Lincoln Life agent for details about this plan. It's sensible, reasonable in cost, and is very likely to be the key to your youngster's future.

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developed with care. There is
nothing better in the market.

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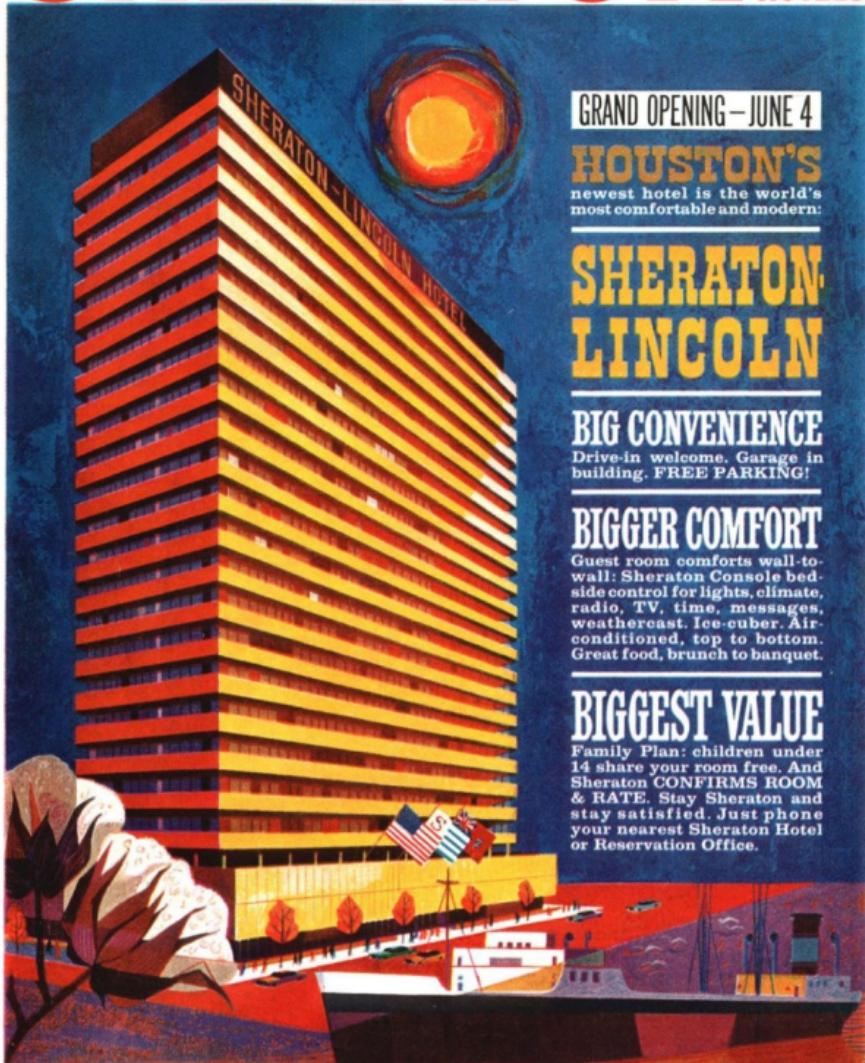
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